THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"AN OLD FRIEND"

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TAR AND FEATHERS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

THE rain lashed the windows, the wind whistled and shrieked, buffeting the frail structure until its ribs rattled. Blinding flashes of light, a splitting, rending sound, then the crashing detonations of heavy thunder. At every peal Charity would throw up an arm as though to ward off a blow; but she continued to prepare for bed, the whites of her eyes rolling. She made sure the black cat's skull bone, which she wore in a pouch suspended from her neck, was in its place, then knelt down and prayed. The thunder and lightning growing even worse after she rose, she unlocked her trunk, extracted a pint flask and took a hearty swig of bootleg gin. Charity had faith in prayer, but she had found gin quicker in its action.

A knock came on the door; somebody tried to turn the handle. Fumbling with the button of her flannel nightgown, the cook stood for a moment in chilled terror, staring at the moving knob.

"Who—who's 'at?" she demanded in a harsh, cracked voice.

"Open the do', gal," came the quavering reply. "I cain't hold out much longer."

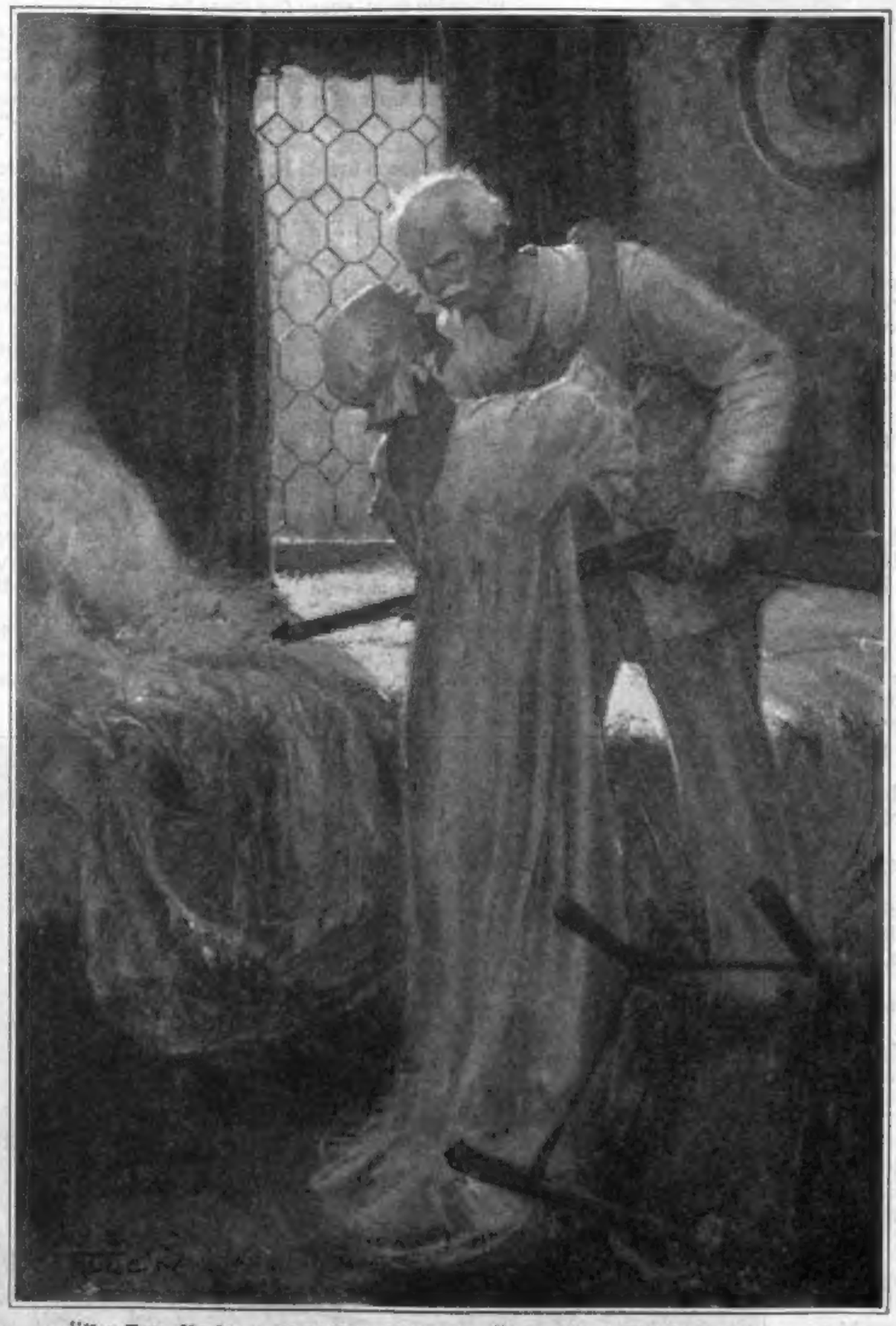
"You git away from there, you no-'count nigger, you!" bawled Charity in tones that would have carried a mile on a clear night. "Drag it now and lef' me alone or I'll bust you wide open! Git goin'!"

"Don't shoot! I don't aim to hurt you, gal. Ise—Ise sick."

Something in the quality of the voice—thin and feeble—stayed the cook as she reached for her six-shooter. She glanced irresolutely toward the door; the handle turned again. Then a thud as of a body falling against it. Very cautiously she turned the key, opened the door no more than an inch and peeped out.

A flash of lightning revealed a huddled figure on the step. No longer fearful, Charity seized it by the slack of its coat and dragged it indoors; then she had to exert all her strength to shut the door against the wind, while the rain drove through and soaked her. When she turned, breathless, she saw a little dried-up old darky lying on his side, unconscious, his hat fallen back from his gray kinky head.

At prevailing prices it would have been criminal to revive him with gin, but she laid him on the bed and then dashed water in his face. As he was already dripping rain, it seemed a superfluous form of first aid, but presently he made a sound and opened his eyes.



"You Turn Me Loose Right Now, Miriam!" "I Won't! I Won't! You'll Go and Get Yourself Killed!"

"How'd you git here? Huh?" Charity inquired, standing above him with arms akimbo.

"I seen your light."

"What ails you, anyhow?"

"Ise got a misery. I'm bad, I tell you, gal—awful bad."

"You been prowlin' raound in all this rain?"

He nodded.

"It looks like you'd have better sense," remarked the cook.

"I didn't have no place to go."

"What? You ain't got no place to sleep? When did you eat las'?"

"Yiste'day mornin'," he said faintly.

"Good lan', no wonder you got a misery!" she scolded, her finer nature stirred. "Vittles is what you need. How come you don' eat since yiste'day?"

"You cain't eat what you ain't got none of."

"D'you mean to tell me nobody wouldn't give you nothin'?"

"I didn't ask. I ain't never begged yet, and somehow ——"

"Here! You lay right where you is while I go fetch some vittles." With her back turned modestly toward the bed, she put on stockings and shoes, donned an overcoat, threw a shawl over her head and sallied out into the night. It was only thirty yards to the kitchen of the house, but she had to fight the wind every foot of the way.

"Is that you, Charity?" called her mistress from upstairs.

"Yassum."

"What on earth are you doing in the kitchen at this hour?"

"Ma'am?"

"I said what on earth are you doing in the kitchen at this hour?"

"I ain't feelin' good, Miz Gudger, and I aim to make me some coffee."

She heard the judge grumble something, then a tart reply from his wife. Evidently the explanation satisfied them, for she was left undisturbed. With cold pot roast, corn bread, a jar of cane molasses and a pot of coffee wrapped in her shawl, she returned to her room in the garage.

"All right," she announced, "here 'tis. Let's see you fly at it, uncle."

He flew at it, she watching with professional appreciation. Uncle's chewing apparatus consisted of only three worn black stumps of teeth, but what he did with those was a caution.

"You sure do take hold!" she remarked admiringly.

They were an odd pair; Charity, nearly six feet high, angular, loose-jointed, with long arms and flat chest, her sparse woolly hair twisted into tight checkerboard squares; and uncle, on the bed, small, slight, gray of head, but otherwise black as the ace of spades.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Dan'l."

"Dan'l what?"

"Just Dan'l. I did have another name once," he replied, scratching his pate like a tired child, "but I just don't recollect what it was."

"How come you're in Liveoak? Huh? I never seen you raound this town befo'?"

"No-o-o. I used to work a li'l' farm down in the river bottom, but Mr. Lemmon, he done run me off las' Monday." He spoke gently, uncomplainingly. "Took my mule too. Yassum. He sure did me mean."

"Well, I reckon maybe you didn't make a crop down there in the bottom, did you?"

"No-o-o. But I'd of paid him if he'd give me time."

Charity snorted at this. Hers was too resolute and resourceful a soul to sympathize much with failures.

"How old might you be?"

"Ninety-four." He raised his head with a sort of infantile pride. "Yassum, ninety-four. Ol' Miz Shortridge done owned me till I was thirty-six."

"You Done Heard the Judge Say as I Could Have All the Liver and Onions I Wanted From Now On, Didn't You?"

"Well, what d'you know about that?" murmured Charity, regarding him with an altered expression. She was much impressed, and the news added to her responsibility. With that clannishness born of slave days, when to stick together meant life or death, she was resolved now to make some provision for uncle's maintenance. This feeling among the negroes explains why they usually guard each other's secrets so jealously.

"Oh, it was ter'ble—ter'ble!" exclaimed Uncle Daniel suddenly, as though he had just remembered, and he wagged his head.

"What was ter'ble? Huh?"

"I seen a white gen'l'man shoot another white gen'l'man right through here tonight. Yassum; he done shot him right through here." He indicated a spot on his abdomen. "Killed him, too, I reckon. Must of."

"Huh?"

"It's troof I'm tellin' you, gal. Right in front of that bank on the corner of the square. There was nobody round, and one white gen'l'man stepped out of the bank just as I come along, and then another gen'l'man done stepped out of an automobile and shot him—right through here."

The cook began to breathe fast and her big eyes blazed. She reveled in mystery, and a murder fascinated her even more than a funeral.

"What's 'at you say? Huh? Your misery done made you see things, uncle."

"No, ma'am. I seen it all right, every bit. He lifted him into that car and then I drug it away from there. Done shot him right through here, 'thout sayin' so much as howdy neither."

Charity scrutinized him closely, undecided whether he was laboring under hallucinations or was merely seeking to repay her hospitality. But nobody could doubt uncle's sincerity or question the horror still upon him. She said abruptly, "Don' you tell nobody about this. Hear me? Don' you dare!"

"What would I go and tell for?"

"Well, sometimes a fool nigger ups and shoots off his mouf, and it always lands him in trouble. You know what us gits when we meddle into white folks' business, don' you, uncle?"

"I sure do!" said Uncle Daniel sadly.

"Then you keep quiet. Where'd you say he shot him?"

"Right through here. It was dark, but I seen him grab at it—like this."

"Did he groan much, or take on?" demanded Charity hungrily.

"I didn't hear. No, ma'am, I drug it away from there right now."

She was disappointed that he could not supply more of the gruesome details; still it was a choice morsel and she felt well repaid.

"Where do you figure on sleepin'?" she inquired, after turning things over in her mind.

"Anywheres, so long as it's dry. I feel right sleepy."

"Maybe so," retorted the cook belligerently; "but you cain't sleep where you is. What's mo', if I was to keep you here they'd think you was my comfort maybe." And she cackled with glee.

"Ninety-four ain't so old, gal," replied Uncle Daniel. "Ain't it the troof? Men just naturally don't know when to git ready for the day of judgment." After staring at him awhile, she announced, "Well, you cain't stop here, and there ain't no bed or nothin' in the yardman's house. We don' keep a yardman regular now—just hire somebody to cut the grass."

"I kin sleep anywheres it's dry."

"Could you sleep in the automobile if I done give you a coupla blankets? Huh?"

"Sure I kin, gal! Sure I kin!"

"Then come on. But mind you wake up befo' the judge gits down, else he'll skin me alive. You hide out somewheres till after breakfast and maybe I kin fix it up so's you'll have a place to stay."

When Charity rose next morning Uncle Daniel had disappeared according to instructions. She set about getting the breakfast ready. Returning from the garden with some strawberries, she halted in amazement to stare at an object coming slowly up the driveway. It was a tiny brindle pup, so young he could barely stagger along; his face was black and flat, and wore an expression of unutterable woe; every few steps he would stop to let out a treble yelp of misery. In a dozen long strides the cook was upon him. She gathered him up and pressed him to her breast, then glanced defiantly about to ascertain whether anybody had seen her do it.

"You come to your mammy," she cried. "Good lan', but you is thin! All haid!"

She had always wanted a dog, but the judge had declared he would not have one on the place. Now Providence had intervened.

"I sure would like to see him git raound that," she muttered.

A minute later the brindle was gulping down a bowl of corn bread saturated with gravy, whilst the cook watched.

"He sure do go after it," she observed approvingly as the pup swelled and swelled. "It's like he'll bust if he don' quit."

So far from having any such intention, the brindle tried first to lick the pattern off the bowl, then began a mournful nosing about the floor, smelling for bits he might have overlooked. Charity gave him some more.

"I reckon I'll call you Pahson," she said thoughtfully, "after the rev'end. You'se so hard to fill."

The judge always went through a regular routine on rising—first to the front yard for the morning paper; then a slow tour of back lawn, garage and garden by way of inspection, whilst he skimmed the news heads. Despite his preoccupation, the cook often declared it was surprising how much meanness he could discover. He spotted the pup at once, of course.

"Where did that come from?"

"The storm done brung him, judge. Anyhow, he was here when I got up this mornin'."

"How often have I told you I wouldn't have a dog about the place? You brought that pup here yourself; don't try to tell me you didn't! You've been scheming how to get round me for years."

"No, suh! Honest to goodness, cross my heart, I never!"

"Well, you can just get rid of him anyhow. I won't have a dog digging up my flower beds."

His tone was final, but the effect was spoiled by his wife's inquiry from their bedroom window—"What's the argument now?"

"Ma'am?"

"What's the trouble down there?"

"Why, the judge won't let me even give a little bitty food to a pore starvin' pup, Miz Gudger."

"Who said anything about food?" fumed the judge. That was an old trick of hers, to twist what he said—she had probably picked it up from his wife. "I've told you many times that I won't allow a dog on the place, and I won't."

"Would you turn away a starvin', helpless critter from your do'?" demanded Charity, fixing her eyes upon him with extraordinary intentness.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Would you? Huh? I'm askin'."

The judge felt in his bones that Charity was laying the predicate for something else, and a grin lurked back of his stern query—"What are you driving at, anyhow, you old rascal?"

Mrs. Gudger's arrival on the scene saved the cook the necessity of reply.

"Where is this pup you-all are talking about?" And then she glimpsed Parson. "Oh, isn't he cunning! Look at that little black face, Jim! You darling, you! Look, Jim, did you ever, in all your born days, see anything look so sad? Oh, oo is so cute—ess, oo is!"

The instant she started baby talk Gudger knew it was all off, and with an exclamation of disgust he started into the house. His wife was cuddling the brindle now, and she cried after him, "Indeed, we will keep him! The idea of turning away a poor little helpless thing like this! Oo is mother's 'ittle dumpkins, isn't oo?"

"You wouldn't let me keep Pete on the place—made me send him down to the farm—the best bird dog in the county," her husband shot at her through the window.

"What! That great, tearing wild thing! I should say not—that's different!"

"The only difference is Pete's got sense and is good for something."

"I'm going to keep this one anyhow."

"All right! It's a bargain!" cried the judge eagerly. "You can have the pup and I'll bring Pete back."

The Posse Was Returning When

"Men are such babies!" exclaimed Mrs. Gudger, and, although Charity maintained a discreet silence, it was plain that she was in hearty agreement.

Her first precaution was to jerk a couple of hairs out of Parson's stubby tail. These she buried under the back stoop.

"Now he won't never run off," she said with perfect confidence.

On tenterhooks to learn whether the newspaper contained anything about the killing Uncle Daniel had described, the cook loitered around the breakfast table so aimlessly and hovered so close to the judge that he felt her breath down the back of his neck and brusquely inquired what the mischief was on her mind.

"Nothin'."

"You're up to something!"

"No, suh."

He made no mention of any shooting, which he would certainly have done had there been anything in the paper about it. And then Charity remembered that the newspaper was published in a city a hundred miles distant. She determined to go down to the grocer's the first thing after breakfast and learn all about it.

Just as the judge was about to leave for his office the telephone rang, and he answered it. Charity had a phone in the kitchen in order that she might take calls; she promptly took down the receiver and listened in. What she heard made her eyes pop.

"Good God!" exclaimed the judge, and he said it again in a lower tone when he hung up.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Jeff Harkrider killed Fletcher Dawes last night."

"No!"

"Earl Smith just phoned. It's a bad business, Miriam—a bad business."

Mrs. Gudger turned pale. She knew both families intimately. "Where did it happen? And what did he do it for?"

"Earl says Jeff won't talk, but he did say when he surrendered to the sheriff that Dawes had broken up his home."

"Oh, what a lie! I'll never believe it! Never!"

The judge paced up and down in agitation.

"Neither can I. Fanny isn't that kind. Why, I never heard the slightest whisper about her in my life. I'd as soon believe it about—about ——"

"About me?"

"Well, you know what I mean."

"Of course. I feel exactly the same way. It's all a lie, Jim, a contemptible lie. He's trying to hide behind her skirts."

That brought the judge up short.

"Queer," he mumbled, staring at her unseeingly. "I happen to know ——"

But what he happened to know he kept to himself.

"And I suppose Fanny will stick by him—that's the sort she is. She'll sacrifice herself for that miserable ——"

"Easy there, honey, easy! This is a bad business, and the less we talk about it the better."

He stood looking out of the window for a few moments apparently lost in thought. At last he turned away with a grunt of contempt.

"Protecting woman's honor—and all that bunk! And this country's just full of it, Miriam. If a woman carries on with a man her honor's gone anyhow. He doesn't guard it—he doesn't bring it back—by shootin' the fellow. All he does is drag her name through the dirt in every newspaper in the country. Shucks, it makes me sick! Every cowardly killer who wants to get even with his enemy goes and drags his wife in—and juries fall for it."

"Well, if Jeff Harkrider ——"

The telephone rang again. After a minute Mrs. Gudger heard her husband say with unusual emphasis, "No, I will not! You tell him for me I won't touch it."

"Who was it?"

"Jeff's brother; wanted me to take the case for him. Not me! The less we have to do with this business the better, Miriam. Both families are friends of ours, so let's keep our mouths shut."

Charity had been hovering near the door. She now cut in with, "Where at did you say Mr. Dawes got shot, judge?"

"You been listening?"

"No, suh. I couldn't help but hear some."

"He was shot in Mr. Harkrider's house."

The cook opened her mouth to say something, thought better of it and retired precipitately into the kitchen.

"What's the matter with her now, I wonder?"

"Search me. She's a crafty old bird, Miriam. What made her look at me like that, do you suppose?"

"You were going to say something about happening to know—and then you stopped. What was it, Jim?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Now don't be foolish! I wouldn't be as mean as you for anything. The idea of not telling me!"

"Well, you promise never to breathe a word of it?"

"Of course."

"Your word of honor?"

"I'll never tell a soul."

"You'd best not, or the fat will be in the fire. Well, I happen to know that Jeff Harkrider owed Fletcher quite a lot of money, and Fletcher has been pressing him for payment."

"Oh!"

No Longer Fearful, Charity Seized It by the Slack of Its Coat and Dragged It Indoors

"They had trouble over that lumberyard sale, and—honey, it looks to me like this was nothing but cold-blooded murder, and Jeff is trying now to crawl out by using his wife."

"The low-down sneak!"

"They usually are. But you keep quiet about it, and so will I. It's a bad business." And reiterating this opinion the judge went downtown.

Charity could scarcely wait for Uncle Daniel to arrive. He finally put in an appearance about ten o'clock, unobtrusively, by way of the lane.

"Where at was that killin' you saw las' night? Be careful now!"

"Down by the square, near that bank on the corner. One gen'l'man done shot the other right through here."

Uncle Daniel looked scared, but he did not deviate from his facts.

"Then how come they found the body in Mr. Harkrider's residence, and Mr. Harkrider says he was tryin' to bust up his home? Huh?"

Uncle scratched his head.

"Maybe there was two killin's," he hazarded.

"Uh-uh! It's the same one."

"Well," he replied, vaguely troubled, "all I know is I seen him do it—right through here."

The cook seized his shoulder and administered a gentle shake to emphasize her warning—"Don' you say a word! Hear me? Don' you ever let on you saw nothin'! And I won't neither. If we do the Ku-Klux will come and fetch us maybe. So mind!"

"I ain't seen nothin' and I don't know nothin'," Uncle Daniel promised.

Charity did not bother her head about work that morning. Neither did any other cook in Liveoak. They gossiped over fences and visited; the whole town was agog with the news. By noon every detail of the story was public property, and persons meeting on the street, in the stores or at the post office would supply the latest titbit that had developed in the gruesome affair. Miz Harkrider and Fletcher Dawes had been carrying on secretly for more'n a year, and all the time her singing in the choir that way, and the families such close friends! Jeff Harkrider had come home unexpected from downtown and caught Fletcher Dawes in the hall, and he shot him right through the heart the very first shot. Well, they never would have thought it of Fletcher Dawes, or of Miz Harkrider, either, for that matter, because she always seemed a right nice lady; but you never could tell, and he only got what was coming to him. A man had a right to protect his own home! Was it true that she admitted it and would testify for her husband at the trial? They had heard that Hunter McLemore told somebody she would. Yes, McLemore would defend Harkrider, so it was a cinch. The smartest criminal

(Continued on Page 102)

the Judge Reached the Square

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT WAS on one of New York's busiest corners, in one of those so-called drug stores where the prescription counter shrinks timidly behind those devoted to soft drinks and hardware. From ye old-time apothecary shop—that dispensary catering solely to the law of self-preservation—has developed this hybrid of merchandising, where every need, from the cosmetic urge to the most capricious acquisitive instinct, is ministered to. And now you may rush in with a toothache and come out with an alarm clock, a talking doll, a book on taxidermy, a new top for the flivver—and the toothache. To say nothing of a more or less square meal. And yet they do say this is the age of specialization.

Your attention, however, is to be diverted from the kitchen necessities and awning department to the little booth in the center—a booth ostensibly constructed of bars of soap and bunting—decorated with highly improbable advertisements of the product itself. One glance at these hyperbolic statements, madam, will convince you that whether your face is the kind that launches a thousand ships or stops the family timepiece, Mello is what you need. For look: Mello—the Supersoap! It Preserves the Peaches and Ripens the Lemons! Also, incomparable for shaving and shampoo; satisfaction guaranteed for laundry labors on the pet Pomeranian and those ultimate garments of georgette crêpe. Yet by no means limited to the rituals of Monday morning or Saturday night. For here to the right, madam, the picture of the housewife in the simple tulle frock scrubbing out the furnace, and below: Let Mello Do Your Dirty Work! And all this, mind you, for ten cents. See the statement to the left: Mello, the Soap That Reduces the High Cost of Laving!

Now over this booth presided Miss Christina Kjellman in a spotless white apron. A splendid young creature who stood five foot ten in her pure-silk-threads, and weighed, one would say, about a hundred and sixty in the Turkish bath. Health and vigor radiated from her. Life obviously had seldom brought any necessity for feeling her pulse, but doubtlessly frequent requests to feel her muscles. A wonderful playmate for Attila, might be your first impression; or the leading lady in six reels entitled The Daughter of the Vikings.

More deliberate scrutiny, however, would register her as a specially persuasive advertisement for soap—that is, there was a well-scrubbed, lately tubbed look about her. Patently a talcum conservative, her fresh ruddy skin suggested a washrag that functioned far oftener than a powder puff; and the flying sunniness of her flaxen hair testified to a recent and thorough shampoo. Even the shine of the thick magnifying glasses through which her alert blue eyes peered good-naturedly, intimated a probable application of lather.

Yet now as she stood like some blond caryatid against a column of Mello, a sudden worried pucker wrote itself between the thick glasses; a pucker which exacts explanation. It seems, you see, that Christina's job of handing out free samples of soap to the passing public constituted merely a probationary position. That is, the wily firm had stipulated that a permanent place on its staff meant the sale of fifty full-grown bars. To Christina the proposition had sounded a cinch. Considering the fact that half of New York seemed to wash in and out of the store daily, and the flood of eloquence she herself had on tap for the occasion, a clean-up to the extent of a hundred or more sales looked inevitable; and yet—and yet here it was 11:20, a gross of samples exhausted and only eight bars sold. Oh, the wily public took the cake, all right, but why fling two car fares away on the large size before trying out the sample? To be sure, most of the ablutionists had glibly promised to return for a wholesale supply should the lady's claims hold water, but such promises had as much weight as a soap bubble in making her into a hired business woman. And this latter was devoutly to be wished, for jobs were scarce, darn scarce. Even as you and I, had Christina come to New York, confident that Broadway featured unlimited good openings for willing workers from Main Street; yet two months' search had proved that, with the exception of the subway entrances, such openings were almost nonexistent. A disheartening discovery when you see how the exigencies of Broadway soak up Main Street savings.

Now, however, a smile of intimate salesmanship ironed out the pucker. There approached a prospect in the form of a bundle-laden matron.

"Ah, madam"—Christina sloped at least forty of her one hundred and sixty pounds over the counter—"couldn't I interest you in Mello, the supersoap? A soap as soft as a mother's heart and as smooth as—as an automobile salesman. And lather!—madam, I give you my word, two rubs and it looks like the top of a charlotte russe."

The matron's eyes focused on the Please Take One placard that topped the pile of samples. No, she guessed not, having just stopped in to see the time, but of course she'd be glad to try the sample if ——

"Help yourself!" Christina dropped back wearily, and a sigh deprecating the accursed cupidity of human nature lifted her broad bosom just as there appeared a woman in dark blue linen.

"Nell!"

It was the shout of thanksgiving with which metropolitan loneliness greets a home-grown friendship. Swiftly she strode from her booth; whereupon blue and white linen dissolved in a kind of Seidlitz-powder color effect. Then that series of leading and misleading questions characteristic of all feminine reunions.

Wasn't Nell a she-angel to rush in from the wilds of New Jersey to see a girlhood chum? Looking fine too. . . . Ditto Chris! . . . A little stouter? Emphatically no! Probably the loose-front apron! . . . Why in blazes hadn't Chris kept in touch with her? Nothing but a post card in three years. And wasn't it hot and where'd she get those good-looking beads and how did she ever happen to be passing out soap samples?

It was this last query that directed Christina back to the immediate realities.

"Oh, that reminds me, Nell, how about a cake?" One stride reëstablished her behind the counter. "According to that sloganberry who wrote the ads, there's nothing it won't clean, except maybe a smoking-room story and a Reno reputation. It ——"

"Nothing doing!" the other parried. "Moonbeam for me. Two hundred more wrappers and I get an oyster fork. But see here, Chris, I've got to catch that 1:10. The kids will be waiting for lunch. Meanwhile, I'd like a few gaps filled in. The last time I heard from Lil Toby you were booked for a bridal blush and a long white veil instead of this semitailored Mother Hubbard. How come?"

Behind the shining glasses the blue eyes took on an early-Christian-martyr look of patient inarticulate suffering; but behold the Lucrezia Borgia grimness of the suddenly thinned lips as the other prodded, "Did Dan Cupid ——"

"Damn Cupid!" A snort collapsed into a professional smile at a young man in a Palm Beach suit. Ah! Couldn't she interest the gentleman in Mello? Manufactured expressly for the safety-blade brotherhood. Since the days of the Barber of Seville, one gathered, its lather had known no equal. One daub and a seven days' beard just crawled out and prostrated itself on the razor. Should she wrap it up? . . . Waal, no. He reckoned not, having just dropped in foh a deck of caahds and a goose-neck puttah. . . . A free sample, then? . . . Waal, yes, he reckoned he could tote that along.

Which he did, a malevolent sniff following as he made a Mason-and-Dixon line for the back counter.

Certainly this sniff and snort should have curbed the curiosity of the lady in blue. But did it? Not at all. And really, you can't blame her. Behind them she doubtless divined drama, rich in pulsing heart interest and spiraling suspense; drama immune from ticket speculation and the

Delegating Her Job to a Colleague at the Perfumes, She Lured Her Friend Back to an Empty Table Near the Fountain

fear of missing the 11:42. You know how it is when one lives in Jersey.

It was noon by this time, and business had agglutinated around the so-called soda fountain. The center aisle was more or less deserted, and this lull in trade collaborating with that recognized pulmonary relief of getting it off the chest, plainly disposed Christina towards autobiography. Delegating her job to a colleague at the perfumes, she lured her friend back to an empty table near the fountain. But it was not until two frosted chocolates had appeared to legitimate the truancy that she spoke.

"Yes, this was the month I was supposed to be dealing in that soft soap handled on all honeymoons instead of shoving out the hard-milled variety to a lot of dime defenders. . . . Begin at the beginning? Well, let's see. It was right after you left that a Madam Fortescue opened up a beauty joint across from the post office. What you'd call an ingenious place. Satin furniture, muffled lights and a mysterious something she called atmosphere. Mysterious I say, because I've never doped it out whether it's a new term for ozone or just a state of mind.

"Madam herself was a Seattler; also a hustler; a quiet little woman who wore noiseless black gowns and a White House manner and snagged all the classiest trade in no time. Before I'd been there a month we were improving the circulation of the bluest blood in town and massaging away some of the lumpiest incomes.

"At first I attended to the hair goods; but pretty soon I caught the ingenious art of manicuring; and with my salary and tips the job stuck out in the pay envelope like a regular position. Then there were extras for overtime work. Well, one night I stayed till eleven helping her with some accounts, and on my way home one of these night riders in a loose-jointed car cruises up to the curb with the usual remark about being too late for a pretty girl, and so on.

"Say, I was hot and tired and just in the humor to do my bit in making the world safe for the working girl. So I served him a warm smile, and halts in front of a window. Of course he stops the car, gets out and ankles over. And then—and then I grabbed him and shook him till the surrounding atmosphere looked like an animated novelty store. When I finished there was a sidewalk display of collar buttons, fountain pens, keyrings, a corkscrew and a straw hat, to say nothing of a gold watch and a dollar twenty in small change. After which I batted a hot one about how these here Paul Reveres would some day wise up to the fact that the county jail was less'n a mile away; and walked on.

"Well, would you believe it, Nell, the next afternoon who should turn up at the store but this freshie with a bunch of flowers and a painful flush. Being five foot ten makes you more or less a public character, and I guess he'd had no trouble identifying the lady thug. Anyway, he stammered out an ingenious apology about having had more'n was good for him, and honest, he didn't make a practice of that sort of thing, and couldn't he please have a manicure? Of course I froze up, but he looked so darned humble and kind of scared, probably figuring on losing a pet nail or a favorite thumb, that I weakened. Well, the finger exercises passed off without casualties; and pretty soon he was dropping around regular. By the end of the month we'd gotten as chummy as a coupla Elks after the last pint.

"You see, Nell, he was one of these good-hearted, irresponsible buddies you can't help liking. Medium sized, with untamed sandy eyebrows and a grin like his mouth was going to meet round the back of his head. And when he laughed—gosh, his whole face unbuttoned! Homely? Yes, I suppose he was, but the kind of homeliness that gets you somehow. His name was Dan Tracy and he sold the car that had figured slightly in our first meeting. Somewhere he'd caught the idea of being built for speed, and I gathered he'd been trying to live up to the specifications. He'd been going strong before the Eighteenth Amendment plugged up the nineteenth hole. Not that he really liked the stuff, Nell, but he'd gotten in with some registered thirsts, and you know how it is. A case of more ginned against than ginning.

"And say, speaking of spendthrifts! Honest, the way that kid could make two dollars do the work of one was what you'd call ingenious. The greatest little daylight saver, of course, you ever saw, but this business of storing away a few for a rainy day struck him as a form of low cunning. Naturally in debt up to the collar bone. He could of lost control of his bus at any given crossing and killed or maimed at least a dozen creditors. But listen, Nell, don't get him wrong. Sure he was reckless and irresponsible, and weak maybe; one of these parties that can't say no, and figures in the funeral sermon as his own worst enemy. But the right stuff in him, underneath; only needing that well-known influence of a good woman to dig it out.

"Oh, you've guessed it all right. Chris on the reform committee. First, I stepped on these wakes for J. Barleycorn, and in a month I had him what you might call practically bun shy. He was living then at the Elite, room and bath and keep-the-change-waiter plan; and every new play found him sliding his derby under an orchestra chair. But after this it was a hall bedroom and the cafeteria circuit for Dan, and when his soul craved drama he got it from the balcony at the Imperial Movie Palace. Naturally the money he saved went onto his debts. Then I connected him up with a savings account and annuity insurance and a system of setting-up exercises, Dan being one of these here cushion athletes who prefers the sitting-down kind.

"Gosh! you wouldn't believe how that boy changed. He put on flesh and got to looking like the clean-cut parties in the ginger-ale ads. His sales went up, and in June he got a raise. In other words, I made a man of him. He got so he depended on me for everything, and he appreciated all my first-aid work too.

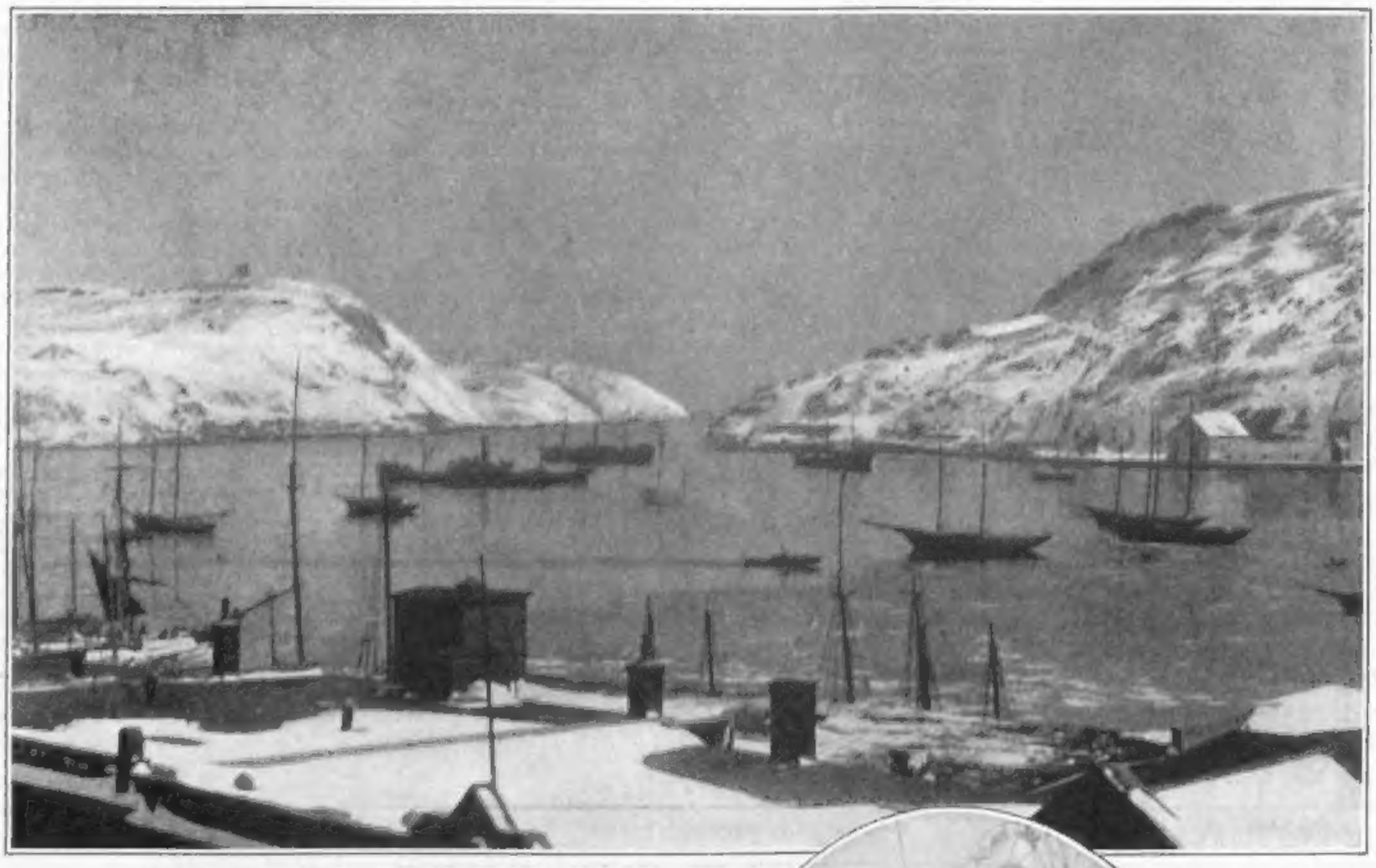
"'Chris,' he used to say, 'to find a queen that tries to embalm your coin instead of increasing its circulation just proves how wonderful human nature is. You're certainly one good old scout!' And I'd redden up and think of new ways of showing off human nature. Only, to be

(Continued on Page 114)

In a Minute Hazel Comes Out, a Heavy Laboratory Pallor Making Her Eyes Bigger and Sadder'n Ever

VIKINGS OF THE NORTH

By George Allan England



St. John's as it Looks When the Fleet Sails

NIGHT had long since shrouded the frozen ocean, a night of shouting gale and blistering cold with a sleet scud blotting out the loom, when the old Terra Nova woke to a realization that Master-watch Roberts, with a gang of forty sealers, had not come aboard with the others.

Well, now, here we had the making of a first-rate tragedy!

"Bosun, burn tarchlights on the barricade!" commanded Cap'n Kean. "Run up a masthead light. What's the matter wi' us now? We must be white-coat crazy! Full speed ahead!"

Grim tensions gripped the vessel. Dim figures lined the rail, the fo'c's'le head. Blue flames whipped into the abysmal night; sparks skidded along the ice. The ship, quivering, lunged into the pack.

Very far a glimmer wavered through thickening snow drives, for a blizzard was rushing on. Toward that glimmer we fought our way. The glimmer brightened. It flickered as black figures moved about it. After an endless time we nosed through an inky lead, crashed into a floe. Now fire, men and piles of raw redness grew plainer. Yells rang from ship to ice and back again. Harsh crimson glares smeared the pans, the pinnacles. Jetty shadows leaped, fantasies unreal as witch revels on the Brocken. Black and blood-soaked figures trooped toward the ship.

"How many seals you got, my sons?" shouted the cap'n from his bridge. "Look yary now—get 'em aboard!"

Master-Watch Roberts Reports

NO WORD of fear was spoken, none of commiseration. Swiftly the sculps were loaded, with the frenzy of shouts, laughter, excitement that this stolid race on occasion indulges in. Men with black faces, their hands looking as if cased in red gloves, swarmed up the side sticks and the ropes, gaffs waving. Some had seal hearts tucked into their belts—rare delicacy when eaten raw, and frozen, between two slabs of hardtack. Eyes gleaming, teeth glinting in whiskered faces, gory, dirty, they crowded to the forward galley for their mug-up. The blazing torches lighted all with eerie flamings. And Cap'n Kean, massive in huge fur coat, went below again to the stuffy little cabin, its white paint smeared with blood, to finish his game of checkers with the doctor.

Down came Master-watch Roberts, his canvas jacket redly frozen, face parboiled red with frost.

"Well, well," the cap'n said, jovial, white-whiskered, with eyeglasses on nose, "this like to ha' been a most miserable affair."

"We'm all rate, sir," Roberts assured him. "Nobody hurt. Pan of ice went abroad under one man, an' he went in chock to he eyebrows. Wid his gun too. But he hooked a pan wid de gun an' got out. Saved de gun too. Us waited, just. Made a fire wid flagpoles an' spun yarn an' fat. Us knowed you'd kim alaang fer we. Thankee, sir!" as the cap'n ordered a big tot of rum for him.

And thus it ended; and no more thought or said among these supermen—these incredible folk who do the world's most terrific labor—about an incident that to mere Americans would have been a thriller. Yes, that crew, forgotten on the ice with a blizzard whooping on, diced with Death that night; but these vikings of the North, these sealers of Newfoundland, are always dicing with Death. One less or one more throw means nothing to them, absolutely nothing. Men of iron? Steel!

In all my knockings up and down this tough old world I never yet have found a race in any way to compare, for fearlessness, endurance, cheerfulness, patience under severe punishment, gluttony for work, and general all-round he-manhood, with this superb breed. The heroism of the Iceland fishermen, bepraised by Pierre Loti, isn't in it for a moment with that of the Newfoundlanders. Bronzed with gale and ice glare, laughing, hearty, bold as lions, simple as children, lovably unsophisticated, making free with the hungry and waiting North, they stand as a type unique and all but indescribable.

A Small Squad of Vikings Ready for Business. In the Oval—Cap'n Kean Running Up to the Barrel Like a Boy, Despite His 70 Years

They are a combination of sailors, hunters, coal heavers, blasters, explorers, gymnasts, martyrs and heroes. Their feats of skill and strength would fill volumes; their daring and adventures would furnish forth material for scores of novels. Amphibious, sure-footed, agile, using their gaffs like a third hand in most amazing ways, they find nothing too perilous to undertake, nothing too laborious to complete. The skin of their teeth is for them a wide margin of safety. Their lives are one long miracle.

These supermen of the sea, sprung from the loins of Scotland, Ireland, England in the long ago, have developed a race all their own. Summers they swarm the iron coasts of Labrador, codfishing. Winters how they live God knows. Doctor Grenfell can partly tell you. Spring after spring—and March in Newfoundland is some spring!—from the northern bays and outports they troop to battle with ice and blizzard, fire and frost; and in return get only a scant handful of dollars, sometimes none at all.

Signing On

MANY of them walk forty, fifty miles over snow-drifted headlands and frozen bays, then come along to St. John's in bare, half-warmed cars, camping out with incredible hardships such as would kill us softer folk. They sign on, take their crop or outfit—nine dollars' worth of anything they like, for which twelve dollars are later deducted from their share—go aboard the unutterably dismal, dirty ships; live long weeks in hold and dungeon; labor in fearful cold and buck withering storms. All this time they never undress, but just tumble into their bunks, sometimes boots and all. I know, from personal experience, what that means; and I have also learned that hygiene, like ethics, is

really after all only a matter of geography. While brown men live easily and idly in fruitful tropics these pure white men of our own race—absolutely splendid Nordic stock—"labor and muck for a try at luck"; then back home they go to their barren tilts and settlements. Coal-blackened, grease-soaked, blood-crimsoned, they are content if they have a little silver to jingle in their pockets, a few seal flippers on a cord or a barrel of frozen carcasses to carry with them. And, by the way, millions of pounds of excellent meat are every year left on the ice. Here's a tip for some enterprising capitalist.

"When you'm got in a trip o' fat you earns your money, sir," one sealer confided to me; but this is about as near any complaint as they come. "It's a bit airsome" is all they'll admit about terrific tempests. Their whole lives are hardships. They know nothing else, expect nothing else; possibly would sicken and die with anything else. Vikings of the North, indeed!

The annual swilin'-racket is the Northern Newfoundlander's one big thrill. It's his huge blow-out, his great slaughter; the full and free *laissez-aller* of the killing lust that lurks in all of us. Money isn't the motive. It's the kill itself that lures. To miss your spring is a supreme misfortune. These northern-bay men beg and scheme for berths, are grateful for what to us would be a horrid nightmare of misery, talk about the last racket and plan for the next one all year long. The captains are just as eager for it as the men. Cap'n Kean, over seventy, hasn't missed a spring for fifty years. In the midst of ice jams and gales he often shouts, "Who wouldn't sell their farm and go to sea?"

Cap'n Bishop, with whom I returned, stared at me with perfect incomprehension when I asked him, "Well, cap'n, I suppose you're glad to be going home?" The fact is, that question was almost an insult. My stock with Cap'n Bishop fell low after that remark.

A Newfoundlander's Heaven

EVEN the Newfoundland boys yearn for the kill and for a sight of the wonders and glories of St. John's—their only contact with real streets and shops, their only chance to click up and down real sidewalks in spiked skin boots and see the wonders of a big city. St. John's, I believe, has between thirty and forty thousand people. Every ship carries stowaways, half-clad wretches who work for nothing at all but a little gatherin'—collection—from the men, for the trip and the rough fare of salt junk, bread, hardtack, fish and brewis, beans and tea—the tea made from melted ice, yellow and brackish in rusty tanks. Such fare, to many, constitutes real luxury. A ship without a stowaway is jinked, or hoodooed, from the very start—one of the many superstitions that govern sealers. One and all share Cap'n Kean's famous dictum: "Gi' me a good ship, a good crew and a good patch of seals, and I won't ask for any better heaven!"

At midnight black as the wintry Pole, snow-swept and terrible, you'll hear the sealers singing Johnny Boker and other chanteys as they toil by torch flares. You'll see them happily laughing and skylarking when we would shrink and shiver and curse the North. I, bundled in masses of heavy clothing, coats, furs, often used to see them going about the decks in shirt sleeves, open-throated, bareheaded. How do they stand it? No task cut out for them is too severe, no peril too deadly to hold them back. No men of any breed work like these strange men; none are so insensible to pain, so swift to recuperate, so magnificent in endurance.

And right here let me say that one of these fine days some fight promoter is going to wake up to the fact that in Newfoundland is lying dormant a world-beating pugilist. Why should a highly organized Frenchman, who can be hurt and knocked out, try for the belt? Your Newfoundlander may not have science, but he's unhurtable. He can stand anything anybody has to give, short of a sledge hammer or a gun, and walk right ahead. And he has the punch. If one of these men ever gets in a single blow—good night! I wish I had the money to—— But that's a pure digression.

Just as they seem not to feel pain, they appear to have no imagination concerning perils. If a thing doesn't happen, why bother? At the beginning I got used to seeing men sit on powder cans and calmly smoke their pipes. Later I saw them fill other cans with loose powder, still smoking. That was a mere commonplace. They handle cartridges with magnificent familiarity. One "dog" dropped a bag of them and a lot went off; but as nobody happened to get shot what did it matter?

Speaking of powder, our lazaret with twelve casks of it lay directly under the red-hot stove in the cabin. The stovepipe went up between the narrow companion stair and the Marconi room, so that a fire would have cut off our exit and also our chance of sending wireless. This pipe was unprotected, about two inches from beams calcined by heat. One day I ventured to point out to Uncle Absalom that we had all the makings of a fine sea tragedy.

Joe Stirgo, an Expert Gunner and a Hardy Man

The Preacher, the Cook and the Baker. Note the Bare Arms in Zero Temperature

This Master-Watch Doesn't Look Like a Good Man to Get Into an Argument With

"Ain't never burned up ner busted yit," he assured me, scraping charred wood from behind the stovepipe. "Us kip de pipe rid-hot too," he proudly added.

No; nobody can beat it. But a sealing steamer is no place for a nervous man.

Aboard the Eagle seal oil was leaking through into the engine room, trickling down a wooden bulkhead. One touch of fire and up the steamer would go. The men calmly told me about a ship catching fire that way; but they didn't mind the leaking oil. Why worry? The fact that So-and-So once floated ashore from a wreck on a coffin with a corpse inside it wasn't considered much of a stunt. Men often purposely fall into the sea, between loose ice, to get a swallow of rum. Cap'n Kean has stuck to the bridge, with his face frozen, while a sailor held snow to that face to keep it from freezing more. Nothing was thought of a mast breaking off, with the scunner's barrel, and the scunner hanging, head down, in the barrel, aloft till rescued. The ships scout in around icebergs with a familiarity quite shocking to a "youngster"—that is, a man like myself. In the little hell hole back of the cabin I used to marvel at the way the men would throw matches and tobacco sparks close to fuses and percussion caps. A ship going down in the ice is only a trivial incident.

I have seen men working with one hand, while the other was so cruelly lacerated that any American with such an injury would holler for a doctor and go to bed. Men hardly able to stand up will go on ice and haul tows. Men stab through their feet with gaffs and go on working. They get seal fingers—that is, infections from tainted seal fat—and plug right along. They work even with pneumonia. And they rarely die. I heard of only one man who ever really died in the pack

"Us iced un down on de deck-house an' brung un to port," a gunner told me. He said it as if mentioning a side of beef. For only one man to die out of thousands is a marvel.

The sealers aren't hard-hearted; they simply don't feel. Now and again they show tender streaks.

"Dere was dat time," a master watch said, "a feller got mad at a white coat fer not bein' big enough, an' ripped un up. Nodder un brung un abird, an' sewed un up wid needle an' cord. White coat got well, too, an' us kip un fer a pet!"

Among the sealers you have to stand on your own feet and take chances; and if you can't stand, then lie down in your bunk and keep still. No use saying anything. They don't. The most they'll complain of is: "I ain't bodily sick, sir, but I got a sore stummick."

Communism of a Sort

ON INVESTIGATING I always found their stummicks were their lungs. Many a brawny chest I painted with iodine; and that, plus marvelous health, brought everything right in no time. My iodine and bandages earned me the title of "Doctor" from some—those and my precious quart of whisky.

That whisky didn't last long. The first night out I rashly gave a glutch—swallow—to the big-hearted carpenter, Edwin Tucker, who went to sleep on a bare board so that I could have his bunk. Presently another husky showed up hintingly. I fell for the hints. Another came, and another, and lots more; and right away I found myself a full-fledged barkeep. The proverbial celluloid cat has no more chance than a bottle of spirits has on board a sealer.

Incidentally the men consumed most of my tobacco to be without which is called a tarmentin' thing—also my lime juice, raisins and shaving soap. They used my brush, comb and strop, and got away with all but one of my pipes by the very direct expedient of smoking them; after which, somehow, I just sort of let the pipes go. These hardy sons of the North smoke freely in such communistic fashion; even a cigar is passed round. But I never did manage a fourth-hand butt. No, it couldn't be done. The idea is, there's no mine or thine. Hospitality is a prime Newfoundland virtue. The sealers will share everything with you in perfect freedom. They shared several little things with me, but the doctor helped me get rid of 'em. However, what I started to tell about was the cap'n's mysterious bottle.

He found this bottle, one uproarious day, among his supplies. It had a suspicious-looking label. He couldn't make it out, so he summoned me.

"What's this?" he asked. "It says 'Cog—cognac, Hau-te Qua-lite.' Now what d'ye think that is? Poison?"

"Some people call it poison," I truthfully replied. "The worst kind."

"Oh, you take it then!"

Forthwith he handed over a quart of absolutely life-saving elixir. This proves the advantages of the higher education.

My popularity after that grew by leaps and bounds; there was always somebody coming round to see me, for a while. I don't know how many "cats"—whitecoat pelts—were promised me "So laang as me an' you stays chums."

(Continued on Page 80)

HER MAJESTY—MOLLY

By Walter De Leon

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

HER MAJESTY says it was all my fault; that I should have known right from the beginning that it was an unusually difficult situation. With detectives tagging us around and corrupting rehearsals I'll agree it was all of that. But I can't get her to understand that after kicking around in vaudeville with a lot of hicks and ex-buttonhole makers like Sam Kovich, I'd lost the educated instincts with which I'd entered the business. I can't make Her Majesty confess that, because she didn't understand my ground-and-lofty kidding any more than I did her society language, we never really got together until after I'd nearly lost her. I admit I thought she was upstage and all to the la-de-da, especially for an amateur, and I resented it. What she thought of me I don't want to know.

The day it started you must know that I was very low; very low, sitting on a curbing in Long Acre Square, opposite the Palace Theater Building, reading about the elusive gent who'd relieved careless guests of the big Penwald Hotel of forty-five thousand dollars in cash and jewelry during the past ten days. I was wishing I knew his system, and that I hadn't been raised in a minister's family. That's how low I was.

Skim Kelly and I, doing a singing, talking and dancing act, had worked three years establishing ourselves in the two-a-day. Then Skim married. The first thing his wife did was to split our act and kid the office into booking her and Skim in the new double act they put together—using most of the material, songs and gags Skim and I had perfected.

The office, through Sam Kovich, the agent, had teamed me with a jane whose real name was nothing like anything those who bumped into her disposition called her. Two weeks later, in the middle of one of her brain flurries, I regretfully declined the hammer a stage hand slipped into my hand, and walked to the nearest telegraph office, where I wired as follows:

Send another wild animal trainer. I'm through. CHICK STEDMAN.

"Sam," I told Kovich the next day, "I don't care how sore the office is; I'm sorer. Before I team up with a woman again I'll starve."

Sam took me at my word. I hadn't worked a day since. And here was a guy that had raised forty-five thousand dollars in ten days, five of it last night from Room 2337. There was something familiar about that figure. I dug out of my pocket all the money there was in the world and counted it—$23.37. A glimpse of the date of the paper reminded me I'd been born exactly twenty-three years and thirty-seven days before. I remembered that 2337 was Sam's phone number—and that I hadn't worked for twenty-three weeks and thirty-seven days. Hopefully hugging the hunch I hopped across the street into the Palace elevator.

"Listen, Sam," I said a minute later, "I've got to have a job—quick! Otherwise I borrow money from you."

Instead of being told where to go, Sam welcomed me with a fat smile.

"Hello, Chick. You got over your prejudice about working with a woman?"

"No; but starving isn't so pleasant either."

"Maybe I got good news for you. Come inside."

We went into his private office. There was a girl there.

Sweet irises and orchids! Also violets and pansies; but mostly American Beauties! This girl was all of them.

Her Majesty Raised the Skirt of That Gorgeous Evening Gown Just the Right Height and Danced Like a Blooming Puffball in a Sweet Summer Breeze

"Miss Molly Wills—Chick Stedman," Sam introduced us.

She was what the story-writers call exquisitely formed, on a miniature scale, but perfect. Big dark eyes she had, flashing with the gold lights reflected from her hair. Not a touch of make-up on her creamy skin, and the scarlet on her lips—curving and moist and soft—never came out of a cosmetic factory.

Her chin was—it was hard to describe. It was square without being pugnacious; firm without losing its velvety curves. You had a hunch, looking at her chin, that Molly Wills would never lie down on any job until she was knocked down. And the way she held it, uptilted a bit in the general direction of her short straight nose, gave you the idea that she took a lot of masculine favors for granted.

Don't get the notion that I was looking her over so closely as a possible future friend—not with $23.37 in my pocket. I was sizing her up purely as vaudeville material. Half my newspaper notices started off, "Chick Stedman, a good-looking, graceful young chap with a likable personality and an infectious comedy method," and so on. There is always more money in refined skits than hokum comedy acts. From any angle, her looks, her clothes—from top to toe nothing but the very expensive best—the cool clear voice of her and her assured way of talking, Molly Wills had tons of class. If she'd had only enough experience to say lines and put her high-class personality over the footlights, I saw many happy and profit-sharing weeks ahead of us.

Sam's voice shattered my dream.

"Miss Wills ain't never been on the stage, Chick."

"I'm sure you'll enjoy the life, once you're accustomed to it, Miss Wills," I said in my best society manner, reaching for my hat. No amateurs for me.

"How much money was you thinking of borrowing?" drawled Sam in his unemotional fish voice. "Because you ain't going to get it." Before I could find words fit for a lady to listen to he went on:

"I've got the script of a double act—a novelty—that would fit you two like a glove. Miss Wills, she's read it and likes it. If you like it, too, I can get it for you for nothing. It won't cost you a nickel. Wait till I get it for you from the outside office."

Right away I smelled something cooking. Good acts are expensive. The only time anybody had ever got anything out of Sam for nothing was the time the doctor removed his appendix, and only for Sam being unconscious with ether that wouldn't have happened.

Knowing Sam's only weakness I regarded the *femme* I had *cherchezed*. Question: Was the girl using Sam to get on the stage, or was Sam using the stage to get the girl? Answer: None of my business—except in one way.

"Before we go any further, Miss Wills, I'd like to boldly ask one question."

"Please do."

"Why are you going into vaudeville? If it's just for fun, or excitement, or to kill a little time, or maybe to win a bet, I'm afraid you'll have to look for another boy. As Sam so delicately hinted, my finances are too near the famishing point for me to waste time building up an act that isn't going to work."

She hesitated a moment before answering. Then with her eyes squinted a trifle as she looked straight at me, a teasing smile on her lips, in a cool drawl she said, "Suppose—suppose I told you it was for the money?"

"I'd laugh, politely but heartily," I said, looking at the big diamond on her left hand, the seal ring with its ruby on the littlest finger of her right, and at her clothes, which had never been bought east or west of Fifth Avenue.

Before anything else could be said Sam came back with a script and some songs. I wasn't positive, but as he looked at Miss Wills I thought I caught her giving him a quick, almost imperceptible nod.

"You're going to like this, Chick," Sam handed me the script. "It's a nifty idea about a wise-cracking city guy meeting and making a play for a girl without recognizing her as an old kid friend of his from his home town. She's hep all the time, and after stringing him along she pulls it on him. The laugh's on him, but he's so glad to see her again he don't care. The act finishes with the two of them, in a song, doing comedy imitations of different characters they both know back home."

"Where did you get it?" I asked, realizing it offered a great opportunity for me and didn't make any big demands on the girl.

"Oh, I bought it from a fellow who was broke a long time ago. Today when Miss Wills comes in and says she wants an act where she don't have to be made love to too much, I remember it. Then you come in, Chick, and right off I know you're the very fellow to work opposite Miss Wills."

"He means," I grinned at the girl, "on account of me playing love scenes so rotten."

"You know what I mean, Chick. You can kid a love scene so it ain't just mush. Now you two talk this over and give us all a chance to make a little money." Sam bowed out.

"Well?" I asked the girl.

"I'm more than eager to try it," she smiled, "and I assure you you may depend on my going through with it." I looked at her chin, and decided to bet on what it meant to me.

"I suppose," I said, smiling very Ritzy, "I suppose you've had a wealth of society amateur experience?"

"Nothing to speak of. But I'm not afraid of hard work; really."

"That's nice, because there's a lot of it ahead of you," I grinned.

"When can we begin?" she asked, cool and easy.

"Today, if you like. Have you an apartment we could rehearse in?" I asked, figuring that would save a lot of bother and the expense of renting a rehearsal room.

"No; I'm stopping at the Penwald Hotel."

I covered the laugh that handed me. Going into vaudeville for the money—she'd said—and stopping at the Penwald!

"Well," I said with a serious face, "maybe if you asked the manager for the use of one of the small banquet rooms for rehearsal he'd let you have it."

"Very good," replied the girl, rising. "I will."

"Put it on the books," I told Sam as we walked out - "'Wills and Stedman, That Clever Couple in Classy Chatter.'"

Molly Wills accepted the compliment of being placed first in the billing without even a gracious nod.

"Will 2:30 be agreeable to you, Mr. Stedman?" she asked as we stepped out into the lobby from the elevator.

"Surely"

"Thanks so much. Phone Room 711."

She tossed me a brief smile and tripped away, leaving me to ponder the slight emphasis she'd put on the word "phone." Didn't she think I knew anything about social etiquette?

Across the lobby I noticed a large-footed gent with the longest, squarest, thickest jaw ever grown on a human being. His eyes were following Miss Wills down the street. Seeing me watching him he walked over.

"Hello, kid," he smiled, sticking out his hand.

"Hello, Bozo," I said, greeting him like a long-lost friend instead of a perfect stranger. "Your eyesight is improving, isn't it?"

"Some wren!" he yapped out the corner of his mouth, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"You mean my wife?" I said, pulling the old turn-away speech for stage-door johns.

"Your wife?" I caught the glint of surprise in Big-Jaw's black eyes.

But instead of grinning sheepishly and walking away he reached into his vest pocket for a couple of cigars.

"Listen," he said as he offered me one.

But I'd seen something when he pulled back his coat that showed me I had him all wrong. I'd seen a cute little detective badge high up on his vest near the armhole.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake," I said, smiling only with my mouth. "For a moment I thought you were Bozo the Buttinski, who does a wire-tapping act on the small time." Big-Jaw looked at me without a word as he absorbed the fact that I had his number. "No harm done," I finished. "This isn't the first time I've been mistaken for Jimmy Looseface." I left him looking at me.

But wise-cracking a get-away like that didn't prevent me from wondering what there was about Molly Wills that was interesting the detective agency.

Naturally I didn't mention Big-Jaw to her that afternoon when, after getting the message she'd left at the desk for me, I walked into Banquet Room C. She was playing the piano when I entered. Noticing she used eight more fingers than I do when playing piano, I set the music of our act in front of her and asked if she would oblige.

When she reached the chorus of the first song she started singing. Her voice was like herself, small and appealing, and yet precise and sure. I began harmonizing with her. The way our voices blended sounded most soothing to me. That was one asset, at least, the new team had.

"Well," I said after we'd broken the backs of two of the songs, "let's run through the dialogue a couple of times and call it a day. Tomorrow we'll begin putting dances to the numbers"

"I think I'd like to begin learning the dances today," coolly and serenely insisted my half-size partner.

I looked at her, trim and tidy in silk sport skirt and sweater, at the heavy soles of the buckskin sport shoes on her little feet.

"The dances we're going to do cannot be learned in any costume like that, effective as it is," I said, smiling. "You'll want flat-heeled slippers and practice clothes—a romper outfit that'll give you plenty of freedom and ventilation."

"Yes; of course. Will you please get my bag for me?" She pointed to it on a chair by the door.

"With pleasure," I said politely, wondering if she intended breaking me in as personal errand boy.

But when I turned around with the bag I got a surprise. She'd slipped out of the sport skirt and was tightening the twist of her stockings rolled under a pair of black sateen gym bloomers. Kicking off the buckskin shoes she took a pair of thin-soled Mary Janes from the bag and buttoned them on.

"I'm ready," she announced.

Any time they tell you that routining and learning a dance isn't the hardest kind of nerve-racking, exasperating mental and physical labor, don't believe it. Men forget they're gentlemen, ladies forget they're effeminate, husbands and wives swear to be so no longer, and sweethearts act like married couples in the heat of a dancing rehearsal. *(Continued on Page 34)*

"Call an Ambulance," He Ordered the Usher Girl. "Ambulance! What's the Matter, Doc?" I Croaked

MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

XXVI

EVERY summer during recent years I have filled my castle on the hilltop with different groups of young girls who have come to study with me. It is a joy to me to have these young people about, to hear their fresh voices, to try to help them a little in acquiring a knowledge of the difficult arts of singing and of living.

Both at Cabrières and in Paris, where I teach during part of the year, I have had pupils from every quarter of the globe: Russians, with their fiery temperament and unstable emotions; Italians, warm and gay, bubbling and happy on the least occasion; repressed English girls, with their perfect manners and calm exterior; French girls, charming and serious, eager to learn and ready to work hard; and, of course, my dear Americans, with their cordial, spontaneous friendliness, their splendid physical equipment, beautiful voices and simple, unsophisticated outlook. My pupils come to me from every walk of life, in every stage of musical development. Some of them have no other recommendation than the beauty of their natural, untrained voices. There are others again who after years of study wish to develop some particular side of their talent—diction, dramatic expression, lyric declamation, any of the hundred special phases of a singer's art.

Whenever it is possible I take these young girls into my own home at Cabrières. What happy, busy summers we pass among my beautiful mountains, in the high solitude of my well-beloved country! There, far from the world, its cares and distractions forgotten, with nothing to claim our attention outside the simple routine of our daily lives, studying becomes a pastime. My pupils learn almost unconsciously, and we are able to devote our whole attention to our work without fatigue or strain.

Cabrières itself is ideally situated for a singer's holiday. The air in these high places is dry and bracing—a splendid climate for those whose throats and lungs are their kingdom. My young girls benefit greatly by their summer in the country—a real *cure d'air* for those who come from cities or from damp, low regions. I can take care of a number of pupils in my little castle, and they share with me the comfortable, wholesome country life that I love so much. Our daily routine is simplicity itself. We rise early and dispatch our small domestic duties, for here at Cabrières we live upon a democratic plane. Rich or poor, luxuriously nurtured or hard working, all are alike under this roof. At ten o'clock we assemble for lessons and work hard until lunch time. In the afternoon we take our pleasure. Some go swimming in the river near by; others take long walks among the hills. On fête days, or when the spirit of adventure seizes us, we go off for long excursions into the surrounding countryside in the automobile. Motoring is a delight in this part of the world, for the roads are so built that one can reach a fairly great altitude without strain. In the evening we have our books, letters to write, long talks by the fireside, an impromptu lesson or two. Indeed, the whole day is full of movement and song, for I and my little troupe are happy at Cabrières, and we sing as easily as we walk or talk.

The distinguished writer Bonnier has published such an excellent treatise on the art of singing and voice production that there remains little to be said on the most interesting and much-disputed subjects. In reading his book recently I came across a remark which struck me as particularly appropriate in connection with my school at Cabrières. Bonnier says in effect that "those who have had long experience as singers, even if their achievement may not have been more than mediocre, are alone among mortals the custodians of a little secret. The secret of the voice! They alone are able to transmit this secret to the uninitiated. Only a singer can teach the art of singing; only a vocalist can train the voice."

Even among the birds is this true. If a young nightingale is separated from his kind he sings but poorly and imperfectly. Should he be placed, while he is still a fledgling, in a cage of sparrows, he would chirp as shrilly as do they. In order to learn the full use of his voice he must be brought up with his own kind. He must listen constantly to the limpid notes of the full-grown birds about him, which he will soon strive to emulate and may in the end be able to surpass.

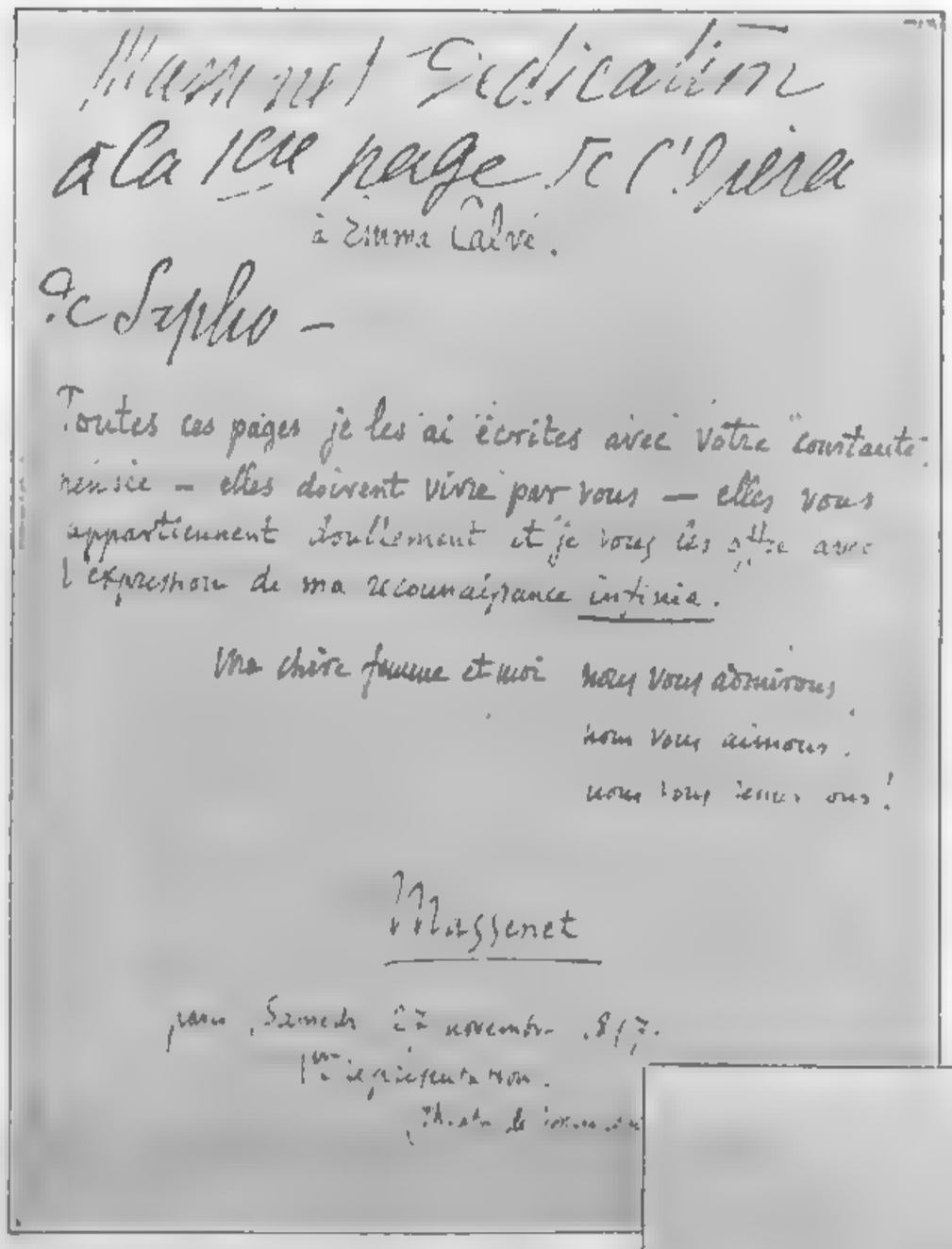
Yet, though this may seem an almost self-evident truth, it is curious and sometimes absurd to note that among those who undertake to teach the difficult art of singing will be found pianists, theater managers, professors of solfeggio, teachers of pantomime, ladies in reduced circumstances, even ex-chorus women.

I know of one instance where the lady's maid of a famous opera star has become a teacher of singing, and, incidentally, has made a very good business of it.

However successful these unmusical teachers of singing may be in acquiring pupils, it is, nevertheless, undeniable that the true way to teach singing is through the ear. To learn to sing, the pupil should listen, as does the young nightingale, to the voice of his master. He should be able to imitate the sounds made by his master, and this is possible only when his teacher is a singer. The master, in addition, must be able to lend the accuracy of his musician's ear, trained by long years of experience to guide the first steps of the young aspirant. Musical judgment—vocal understanding—is only gained by long practice and hard work. It cannot be acquired off-hand by any short cuts to success.

In the equipment of a singing teacher a certain amount of scientific knowledge is essential. Unless he understands physiology and anatomy, he may fall into very grave errors. These important subjects have always been very carefully studied by the best masters. Was it not a singer, Manuel García, who first made use of the autolaryngoscope? His apparatus was later modified by two other doctor-singers, Bataille and Segond.

Teaching must be based on accurate and intelligent knowledge of the mechanism of the body, particularly of the head, throat and lungs; for though such knowledge will not make a great singer, yet ignorance may ruin a good one. How much harm can be done by inexperienced teachers and careless methods! Knowledge, actual experience, attention to detail and endless patience—these are but a few of the qualities needed by those who undertake the training of a singer.



Massenet's Dedication Written on the First Page of the Score of "Sapho"

Madame Calvé in "Sapho," 1898

Standards and types of singing vary from period to period. In the past much emphasis was placed upon pure vocalization, *bel canto*, the perfect, even production of each note. This method sometimes developed into pure vocal gymnastics. It might almost be said that at this period the singer sang too much; he did not pay enough attention to diction and declamation. Now, on the contrary, with the introduction of a new type of music less rich in opportunity for vocal fireworks, the singer might be accused of placing too much emphasis on declamation. He does not sing enough. A happy medium between these two extremes is the ideal achievement. It is not enough for a singer to be merely a virtuoso. He must, in addition, be an artist.

I try to teach my pupils at Cabrières something besides the pure technic of their profession. An artist worthy of that high title not only must have a complete command of his instrument; he not only must have a mastery of the difficult arts of diction, breath control, declamation, tone production and coloration—in fact, of everything that might be called the mechanical side of singing—but he must, also, and above all, possess a high intelligence, a well-informed mind, a sensitive and generous heart.

It is not, of course, possible to give these qualities to those who have not got them, any more than one can cultivate a voice that does not exist. On the other hand, just as the hidden qualities of a crude young singer may be brought out and developed by an experienced master, so the young intelligence can be stimulated to greater activity. These young people can be taught to read intelligently, to study, to think. They can be shown how greatly a well-equipped brain will assist them in their careers. Their minds and souls can be opened to a wider understanding.

It is for this reason that I am always glad to have my pupils stay with me at Cabrières, for there, in a daily and hourly intimacy, I can show them, little by little, the path that will lead toward a broader culture. I cannot, of course, teach them all they need, for I do not pretend to be a pedant or a professor; but I can guide them to the sources of information. I can indicate to them where they can find what they need. I can open their eyes to a hundred avenues of interest and knowledge to which many of them are blind.

I am often astonished at the ignorance, the extraordinary limitation of some of the young people I know. The past is a closed book to them. Philosophy, psychology, the teachings of the great leaders, past and present, are entirely outside the field of their attention. I wonder sometimes how these young people have the courage to undertake an artistic career with such an utter ignorance of what has been accomplished before them, with so little intellectual understanding of the problems they will have to meet and solve.

"Who was La Malibran?" they ask when I speak of that great *cantatrice* to whom De Musset wrote his famous lines.

"Who was Madame Carvalho?"
"Was Rachel an opera singer?"
"What is talent?"

I do not remember half the amusing and absurd questions I have been asked—questions that show a complete ignorance of the background of information that is so extremely important for an artist to have. But I cannot blame these young girls for their shortcomings when I consider how many artists, even among those who have achieved a certain recognition, are equally ignorant and uninformed. As a group, musicians have often been accused of being limited in their outlook and lacking in general culture. An incident comes to my mind which bears out this accusation only too well.

The barytone who sang Escamillo, the bull fighter, in one of the early productions of Carmen, was one of those singers whose power of lungs far surpassed their intellectual grasp of their rôles. It was noticed by those who watched the rehearsals of the opera that he stalked through his last scenes in a most tragic and solemn manner. At the moment in the opera when the Toreador has won the love of Carmen and is full of confidence of his approaching victory in the arena the dejected and unhappy demeanor of the singer was particularly absurd.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Carvalho, who was directing the rehearsal. "Why are you so gloomy? Don't you know this is a gay, triumphant scene?"

The singer drew himself up with supreme dignity.

"I always make my interpretation in accordance with the word," he answered haughtily. "Does it not say, 'Toreador, beware! A black eye is watching you!'"

"Yes, yes! Certainly!" agreed Carvalho. "But I don't see why that should make you unhappy. To whose eye do you think the song refers?"

"Whose eye?" exclaimed the singer indignantly. "Am I not supposed to be acting the part of a bull fighter in this opera? Whose eye, indeed! Why, the bull's eye, of course!"

This poor man was unusually dense. Yet it is surprising how often almost equally absurd mistakes are made. Such ignorance is a very serious handicap for a singer who wishes to reach a really high goal in the operatic world. No musical aspirant can afford to neglect his general education and studies. No matter how taxing his technical training may be, other studies must be followed at the same time. History, literature, languages—all these are essential to the development of an interesting artistic career.

I have seen musicians who have gained a certain popularity and success through mere technical proficiency. But the really great creative geniuses that I have had the privilege of knowing have all been highly cultivated and intellectual people. I try to make my pupils realize these almost self-evident truths. I show them why, from a perfectly practical point of view, a knowledge of history and costume through the ages is of inestimable value in the interpretation of operatic rôles and even of simple song.

When, for instance, I was studying a rôle such as that of Messalina in De Lara's opera of that name I steeped myself in the classic literature that bore on the period. I studied the historic relics of that epoch of Roman history and strove to recreate in my mind not only a picture of the empress herself but of the background in which she moved.

When Salignac was called upon to act the part of Christ in an opera built upon the story of Mary Magdalene he purchased photographs of all the paintings by the great masters in which the head of our Saviour appeared. He procured hundreds of these pictures from many different countries. He read and reread the New Testament, and poured himself so completely into his subject that he was finally able to present a most touching and impressive interpretation of the rôle. It is only by such careful and conscientious studies as these that a singer can hope to lift his achievements above the dead level of mediocrity.

Sometimes in the evenings at Cabrières we try out the ideas and suggestions we have been discussing during the day.

"Take this song, which originated in the Middle Ages," I sometimes say to one of my pupils. "Sing it for me and give me your idea of how it should be done."

If she has studied her history well she will sing the song with the dignity and restraint which it demands. She will make us feel that she is carrying the tall, veil-draped coif of the period. She will hold herself straight and still, as though she were incased in heavy brocaded garments falling stiffly to the floor.

When my pupils are tired of trying these experiments themselves I take my place beside the piano and, by some of the art that I have learned through many years of study and practice, I illustrate to them how a whole period or atmosphere can be evoked by an inflection, a gesture, the delicate shading of a tone, the slightest change in expression of voice or features.

We have many discussions on music and art and on the interpretation of various well-known arias or songs. One evening a friend of mine was present when we were discussing Beethoven. In the course of the conversation I sang one of his marvelous songs, which was greeted by my friend with some displeasure.

"My dear Calvé!" she exclaimed. "You seem to forget that Beethoven is a classic! You sang that song with too much feeling, too much temperament. You should be more restrained!"

"Do you remember what Busoni said on this subject?" I rejoined. "Surely you will accept the verdict of that distinguished musician, even if you doubt my ability to interpret the master! Busoni said that the classics were killed by respect!"

Indeed, I am convinced that Beethoven and Mozart and the other immortals did not write their masterpieces for the delight of musical pedants and professors of rhythm.

It is a great mistake to think that they should be interpreted with systematic coldness and so-called classic mannerisms. Beethoven, so tragic, so human! How can anyone sing his music coldly?

An Early Photograph of Madame Calvé

When we are finally tired of singing and talking we have lessons in deportment and stage bearing. We make experiments in the gentle art of walking across a stage.

What more expressive than a walk! The swing and swagger of Carmen, the modest forthright steps of Marguerite, the wandering, hesitant stumbling of poor Ophelia, the gay and mincing carriage of the eighteenth-century coquette as she ruffles along in her flowing skirts—each gesture is vividly suggestive of the character portrayed. Grace of carriage, dignity, complete and easy control of every movement are essential to the aspirant for dramatic laurels. For this reason outdoor exercise, swimming, walking, everything that tends to develop and strengthen the body, are most valuable.

Singing, study, exercise fill the days at Cabrières. Nor do we neglect the sister arts. The eye must be trained as well as the ear. A sensitiveness to line and color should be cultivated, as well as an appreciation of literature and poetry. I never fail to take my pupils on one or two excursions to such neighboring towns and cities as boast art galleries or museums. We go to Montpellier, to Arles, sometimes as far afield as Italy, whose rich heritage of art is a never-ending source of pleasure and stimulation. It is a keen delight to me to share the fresh enthusiasm of these young girls, to see again through their eyes the marvels of painting and of sculpture, the wonders and delights of the Italian Renaissance.

"You have told us a great many interesting things," a pupil said to me one day. "You have talked of singing, of study, of music, of art and religion. But which of these many things is most important? What, above all, is necessary in order to become a great singer?"

"My child," I answered, "in order to sing really well one must believe in God!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my young friend. "That is why you talk to us so often of *le bon Dieu!*"

"Yes," I answered. "That is, indeed, the reason! I do most sincerely believe that religion is of tremendous and fundamental importance in the life of every individual. The strength, the fire, the flame, which transform mere vocalization into a transcendent, moving force, come to us from a higher power. We must keep ourselves in humble communion with that power if we are to receive its blessing. That is why I say that those who wish to sing with more than average skill must keep their faith pure and strong."

Madame Calvé, From a Recent Photograph

XXVII

MY LIFE at Cabrières is, as I have said before, very simple and restful. To me it is the happiest life in all the world. I have many small duties there that fill the day with lively interest. First of all, there is the farm to run—a responsibility which falls on my shoulders now that my father is no longer there to administer it, as he did so wisely for many years. The farm gives me many early morning cares, as those who have ever struggled with the problems of planting and reaping, of vine culture and wine making, can well understand. I have to rise betimes and go out into the fresh, cool morning dews to decide on many affairs of importance in consultation with my two faithful farmers.

First of all, however, there is the household to attend to. Quickly, quickly I fly into my clothes—whatever is at hand. A skirt, a waist, a shawl from Carmen, a Mexican sombrero! I care little what I put on, for here I am a housekeeper, a farmer, and the vanities of dress are nothing to me. The results are sometimes absurd, and my friends and pupils laugh at me when I appear in too unprecedented a combination of opera costumes

(Continued on Page 84)

The Way a Girl Treats Her Father

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

THE war was over and the disarmament conference had become ancient history and home-brew had merged into an ordinary family-and-radiator word like razor strop or ham and cabbage, but, as Sam Geinson said bitterly, something else had to come right along and cause spirited daily discussion in the shipping room of the Schultzburg Middle-Western Wholesale Hat House. And that something happened to be Winfield Tell.

Winfield Tell was twenty-four years old. He came from Wisconsin, where his father had a farm of two hundred and forty choice acres. He had never before worked in a shipping room. He was five feet eleven. He had well-developed shoulders, a clean, pleasant complexion, gray eyes and self-possession.

"In fact, I've seen plenty of self-possession in my time," Henry McCrench in a very short while observed with suppressed violence, "but never what would equal his."

This was after Winfield had coolly and boredly explained to the advisory Henry that anybody who'd packed four hundred barrels of apples a season, A-1 Baldwin stock, in fancy-paper separate wrappings so that South Water Street commission men were willing to pay extra, could easily stick women's cheap chiffon hats into a packing case.

Henry, who had handled hats for thirty-two careful years, rescued six misses' cream-colored mushrooms and told him sharply what old Herman Schultzburg and Nebraska retailers thought of crushed chiffon. And Henry, whose temper and waistline both were large, further brusquely intimated that most shipping rooms in these times could get plenty of experienced hands and Winfield better go back to his father's farm.

Winfield did not thank him for the advice. He let it alone. He said that he had no idea of immediate return to Wisconsin. Although, he was careful to explain, this did not mean that he was wild over any millinery shipping room with its tissue paper and whiskbrooms at twenty-eight dollars a week and pay your own street-car fare to and from your work.

Middle-aged Fred Ingraham upheld a stocky waist from a bottom rack of country-club satin sailors: "Well, who in the name of Noah would pay your carfare to and from work if you didn't?"

"Where do you think you're spending your days?" asked Sam Geinson sarcastically. "In a community art shop? Or an Astorbilt service camp?"

"No," said the young man casually. "I think I'm working in an Old Men's Home, from the way some of you grunt every time you bend over."

He explained that in fruit season his father sent a truck to bring the berry pickers to their work mornings and take them home nights. And so did old man Anderson.

"Well," said Sam, "you better stayed and drove one of those trucks. You'll find life in this town ——"

"I'm willing to," said Winfield calmly. "Just lay off that line of talk. I got enough of it before I left home—from Mary."

"Who's Mary?" Easily enough, however, they could guess.

For a Moment Terror and Panic Almost Triumphed. But It Was the Briefest Moment Ever Tossed Out by Father Time

He told readily. Mary Anderson was the youngest daughter of old Adrian Anderson, who owned three hundred acres south of the Tell place. She had blue eyes; nice eyes. Black hair; nice hair. Going on four years now he had been half engaged to Mary Anderson. But she liked to live in the country and had refused to come to the city with him in the face of her folks' objections. She was afraid he and she would get in debt.

"Mary's wise," grunted Sam. "She better stay where she's well off. The way rents are here, and clothes and food—say, I could hardly believe my wife last night when she showed me what ten dollars got."

"Ye-eh. Mary reads the papers, and she wouldn't trust me enough to take a chance." Winfield Tell's voice was more than tinctured with disgust. "I said to her, 'Come along or stay—just as you like.' She can stay too. I'm here."

"About the time you've had boarding-house corned beef three weeks running, or doughnuts from our best white-tiled lunch rooms where a doughnut's as heavy as a piece of snowy tiling and costs more ——"

Winfield interrupted Fred Ingraham coolly. He said, tossing a leghorn tam to the proper receptacle, that he did not intend to depend for any length of time on such fare. He had no idea of spoiling his life over Mary, and he expected perhaps to get married to some city girl and have his own home table.

Fred Ingraham, who secretly was sentimental, and always got his middle-aged wife a dozen roses on their wedding anniversary—if roses were not too high that year at the Greek's flower stand on the corner—raised a not unkindly head.

"That's all right, if you get a good economical girl."

"I don't care much what kind of a girl she is," said Winfield casually, "provided she's the kind I want. But I can tell you this: I don't intend to hang any old dud on my back for life, like some men do."

Absently he glanced toward the door, where Miss McKenna, a bookkeeper, was passing. She was stout and plainly dressed and had stringy graying hair which held substantial black-wire hairpins, nothing ornate.

Sam, neglecting his packing, began sarcastically, "You don't care what she's like as long as she's ——"

"Righto," patronized the newcomer to the shipping room. "Gee, some of you old men here are bright for your age. I mean I don't care what kind of eyes she's got, blue, black or brown or gray, as long as they're big and pretty, with the right sort of lashes. Nor her nose—'s long as it's small and straight and white. And any chin's the right kind of chin for me, provided it's soft and white and dimpled, the kind you like to cuddle in your hand. I'd like a girl to have brown or yellow hair, though, because Mary's got black, and I always thought it was her hair made Mary so stubborn."

"You don't want much," agreed Sam. "But there's a lot on earth of your callow kind. D'ye never stop to think that a girl with looks usually wants to dress up to 'em?"

"And goes into pure spasms at times," said Fred Ingraham, "because she hasn't four dollars for another pair of silk stockings?"

"As for that," said Winfield Tell, calmly flinging a tucked silk toque so that its sharp jet buckle caught on Fred's right ear in passing, "I can tell you this: I'm no champion of the plain female dresser. Cotton stockings are all right at times; say, when ma has to scoot out in the rain to hunt her small chicks in the tall grass around the fence. But for a younger woman's regular wear, I'll say I prefer silk ones."

"You do?"

"I do. I like a nifty girl. You won't ever see my arm hooked with one who wears clothes the rain won't hurt."

Several men who ranged in age from thirty-two to sixty-eight heard him. They exchanged glances which implied that he was more in need of men's pity than their blame.

"About the time, my young fellow, you've had a year or so of a nifty dresser's careless cooking ——"

"I've no idea of doing that either," Winfield Tell answered firmly. "Any bright girl can learn to cook, I hold. My mother says so too. And I'm not going to pick a dumbhead."

Sam Geinson grunted inarticulately. Henry McCrench asked if Mary could cook.

"Fair. She helps her mother threshing week. 'Course her soda-and-sour-milk biscuits don't stack up to her mother's or my mother's. But they likely will in time."

Further he explained that by a nifty dresser he did not have in mind any young woman who had to have a thousand dollars in hand to pay for an outfit. He'd heard and often read of girls who could take a yard or so of silk and their instinctive knowledge of bargain counters and look like Constance Talmadge. He'd read signed interviews by several well-known movie stars who made all their own clothes at less expense than the public would believe. And that was the kind of quick-witted girl he was out to find.

A jolly, good-natured girl, too, he added absent-mindedly. He didn't plan to spend his life soothing sulks or being nagged to death, like some husbands he'd seen. He wouldn't care to marry a girl unless she'd taken singing lessons or else naturally had a soft musical voice that would

rest a man's ears when he came home at night all tired out—here Winfield looked meaningly around a large shipping room—from a lot of men's jaw and fuss.

Sam Geinson said he s'posed Winfield wanted her rich too? A First National Bank heiress or the only child of the gold-penciled president of a motion-picture company?

We-ell, he didn't know as he'd let a father's dollars keep him from falling in love with a girl if she had the right disposition and looks. Winfield said he could use money the same as any other man, in a land overflowing with roadsters, radio sets and three-dollar-and-a-half orchestra seats.

After that there was one opinion of the speaker. Someone, however, took the trouble to ask him why in that case he didn't condescend to look up the daughter of old Herman Schultzburg, owner and president of the wholesale house.

"Has he got a daughter?" asked Winfield with interest.

"Only child. 'Bout eighteen."

"Pretty?"

"Never saw her what you'd say close," said Sam. "She's spent most of her life East in school. But she looks like her father, I've heard." This last maliciously.

Winfield Tell cast critical eyes up at an advertising lithograph of the head of the company, which hung on a shipping-room wall. With disfavor he noted a bulbous nose, a cold, lashless pair of eyes, and a lean, flabby jaw.

"She wouldn't suit me then."

Without delay the young man proceeded to betray interest in the lines of young women—and some not so young—which at 5:30 P.M. reached in multiple from Schultzburg ready-to-wear workrooms to Schultzburg coat rooms.

With uncommendable brevity his glance passed over such worthy young women as Grace Huckson, who had nice brown eyes but sense enough to wear her rubbers on even slightly rainy days; and Anna Sewell, who had the highest piecework record; and Hester Gustwick, who always brought the best potato salad on Employes' Midsummer Outing Day.

But his glance lingered kindly, the older men saw with disapproval, on all those open-eyed and pink-cheeked young women of a kind of which the world at present, even more than in generations past, is speaking harsh disapproval and exhibiting dire gloom in connection with its own future in case these young persons dominate world affairs. Although Henry McCrench, who like most employed men of middle years was sensitive about his age, said he for one would hate to see any other kind of a girl wasted on the young cock.

In the end, Winfield Tell plainly allowed his fancy to settle on a slim, small, brown-haired young person called Ella Humesly on the Schultzburg pay roll.

Ella was one of the less skillful workers of which every workroom has its perennial quota. None of the older men in the shipping and packing rooms recalled ever having noticed Ella before, and Miss Carson, a bustling and absorbed forewoman who could remember when openwork lace hatbrims were considered bold garb for a woman, merely lumped her among three-dozen-odd workers brought one Monday morning by a midseason-rush advertisement.

But all older folks agreed that you didn't have to see Ella twice to place her. Like many others in the establishment, she belonged to the postwar period. You suspected it from her pretty, roving, self-contained eyes; you were aware of it from her knees; you could prove it by her general aplomb and beaded eyelashes. Aplomb and lashes which Cleopatra would have coveted, and Lucrezia Borgia would have envied, and only a latest modern movie queen could equal.

Ella greatly resembled the girl in front of her in line, and the girl behind her. There were the same flopping galoshes, fussy light-colored fur coat, shortest of blue tricotine skirts, pressed-leather hand bag, and little flat chest exposed, except for a thin flaky covering of flirtatious powder, frankly to the open city air. Ella might have servilely copied one of the other girls in the matter of wardrobe, or the others might have copied Ella. All had imbibed, it was plain, their ideas of correct personal appearance from the same sartorial fountain.

It is true that afterward several of the more mature men and women workers agreed that, to a very close observer, Ella Humesly betrayed a nicety of attention to sartorial detail that many of the other girls, even some of the most postwarrish, were not capable of. Her flopping coat seemed the very newest and floppingest in a long line. Her blue tricotine skirt was perhaps the shortest, her lipstick the most in evidence in the Schultzburg coat rooms. And why Ella bothered to don stockings every day, heaven alone could tell; what she donned neither protected nor even disguised the exact flesh color of her slim, unabashed young legs.

But these details are unessential. Over a charming cheek, past a pretty if hair-hidden ear, Ella saw Winfield Tell even as he saw her.

Between Ella and the little short light-haired girl in front of Ella, Winfield hesitated, it is true. But Ella's blue eyes were the more potent; possibly because Ella deliberately made them quite invitational. At once before Ella the young man cast his—his badinage. In these days of subtitles, badinage is cast about more often than hearts.

"Hello, cutie! I came to this town to get acquainted with someone just like you."

"Oh, boy!" returned Ella with intelligence and spirit. "Why haven't I noticed you in my way before?"

"Do you live with your folks, sweetness, or can't they stand your ways?"

"They couldn't stand my ways. I'm one of those dolls that drive landladies to taking a third husband."

"I believe you."

"Do you toddle, or stay with mother evenings?"

"I can toddle a cornfield into shocks; in fact, I often have."

"Listen! Listen!"

"Listen and learn, cutie. Do you dance, or hunt table d'hôte?"

"Find out."

"All right. I'll take a chance on anybody with your line of chatter. Tonight?"

"I got four dates for tonight."

"I'll do the telephoning to break 'em."

"Say, I can do my own telephoning this early."

Ten days later Winfield Tell had the alert and hasty movements of a young employed man whose spare hours are so fully occupied as to leave him small margin for sleep or for the improvement of his mind.

Either because of his own initiative or owing to Ella Humesly's excellent tutelage, he had learned the surface, Elevated or bus routes to twenty-two white-tiled lunch rooms, eleven motion-picture palaces where first runs were shown, the Municipal Pier, four community clubrooms, four vivacious dance halls, numerous more or less up-to-date cafés and three working girls' recreation halls. To some of these points of interest there was no charge of admission, or even Winfield's small roll of bills from home and farm might not have endured so long.

He said he wouldn't have believed one town had so many places to go to. In noncommittal voice he confided to the shipping room that Ella wasn't a bit particular where she went every night and Sundays, just so she went where she could mingle freely with several hundred of her kind and observe their ways.

"I've noticed you and she leave yourselves with quite a lot of no spare time on your hands," said Sam Geinson uncharitably.

"Well," said Winfield calmly, "I don't particularly care to sit in my hall bedroom evenings and think of what I've done and the people I've worked among all day. And Ella says she don't either. She says she might as well see a lot of her own town while she's got a dependable friend like me to escort her around."

"Dependable?"

"'S what I said," rejoined Winfield. "Lots of fellows get fresh with Ella. I threaten every night to push three or four faces back to the spot they hit steers to kill 'em. I've pushed two."

"I suppose Ella don't have her hose rolled down and her eyes up when those kind of fellows pass her?" remarked Fred Ingraham with considerable malice.

"A girl's got a right to glance around and see who else is on the street the same time she is," said Winfield defensively.

"Listen," said Sam Geinson with the rancor of a man in his midforties; "the girls nowadays aren't overlooking a single one of their rights."

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Winfield Tell Had Met Harold Cranehaw in Front of the Establishment

THIS MAN'S WAR

By L. B. YATES

It Was Impossible to Keep the Crowd Out of the Danger Zone

IN THE shade of the big chimney that topped the roof lay Sergeant Con Rafferty, of the sharpshooters. He was thinking about nothing in particular, unless you were to take the case of a young lady called Nan O'Grady into consideration. When he pondered on her somewhat variegated personality a great big question mark furrowed its way immediately above and between his blue-gray Irish eyes.

Con's rifle was lying across his knees in a position where he could reach it easily. Occasionally—as one might think more from habit than from anything else—he grasped it and after peering stealthily over the crown of the roof brought the weapon to his shoulder and blazed away into the adjacent territory. Before the whiplash crack of the explosion bounced back to him from the surrounding slates, he had again resumed his recumbent position. When a man has spent the last three or four years of his life in barrack rooms and camps, anything that savors of extreme effort has no appeal for him.

You see, I meant to tell you in the first place, and perhaps indeed I should have done so, that Con wore the uniform of the Irish Free State Army, which is dark green with brown leather leggings and plenty of bruss buttons supplemented by yellow cross belts. He was by way of being one of those present at the second battle of Dublin.

Indeed, it might have been the tail end of the first battle, because for my own part I never could quite distinguish where the first one ended and the second commenced, and that leaves the third spasm entirely out of the question. But as Con didn't care very much and he was an active belligerent, it isn't up to the rest of us to worry to any great extent.

Well, as I was saying, Con was right there on the top of the world lying in a hollow that joined one slanting roof to another. He was in a position where he could see Stephen's Green on the one side of him, and a portion of the Grafton Hill, with a little corner of Anne Street thrown in, on the other. All around that neck of the woods things were happening, not to say occurring, every minute. If they didn't—why, somebody was sure to get busy and make them happen. It was really just as nice and sociable a war as any man with fighting blood in his veins would want to take part in. Yes, indeed, the most captious critic couldn't grumble because he failed to get action, no matter where he went, and not infrequently more than he bargained for.

And let me tell you that concealed somewhere around Con's personality was a certain grim vein of Celtic humor. Even now, in the midst of what I suppose conservative folk might call mortal combat, he was occupying his spare moments by fashioning out of a cardboard box which the winds had blown up on the roof a belligerent-looking cat with arching back and aggressive mien, arranged so that when he pulled the string attached to the tail end that latter appendage would elevate itself in a most insulting and defiant manner.

No matter how one diagnosed the workings of Con's mind, one could not have alleged with any degree of truth that he took war seriously except as before stated, where a certain violet-eyed young lady of the tribe of O'Grady was concerned. And as he fashioned the cat with the meticulous care of a man who has artistry in his fingers, he began to speculate on the whereabouts of the girl. A good many of the young men of his own age used to say that Nan could coax a bird out of a bush with her eyes—eyes that were made for anything but the good of her immortal soul. And Nan was a militant, having more than once declared that to die for the cause was the greatest privilege that could be accorded to any man or woman of Irish blood.

A Free-State Sharpshooter

Outside of this, there were several other flies in Con's sacred oil of spikenard, and it isn't fair to tell of them in public; indeed, I wouldn't dream of committing such a crime against convention if it wasn't that when you start out to tell a real story, if you have anything at all you must have a love interest, and you've got to portray a girl that is beautiful but elusive, albeit willing to take a boy's heart like the one that beat against Connie Rafferty's wishbone, and chop it into little pieces and pull it apart something scandalous.

Then, of course, in the final accounting and when she realizes what she has done, it's up to her to cry her eyes out and try to put it together again.

Well, here goes nothing, as the little man with the red coat said, and what's the difference? I'm free to state that the last time Con met Nan O'Grady and suggested that she should name the day and date for a certain important event, she tilted her little turned-up nose in the air and gave him a scornful glance out of half-closed drooping eyelids that made Con think the blinds had been pulled down on all the violet illuminations in the world, after which she turned sharply on her heel and sailed away. She was followed by a parting shot from the unreconstructed Con, who rasped rudely out, "You think you're the Queen of Sheba, but you're not by a hell of a ways."

Physically, Con Rafferty was what they call in Ireland a grand man: he had youth and all that went with it, together with the body of a superb athlete. Better still, he had hope and trust and confidence, and though a man in years he was still a good deal of a boy. I would like to say right here that there's a whole lot in being the boy eternal.

And there is another thing I forgot to tell you, because, like most of my race, I couldn't go on and tell a straight story if you were to pay me for it, so I couldn't. I forgot to tell you that Miss O'Grady was not a Free Stater. Con once called her a red-eyed Republican, which, of course, did not add to the *entente cordiale*. You will be saying now that he was a nice man to go into the love-making business, won't you? And Nan told him right to his face that he was an insulting spalpeen and, furthermore, that he belonged to the thick Irish; and she said a lot more, because when Miss O'Grady got started she could talk to anybody and tell them things, so she could, and she played no favorites, so she didn't.

Oh, yes, she intimated that De Valera was something new in the way of Irish saints, and that Rory O'Connor stood for the best there was in the hero handicap, and was as full of Irish vision as a milliner's window is full of fiction. Moreover, she hinted that the first time she could get hold of Con's uniform she would tear it into strips and give it to Biddy, the cook, for a mopping cloth. She didn't stop there, because she said that his leaders were stuffed prophets and not supermen at all, but just English lap dogs, and only carrier pigeons for Churchill, and did what they were told to do, and that they were in league with Lloyd George.

There is a whole lot of other things that I forget except that she reminded Con Rafferty that he had fought with the Sassenach in the big war and how sorry she was that one of the German scatter guns didn't pepper him until his hide looked like a nutmeg grater; and to make it worse, when Con only laughed at her, she began to cry like as if her heart would break, and that made him feel meaner than he had ever felt in his life before, and halfway wish that a Hun howitzer had finished it all and taken him clean away from a land so full of colossal contradictions, tragedy, love, tears, laughter and female fireworks.

Con had been up on the roof since midnight and it was now early morning. Another Free State soldier had accompanied him—a man a little older and perhaps a little more cynical than Con. They occupied a strategic position and were picked out because of their well-known ability as sharpshooters. When they were in the training camp down at the Curragh they had demonstrated their ability on many occasions.

Commander Terrence Maginnis had chosen this coign of vantage for them. That officer had seen service up Belfast way and anyone who was around and about the operations in that stronghold of relentlessness will know that I am not talking about a pink-tea function.

"Between the two of ye," enjoined the commander, "ye ought to be able to hould the territory from here to the

Shelburne, and Grafton Street as far as the bend. Ye will stay here until ye are relieved."

"Are we to shoot to kill, commander?" queried Con.

"Of course ye are." responded the officer briskly. "Of course ye are." He wheeled about as if to go, but paused. "I have noticed," he soliloquized half aloud "I have often noticed that it almost answers the same purpose if ye get your enemy in the legs, but ye must use your own judgment."

"Ah-ya," vouchsafed Con's companion as the sound of the commander's boots died away; "ah-ya, Connie, me boy, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"You said something, Mike."

"It was only the day before yesterday," resumed the latter, "that one of the irregulars was crossin' O'Connell Street. I could have kilt him forty times, but instead of that I aimed a bullet right forninst him and so as when it hit the ground it would throw the gravel right in his face."

"It's a nate way of putting the fear of God in their hearts," chuckled Con.

"Well, sir, I nearly laughed me head off. When the bullet struck he jumped the height of himself in the air and started on the run, so I planted another at his heels, then he quit runnin' and went to flyin'."

Con lit his pipe and puffed meditatively a moment or two.

"I met the funniest little American you ever saw yesterday morning," he began somewhat irrelevantly; "a little bit of a man, not much bigger than a lightweight jockey, and he said he was from Texas. Well, he stood right beside Tommy Moore's statue when the trouble was at its thickest, just as cool as a cucumber.

"'If I wuz you,' sez I, 'I'd find a safer place than where you're standin' now,' sez I. 'You're courtin' death, because this is no bloomin' bed of roses.'"

"Well, what did he say to that?" interrogated Mike

"Oh, he just laughed. 'If I had two Texas Rangers wid me,' sez he, 'I could settle this misunderstanding in about ten minutes,' sez he

"'Ah, you could, could ye?' sez I.

"'I could,' sez he. 'Did you ever hear tell of Captain Bill MacDonald?' sez he.

"'There's a lot of the MacDonalds. He belongs to a big family, but most of them are up in Belfast,' sez I.

"'Go an,' sez he; 'Captain Bill never heard of Belfast. Wait a minute and I'll tell you all about it,' sez he.

"'Faith, I will not,' sez I, 'unless you come around the corner. I've only one life,' sez I, 'and I am not handin' it out to every stray passer-by,' sez I. So we went around the corner.

"'Captain Bill,' sez he, 'wuz as good as an acre of most fightin' men,' sez he, 'and he belonged to the Rangers. Why, one time they had a riot and they wired a hurry-up call to Austin. They expected, of course, that the governor would send down a regiment, but lo and behold, when the accommodation pulled in at noon nobody got off but Captain Bill himself. The mayor of the town met him and sez, "Cap," sez he, "where are the rest of 'em?"

"'"Shucks," sez Captain Bill, "how many riots have you around here anyway? As I understood your telegram, there wuz only one of 'em." And he unslung his pistols and put an end to that riot just as easy as the department could put out a fire in a doll's house.'"

"And what did you say?" This from the highly interested Mike.

Typical Free-State Soldiers

"Well, of course," replied Con, "he was a stranger and I had to be polite. So I sez, 'This Captain Bill MacDonald must have been a dangerous man and it is a pity he isn't here today, because as far as I can see he'd be right in his element and by the same token they're still feeding whisky that is over 100 proof to the prohibition folks from America. It must be great stuff,' sez I.

"'Where did you get all your sense?' laughed the little man from Texas.

"'Oh, I don't know,' sez I, 'unless I took it from me mother's people. I always wuz a man of peace,' sez I, 'but I have a partner,' sez I, 'that would hook well with this Bill MacDonald,' sez I.

"'Ah,' sez the little man, 'he's the hostile kind, eh?'

"'I don't know so much about that,' sez I, 'but I'll bet he'd climb a prickly-pear tree naked, with a wildcat under each arm.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, he thought it was a great joke an' he gave me a thump on the back that you wouldn't expect from a man of his inches.

"'You're all right,' sez he, 'and I'm for you an' you're my friend, an' my friend couldn't tell a lie if he tried to,' sez he. 'Ah, but,' sez he, 'this is a beautiful war, isn't it? And you can say what you like about the Irish, but you have to admit that they're hospitable to strangers. Why, it's just like home,' sez he, 'when we start out to take a little diversion. Still, I think I'll have to be moving along.'

"'Which way?' sez I.

"'I expect I ought to go a little farther down O'Connell Street,' sez he, 'an' throw a kiss at Nelson on top of the monument. I'll bet this is the best time he's had since the Battle of Trafalgar, an' fighting men must stick together,' sez he. Oh, he was a funny little man, he wuz."

"Most of the Americans are funny," agreed Mike. "Faith, if it wasn't for them and the money they sent over here, we wouldn't be addin' to the history of Ireland this very day. But now the Republicans would like to assassinate them because they are not sending any more, and England tolerates them like she always did, and in France they're as popular, I understand, as a skunk at a christening, and Germany loves them like a mule kick. So there you are. They tried to help everybody, but they wound up being the happy hooligans of the Old World."

"Well," said Con thoughtfully, "they're good people any place, and no matter what you say you'll always find the American heart where it belongs."

"I wonder what they think of us on the other side of the water now," interjected Mike.

"Ah-ya, it's hard to tell. You couldn't blame them if they were a bit disappointed. I hear a lot of them had their hearts set on visiting the ould dart this summer, but they're afraid of their lives to come, and it's poor reward for all they did to help us out."

"If we could only send a boatload of the chief agitators clean out of the country," moralized Mike, "things might get settled, eh, Con?"

"They might, God help us," returned his companion. "But as things are now, it would take more than one boat to hould them. It's too bad, with families split up and brother fighting against brother."

"I heard a girl talking at Thurles two days before the election. My, but she was a little firebrand!" began Mike, shooting a swift, sidelong glance at his companion.

"Aye, most of them are."

"Joe Kerrigan, the steeplechase jockey, tould me he knew her well."

"Aye, Kerrigan could ride," returned Con. "I hear he has quit the saddle an' joined up with the army."

"Yes, he is on duty now down at the Shelburne."

"Did Kerrigan happen to say who she was?" hazarded Con after a pause.

"He said her name was O'Grady. I b'lieve she has an aunt living at the Shelburne an' she stops with her most of the time. Did you ever hear tell of the girl, Con?"

"If I did it wouldn't do me much good," parried Sergeant Rafferty evasively and with considerable fervor. "If th' women would stop fighting with their tongues there wouldn't be such a demand for ammunition."

"True for you," agreed Mike. "Kerrigan told me this girl said in a speech she

(Continued on Page 95)

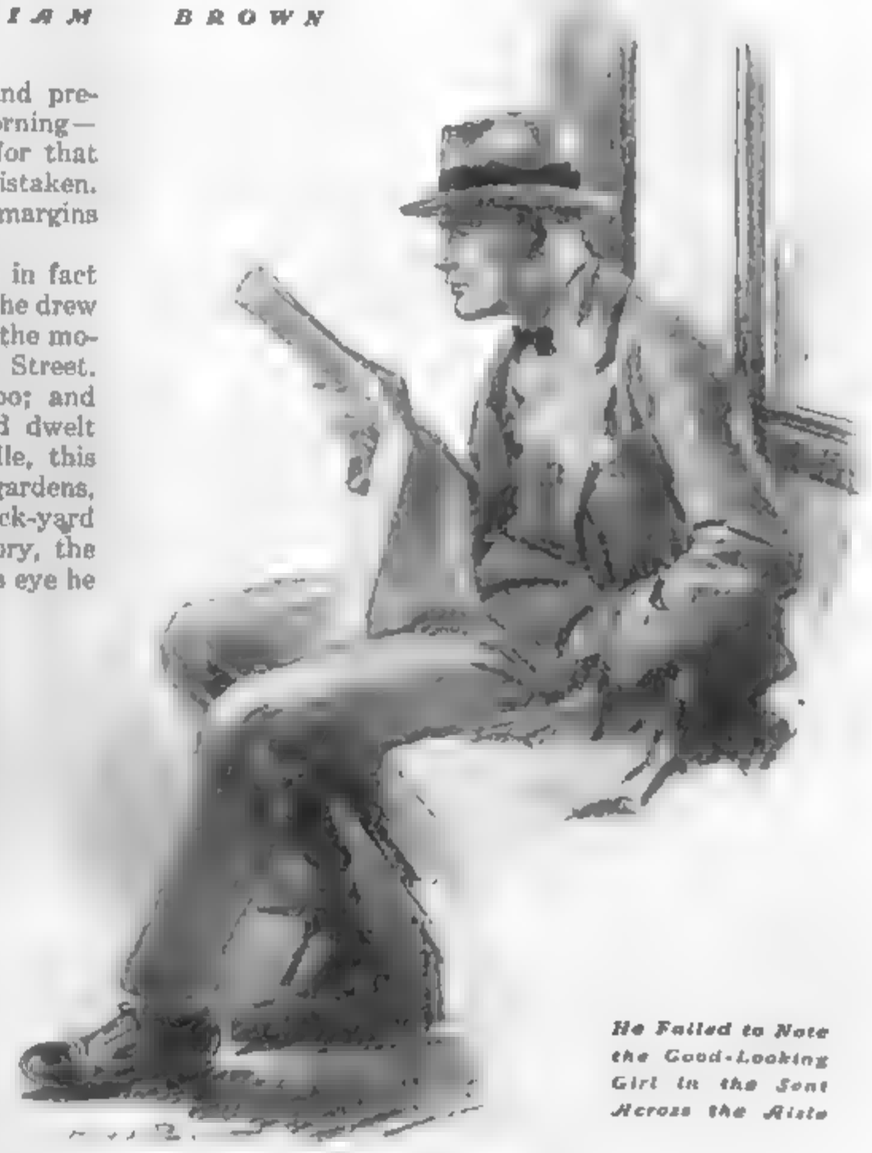
Having an Argument With a Photographer on the Firing Line

BETWEEN FRIENDS

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

All the Way Down From Forty-Second Street She Had Been Studying Wally Covertly



He Failed to Note the Good-Looking Girl in the Seat Across the Aisle

THE morning was pleasant and warm. Spring had come; and as the L train rumbled southward on its way the dingy downtown neighborhood was bathed in a flood of radiant sunshine. A lot Wally Bartow cared for that, however. He was no poet; and though the windows of the car in which he sat were open, his eyes were blind, his ears deaf, to all the early vernal sights and sounds about him—the doves cooing and strutting among the eaves, the tender tint of the grassplots in the park, the back-yard trees bursting into bud. Immersed in the newspaper he was reading he failed even to note the good-looking girl in the seat across the aisle. She had on a pale blue straw hat with a spray of cornflowers and poppies on it; and all the way down from Forty-second Street she had been studying Wally covertly. At times, too, the faint hint of a smile crept into her eyes. Intent on his paper, though, Wally went on reading.

The paper was opened at the financial page; but it's unlikely that in its double-banked columns of numerals and figures he found much to enliven him. It was a good deal, in fact, as if Napoleon, the morning after Waterloo, had sat up and read the early extras, the news accounts of the event.

What had happened, though, was nothing unusual. It was merely another of those frequent, familiar happenings—a break in the Wall Street market, a slump up and down the list, that in an hour or so had put a dent in Wally's cash account. That wasn't all of it, however. At the market's close Beeks, the manager at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage shop, had emerged from the inside office; and, his eye on Wally, he had hurried across the room.

Beeks was smiling, his smile dulcet and affable; but after a year's experience in Wall Street Wally nursed no false illusions. He was in fact bolting out at the door, when the manager, still smiling, though less affably now, got him by the elbow.

"Say, Wally," said Beeks, "could you come across with a little for margins?"

Wally wasn't sure. It's true, of course, he still had something in the bank—a cash balance of $6621.01, to be exact; but as this was all that remained from the twenty-four thousand he'd brought down to Wall Street the year before from Finchville, his home town, he wanted time to think.

"See you in the morning, Beeks," he said; and as he said it he'd seen Beeks' smile harden to an icy glitter.

"The morning, then," Beeks had said.

Wally hadn't forgotten, either, how crisply and precisely Beeks had said it. That Beeks meant the morning—this same morning, not the morning after, or, for that matter, even the afternoon—no one could have mistaken. Beeks in fact let no dabbler trifle with him, once margins were concerned. Not Beeks, you may be sure.

It was pretty tough. It was a raw, hard game in fact that Wally Bartow found himself up against; and he drew in his breath, a faint sigh escaping him, while for the moment his thoughts wandered far afield from Wall Street. If spring were here it was spring in Finchville too; and behind the paper, his eyes vague, Wally's mind dwelt almost regretfully on the memory. In Finchville, this morning, the neighbors would be spading up their gardens, and joking and joshing one another across the back-yard fences. Down at the mill, the woodenware factory, the whistle, too, would have blown; and in his mind's eye he could see the hands brisking about at their work, the belts flapping, the saws and planers snoring away. The mill Wally himself once had owned and managed; and that twenty-four thousand, the cash he'd brought to the city, was what the Tiplow crowd, the outfit who'd bought him out, had paid him for the property.

All this, though, was just a part. Up in the old town there, dear old Finchville, Wally had been high card, the ace, among his fellow townsfolk. The bright-eyed boy, they'd called him; young as he was, the cleverest business man in the place. The way he'd made that Tiplow crowd pay his price was a guaranty of that. A holdup, they'd said it was; a regular trim. The facts were, however, that they had tried to trim Wally, and he had turned the tables on them. Yes, but Finchville wasn't Wall Street; and with a bump, a jolt, Wally's thoughts came bouncing back to the present. Before ten o'clock that morning he must make good his margins at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, or the firm would close out his account.

It was tough indeed. It was as raw and tough, in fact, as Wally Bartow felt it was; and three stations or so slid past him as he sat and stared at the paper, his eyes morose, his thoughts even more so. The year before, when he had come down to the city with that cash, the twenty-four thousand, clutched in his mitt, he'd considered New York his oyster. New York, of course, is filled with countless others who nurse the same idea concerning it; but as Wally himself could have told you, he was not like the run of all these upstate hicks and boobs. His eyes, for one thing, were peeled; and he knew to a dot what happens to strangers in the city—New York City in particular. Then, too, he knew a lot of other things. The main thing he knew, though, was how far any business man can hope to get without the proper business connections; and in this respect his judgment, he'd assured himself, had reflected great credit on his foresight and cleverness.

The bank, for example, where he had his cash on deposit he'd made certain was sound and conservative; just the kind of bank a good business man would select. The rooms, too, he'd rented—his bedroom and bath—he also had assured himself were in a respectable, high-class neighborhood. In the same wise way he had picked out as well the church he meant to attend. As it happens, though, even the wisest and most astute sometimes may make mistakes; and Wally had proved no exception, it seems. However, if the young business man indeed had erred it's only justice to him to say that the error could be excused. The church he picked was one of the biggest, the most influential of all the city's churches. Few others in fact could boast a vestry and congregation made up of so many rich and important business men; and as the L train rumbled onward Wally sat up with a sudden jerk.

"Huh!" he grunted to himself.

His wits were working swiftly now. Bit by bit his mind tracked back over the year, picking out from it the mistakes he'd managed to make. One of them—perhaps the worst, as now he saw—was the early judgment he'd made of the church, its vestry first of all. True, all the vestry were rich, and a few of them were multi-millionaires; yet Wally's first impression had been, in a sense, disappointing. At first acquaintance, anyway, most of the lot looked like a bunch of seedy, back-number has-beens, a set of flabby old dodoes. Old Roscoe Bope was a sample; and so was that other old boy, the one they hailed as Deacon Waite. Of course in their rusty clothes and shabby flapping hats they were the seediest of the lot; but at the Bible class, the first night when he'd met them, he'd been astonished that a pair of hicks, of hayseeds like this, could be what it was said they were—the fellows who were running Wall Street. It had settled Wally, in fact. If a pair like them, a couple of doddering old rubes like Bope and Waite, could get away with the Wall Street game, so could Wally too. That's what he'd thought at any rate; but since then Wally had been learning, learning a lot about Wall Street and the Wall Street game.

Incidentally he had learned something also about that pair of seedy, doddering old dodoes, Roscoe Bope and Deacon Waite. It was not just what he'd expected of course—though never mind that now; and grunting again, Wally's brows had twitched themselves into a darker, more disgusted scowl, when the guard stuck his head inside the car door.

"Cortlandt Street!" he bawled.

Cortlandt is the next stop to Rector, the L station for Wall Street; and across the aisle the girl in the blue straw hat began to pick up the gloves and the hand bag in her lap. Wally, though, still sat scowling behind his paper. The fact is that after some months of steady attendance at the Bible class he had made the acquaintance of both the deacon and Roscoe Bope. Each in turn, too, after skillful maneuvering on Wally's part, had been kind enough to give him a tip on the market.

Just a bit more now of this: The tip the deacon gave Wally was on Phosphate common, the old gentleman's pet specialty; and the day after Wally got the tip the bottom dropped out of Phosphate as if the props had been kicked out from under it. Old Roscoe Bope's tip, too, it seems, was the same relative sort of tip; though the way he gave it was somewhat different.

"Dear, dear!" old Mr. Bope had clucked when he heard Wally was in on the market; "you don't mean a lad like you is gamb—trading in Wall Street, I mean! Well, well!"

Wally in fact had been tempted to ask what Mr. Bope himself was doing in Wall Street. However, after hemming and hawing a little, the old gentleman had handed out the tip. "But mind," he'd cautioned; "don't you let Deacon Waite hear of it." The deacon, it appeared, was strongly opposed to having members of the Bible class speculating in the market; and having promised faithfully he would say nothing Wally had hotfooted it down to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

"Hey, what's Kisco common?" he'd sung out to Beeks; and when Beeks had told him it was 88 bid, a quarter

asked, Wally, in some excitement, had chirped, "Say, buy me five hundred at the market!"

That's all of that. It was three days now since he'd had the tip from Mr. Bope; and what happened the next morning—that is yesterday—was explicit. From the high of 88, Kisco had dropped as if Mr. Bope himself had pushed it off the roof of a downtown skyscraper. The price at the close was 73, and Beeks had called Wally for margins.

"Rector! All out f'r Wall!" bawled the guard.

Across the aisle the girl in the blue hat had risen now. Wally, too, had risen; and still scowling he was folding up the paper in his hands when he grew conscious for the first time of the gray amused eyes scanning him intently. He looked up then; and as he did so his scowl fled and a surprised, delighted smile leaped into his face. Instantly he snatched off his hat.

"Why, Miss Colby!" he exclaimed.

The young woman was smiling openly now.

"Well," she remarked, "I've been wondering whether you'd see me. I've been sitting here all the way down from Forty-second Street, Mr. Bartow."

"Why, really! I'm terribly sorry!" he exclaimed.

She gave a little laugh. "You're forgiven," she said; adding then: "I didn't see you at the Bible class last night."

A reminder of his former scowl shot for an instant into Wally's eyes. No, he had not been at the Bible class; and as he spoke a subtle flicker danced momentarily in a corner of the girl's gray, lively orbs.

"Deacon Waite was asking about you," she murmured.

Another sudden scowl. At the same time, too, a quick word or so leaped spontaneously to Wally's lips. He was in fact about to express concisely and forcibly his opinion of the deacon; and Mr. Bope, too, he would probably have included in this, when he recalled his manners. What came from his lips was merely an unintelligible mumble. Evidently she didn't hear it, for she went on chatting pleasantly.

They had left the train now, joining with the crowd that streamed along the platform; and as they drifted toward the stairs the girl inquired politely, "You're in Wall Street, aren't you, Mr. Bartow?"

Her tone was interested, friendly; but had Wally looked closely he would have seen that a new expression had dawned all at once in her quick, observant eyes. Over her shoulder she shot a glance at the car they just had left; but what she saw was problematic. The crowd had gone on, and the only person in their wake was a somewhat shabby, dingily dressed old man, a passenger who had lingered behind, apparently, to help himself to one of the newspapers the other passengers had discarded.

Wally, though, had noticed nothing. That he was in Wall Street gave to him a certain consciousness, a pride that all Wall Street men always feel; and his face brightening he replied as brightly to her question. Yes, Wall Street he had made his field.

"How interesting," murmured Miss Colby.

Very interesting. If it were, though, the girl's face at the moment did not seem to reflect all the interest her words conveyed. Again over her shoulder she shot another glance; and when once more Wally spoke it was as if for an instant she hadn't heard him. He had to speak again in fact

"I? You mean me? What?" she stammered.

"I asked you," replied Wally, "if you often came downtown."

The girl nodded, the nod abstracted and hasty. Yes, she came downtown every day. Then in the same hurried way she told Wally why she came downtown. She held a position in Wall Street as secretary.

"Really!" Wally ejaculated.

He was quite astonished. He'd met Miss Colby at the Bible class; but that she worked for a living had never entered his mind. Much less had he ever figured that she held a position as important as that of secretary, a Wall Street secretary, still further. He was still gaping blankly at the young woman when she thrust at him abruptly a slender, neatly gloved hand.

"I have to hurry. Good morning, Mr. Bartow," she murmured.

He lifted his hat, and had barely touched her hand, when slipping away from him the girl darted off in the crowd.

"H'm!" mumbled Wally to himself.

For a moment he was tempted to follow. She hadn't said where she worked; and, for that matter, it looked now to him as if she'd evaded telling him where it was. Just the same, he'd like to find out. A girl like that, one with her good looks and a head on her fit to hold down a position like hers, was a girl in a hundred worth knowing. Yes, you bet she was! Clever, up-to-date and ——

Wally stopped abruptly. A worried look for an instant came into his eyes. A faint color crept into his face, and his shoulders writhed a little. The young woman was clever enough, that was sure; and he began to wonder, the color heightening in his skin, if while he and she had stood there she hadn't been jazzing him for a boob. What a simp he'd been, anyway, to hand her all that guff about Wall Street and being a Wall Street financier! What's more, if it was the merry she'd been giving him it was not the first time he'd suspected she was up to that. It was the first time she'd tried it on him of course; but up at the Bible class he'd twigged more than once she was poking fun at the other fellows, the bunch of mooches that always were trying to look important. And now, like them, he, too, had fallen!

"Boob, hick!" Wally was saying to himself, when all at once he stopped. The next instant, a scowl leaping into his eyes, he stood there, glowering.

A figure had come down the L steps. While he stood ruminating it had slipped by him and now was scuffling on its way up the street. The man, a tall, stoop-shouldered old fellow in dingy, rusty attire, was the same one in fact who had lingered behind to help himself to one of the papers discarded by the other passengers. Old Roscoe Bope, however—for it was he himself—was one who saw no reason to waste money on a paper when the paper he could pick up for nothing; and each morning this was his practice on coming downtown in the L. His choice of papers he would make, after which Mr. Bope would hurry up Rector Street to Broadway, stopping momentarily on the way to purchase his daily lunch. Invariably this, like himself, was frugal, consisting usually of an apple or, at times, two apples if they were two for a nickel; and when he had placed these in the pockets of his rusty tail coat Mr. Bope would saunter onward to his Wall Street office, smiling benignly at the throng. Mr. Bope could afford to smile of course. He was one of the richest men in the Street.

This morning, though, as he scuttled along the old gentleman's movements seemed somewhat erratic and undecided. The block at the moment was virtually deserted, but he kept glancing constantly over his shoulder. At the same time, too, with both hands Mr. Bope fumbled in his coat-tail pockets. Astonished, Wally watched intently. Then, while the old gentleman was still patting the coat tails and feeling in their depths as if he'd lost something, all at once something white and square tumbled out of them and fluttered to the ground. It was an envelope, a letter, Mr. Bope had dropped; and as Wally saw it he sprang after the old gentleman.

"Hi, there!" he vociferated.

Mr. Bope evidently didn't hear him. His gait, all at once hurried and energetic, he was already at the corner when Wally snatched the letter from the gutter.

"Hi, Mr. Bope!" he called again.

Mr. Bope had gone. He had disappeared in the crowd when Wally got to Broadway; and undecided what he should do, he stood there, turning the letter over in his hand. As he saw, the envelope was unsealed.

By nature Wally was not curious. Ordinarily in fact he would have scorned to be inquisitive. The letter, however, seemed to attract him curiously. He grew all the more curious, too, when he read the inscription on

(Continued on Page 46)

"Say, Don't You Hear Me?" Wally Cried. "I've Got the Dope on Gulf Transport—the Real Dope, Not That Guff You're Giving Them!"

LAUGHTER, LTD.

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIII

WHO had killed Gregory Strickland? That was the first question flashed into my mind as I stood there in the doorway of his parlor holding on to the portières and staring down at his body.

The room itself looked like a storm or something had wrecked it and undoubtedly a emotional one had. The center table was overturned and the lamp smashed on the floor, also a vase with spilled flowers and a coupla torn magazines. Two chairs was upset, the rug was rumpled, and partially on it but with his still face against the parquet lay Strick, his arms sprawled out and his handsome Japanese kimono all twisted about him in a way that would of been comical if it hadn't been so ghastly.

My throat was terrible dry and with a sort of crick in it, and for the first moment or two I couldn't make no noise at all. Then finally my voice come back to me and I managed to let out a cry.

"Anita!" I screamed. "Oh, Anita, where are you? What has happened?"

But nobody answered. Well I thought, maybe she has fainted or something and no wonder, for I then remembered that things had sounded that way over the telephone, and so I started out to see could I find her any place. It took a lot of nerve to let go of the curtains and walk around Greg but somehow I done it, and reached the dining room beyond. Nobody was there, either, only a table where two had eaten evidently a late combination breakfast and lunch, and the coffee was in the cups yet and a used napkin on the floor where somebody getting up had dropped it.

The pantry was empty, too, and there was no one in the kitchen, although I knew that generally Strick kept a Jap servant. Somehow it made me feel awful queer to see these simple domestic items all as per usual while that thing lay in the room beyond. I found I was walking quiet, though swift, as I went into the hall again and paused outside the door to Stricky's bedroom, which was the only other room in the house.

It was a hard thing to do, opening that door, for I dreaded to think what state Anita would be in, but I opened it just the same, calling to her again as I done so. But this room, too, was perfectly empty, with the bed rumpled like Strick had got up late and a few of his clothes was laying about. That was all. The top bureau draw was open and handkerchiefs and collars was scattered about. The wind, that soft California wind with the oil and the cedar and the burning eucalyptus leaves in it, stirred the bright yellow curtains at the open window and they was the only things moving in the whole entire house.

For what seemed to be about a year I stood there thinking where was Anita? Where had she gone? Was it she who had killed Greg, or had he done it his own self? And why? If he had committed suicide, why should she of run away before I got there? I couldn't make it out. Of course she might of gone for the police, but that didn't seem hardly likely, what with a telephone right in the house. Whatever had been pulled off, her nerve had lasted long enough to let her get me on the wire, which made it seem as if some third party had been present when she phoned. That must of been it! She had certainly said it would be too late if I didn't come at once. Yes, someone else had most likely been in the bungalow at that time, and the murder had been going on while she was phoning. But who could that third party of been, and why should I especially be drawn into it?

Suddenly it come over me with full force whose shooting iron that was on the parlor floor. It was Nicky's! I crept back to the parlor to make absolutely sure there was no mistake. Yes, it was the gun I had used in Alias Cinderella, and which Greg had stolen from me later. I remembered how Nicky had asked for it and said it was his father's and so forth. Not a doubt was in my mind but that he had made Greg return it. And then there was that trouble the two of them had out at Atlas Smith's party. There must of been more to the incident than I knew of. Oh, it was awful, too awful!

"Don't You Worry About This, B. McFadden!" He Says In a Low Tone. "I Started Pulling a Few Wires on My Way Out"

But what was I to do? The first person I thought of calling was Adele. I must have mommer at once, for I needed her something awful. By now she was probably at the studio, and I could get her there. The telephone stood on a little table just beyond where Stricky lay, and I was forced to pass him again to get to it. Somehow I couldn't endure to touch him, even to change his dreadful position or cover him up. How I felt about him lying there I don't hardly know, except he was unreal yet terrible.

The receiver was hanging off the telephone just like Anita had dropped it, and before I could get Central I had to put it back on the hook for a while and wait, and believe me I sat pretty near as quiet as my companion. Then at last I got the operator and a moment or two later the studio answered.

"Silvercrown Studios," says the girl's voice with a deadly commonplace tone that jarred on my nerves.

"Is that you, Mabel?" I says shakily. "This is Miss Delane speaking. Is mommer on the lot?"

"Sure, Miss Delane," says Mabel cheerfully. "She come in a minute ago."

"Say get this right, Mabel," I says. "I am at Mr. Strickland's bungalow. Get word at once to mommer to come right out here as fast as she can. Tell her something serious is wrong. Get her immediately, even if you have to leave the board yourself. It's life and death. Do you understand?"

"My Gawd, yes!" says she.

"Hurry, Mabel," I says.

Then I hung up and sat there trembling, not knowing just what to do next, and as I sat that way I heard somebody come up the path and cross the porch. At the sound I come to life and to my feet. Anita! It must be her, come back. I flew to the window and peeked out between the curtains and saw that it was not Anita after all, but a policeman, and at the same instant he rung the doorbell.

I drew back into the room trying to think quick, and as I done so I noticed that gun again and realized that probably nobody but mommer and me knew whose it was. With one motion I had it in my hand, and was looking around wildly to see where could I hide it? Then the doorbell rung again, and that decided me. I hid the gun down the front of my waist, and with it pressing against my body, cold and painful, I went to open the door.

Outside on the porch stood a handsome young cop and his smiling face took on a look of surprise when he seen me and that reminded me I was in my Spanish costume all this while.

"Say!" says this cop in a pleasant voice. "You got your car parked facing the wrong way. You can't leave it stand there like that, you know, miss!"

Whatter you know! I pretty near died of the shock of this remark. Here I was all keyed up, and he pulled a line like that on me. I leaned up against the door frame and commenced to laugh and cry, and for a moment he just stood and stared at me like I had gone cuckoo and guess I had, a little bit. Then I controlled myself. After all, the sight of him was a relief.

"Oh, officer!" I says, gasping and reaching out to him. "I am glad it's you. Someone is killed, inside!"

"What?" says he. "Are you kidding or what?"

"No, no!" I cried. "It's Gregory Strickland! Come in!"

Well he didn't stop to argue then, but brushed past me and into the room where I pointed. On the doorsill he stopped and give a whistle.

"Saints preserve us!" says he. Then he done what I had not dared to do. He went over to Strick and turned his head and felt his hands. Then he straightened up and faced me, looking quite another person from the boy I had just let in.

"He's warm yet!" he says. "It must of just happened. What did you do it for?"

The room went spinning around me at them words. What had I killed Greg for—I! Up to that moment it

hadn't even come into my head that anybody would think I was the murderer. And now I seen the fix I was in. I suppose I pretty near fainted, but not quite. There come a moment of terrible confusion to my mind, and then somehow I was sitting on the sofa and the cop was holding a glass of water to my lips.

"There now!" says he. "You'll be all right. Just set quiet and don't you attempt to move while I call up headquarters!"

"I didn't do it!" I says feebly. "I tell you I didn't do it!"

"Who did, then?" says he.

"I don't know." I gasped.

"Well," says the officer grimly, "you'll get plenty of chance to explain to a jury how you happened to be here!"

He grabbed up the telephone and commenced talking, while I sat limp where he had put me, too dazed by all I had been through to attempt to move, even if there had been no gun trained at me, which there by now was, for the cop had pulled his out.

"Shooting!" he says into the receiver giving the address. "Looks like a murder. Spanish woman. Yeh, I'm holding her. Better send an ambulance as well. All right, captain!" Then he turned back to me, his face as hard as nails.

"Mighty rotten business," he says. "Movie folks, ain't you? I thought as much! Rotten lot, I always say they are. Well, I guess this will be about the end of the wild times for a couple of youse, now!"

I couldn't answer, for my voice was gone again. And anyways, my mind was on other matters besides setting a mere typical bonehead right against his will, because even in these extreme circumstances my brains hadn't gone back on me to such a extent but that I could see he was just that, although I couldn't hardly blame him for thinking like he did about my guilt.

Neither could I help but see that I was in a very bad fix. Being found alone with a dead body, especially one belonging to a person with who you are known to have a quarrel, is no joke at any time. Of course I had been at the studio up to half an hour ago, but then on the other hand I had left it without notice to anybody and in a very peculiar way. Nobody, not even Eddie the callboy, knew who it was had wanted me on the phone that time, and it begun to look like unless Anita come back pretty pronto, I was going to be out of luck. But then I remembered that perhaps Anita herself had killed Strick and in that case the police station was not where she would head for, but quite to the contrary, because from what I knew of Anita she was not the type of girl to give herself up, but was far more likely to give a friend up, and it begun more clearly every minute to look like that was exactly what she had done to me.

Of course the guilty one might still be Nickolls, for he and Strick had lots of reason for a quarrel. All this and a plenty more kept pouring through my head in a confused stream while I and the officer waited for what seemed like hours, but which, by the clock on the mantel, was actually less than twenty minutes. However, under such a condition as I was in, why a person gets a chance to go over their whole past and I did, including how a McFadden was never before arrested as far as I knew, and what an end to come to after working like I done all my life, and so forth, and I'll say my courage was pretty well gone by the time a coupla cars stopped out in front. Well, when I heard these two cars stop, one right after the other, why naturally I made a dash for the window, and then I felt the arm of the law in reality, for the cop's arm caught mine and he threw me back onto the sofa in a way made me realize for fair that I was now no lady but a mere prisoner.

"Cut that, now!" he says. "The crowd will see you soon enough!"

Well, of course it wasn't the mob I wanted to see or the detectives either, and I don't know where the crowd come from, but it was the truth that right on the heels of the cops a few people had at once gathered around. I could hear them talking and making remarks, and over all Adele's voice as she told the police just where they got off, and why

"Hey! You will so let me right in!" says mommer, high and firm. "I tell you my daughter is in there and she telephoned me to come. Prisoner nothing! I'll see her at once. You just get out of my way afore I have to push you out and you have to arrest the both of us!"

Oh, but her words was music in my ears! And the sight of her as she burst into that room was like a rampant angel or something.

"Oh, mommer, mommer!" I cried, and in another instant I fell in her arms.

She held me fast and courage come flowing back to my heart even if I was at the same time crying it out on her shoulder. How wonderful she was! Her daughter! She claimed me for it, even in a circumstance like that! The thought give me strength to get myself together and act a little more like a human being and less like a guilty party.

"What is all this about?" says mommer, patting my head and glaring at the inspectors who followed her in, over the top of it. "Strickland murdered? Good land! Well, it certainly served him right and he had it coming to him, but my Bonnie had nothing to do with it, I'll tell you right now!"

"Deserved it, did he, eh?" says the inspector, going over and giving a look at Strick, but not touching him. "Perhaps your daughter has a grudge against him, Mrs.—eh, what name?"

"Delane!" says mommer. "Mrs. Delane and this is Miss Bonnie Delane, the famous star."

"Whew!" says the inspector. "Is that correct? Well, I've always heard you picture people lived a wild life. What did you say this man's name was? Strickland? What made you think he deserved such a finish, eh?"

"Because he was a no-good lowlife!" says mommer hotly. Then she caught my eye and stopped short. Altogether too short, as I could see from the inspector's face. "That is," she went on, "they say he had a bad reputation."

"And yet your daughter is found here under most peculiar circumstances," says he. "H'm!" Then he turned to me. "Did you do it?" he says like a shot out of a gun.

"No!" I says. "I knew him a long time, and I wasn't friends with him. But I didn't do it. I come here on a hurry call over the telephone and found it—it already done."

"Did he call you?" says the cop.

"No," says I. "A woman did. Anita Lauber."

"H'm!" says he again, plainly not believing me.

Then he commenced walking around the room, looking for something. My heart come up in my throat as I watched, and began beating there to such a extent that I could hardly breathe. All of a sudden the inspector stopped walking in front of the young cop, the first one, and shot him a remark.

"Where is the weapon, Brady?" he says. The young Irishman opened his eyes very wide.

(Continued on Page 38)

They Were Making a Drawing-Room Sequence, and Somehow the Sight Made Me Wild

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Savings and the Stock Exchange

MANY people with even fair-sized incomes find the saving of money so extraordinarily difficult that any device or instrument which facilitates the process should be welcomed. A highly useful but largely perverted means is the partial-payment or installment plan for the purchase of stocks and bonds. The idea is simple; it consists of the payment each month of a few dollars per share, final possession to be acquired when full settlement has been made. It is the way in which many homes are bought, a definite monthly payment being made on the purchase price.

Many billions of dollars of life insurance have been acquired in like manner by annual, semiannual, quarterly, monthly or weekly payments; nor have equally simple methods of disposing of automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, farm implements, diamonds, and hundreds of other articles of utility or pleasure, been overlooked by the distributors of such commodities.

Just how many people are incapable of saving money except by means of a definite periodic obligation cannot, of course, be accurately determined, but their number is legion. It may seem foolish, but most unhappily it is true. Why is a man unable to go to a savings bank every week and make a deposit? Why is he unable to buy a small bond or a share of seasoned stock once a month through his bank of deposit? Why is he unable to purchase from the Government one of its Treasury Savings Certificates at regular intervals? The only answer that can be made is that there must be an element of compulsion, of penalty almost, to overcome natural inertia, sheer laziness and indifference.

Simply expressed, it takes a house-to-house collector—or in somewhat higher walks of life, a printed bill sent through the mails—to make people save. It takes a reminder to do the trick, one that is forceful enough to have a penalty attached if the reminder itself is neglected.

Now it is not to be denied that the partial-payment plan has been operated safely and honestly by numbers of dealers in securities, or that thousands of shares have been acquired by investors to their entire satisfaction in this manner. But generally and broadly speaking, the partial-payment or installment plan of buying securities from miscellaneous brokers or dealers is in bad odor. It has been employed by every bucket shop that has failed in the last year. In one such concern there were nearly twenty thousand separate partial-payment accounts, mostly for the purchase of desirable securities, and there will be practically no salvage for the would-be investor.

Many reputable investment bankers and stockbrokers will have nothing to do with the partial-payment plan, partly because of its bad repute, largely because they see no way of making it pay. The largest stock exchange in the country does not recognize any such method of purchasing securities as separate or different from ordinary marginal purchases, and its president frankly advises all small investors to put their money in a bank until they have five hundred or a thousand dollars with which to buy outright such stocks as may be desired. A few reputable firms meanwhile operate the plan, but the practical problem that untold thousands of would-be savers are unable to solve is how to tell the difference between the few good and the many that are undeniably bad.

Thus the situation is thoroughly unsatisfactory. One of the best methods of enabling people to save, through the purchase of investment securities, which experience shows is both natural and simple, is largely neglected. It is true that the gap is being filled to a moderate extent by the great public-utility corporations, the telephone and electric-power and gas concerns, which are selling their stocks, largely of the preferred issues, to customers. This is good as far as it goes. It has the advantage of simplicity. If you live in a city and use electric light and pay for it by monthly check the company will frequently sell you shares of preferred stock and add a fixed amount to your regular bill as an installment on the purchase price.

But it is not to be supposed that every issue of stock of every gas, electric and telephone company will ultimately prove a good investment, any more than every stock in any other industry is sure to pan out. Yet these utilities do form an important basic industry, close to the everyday life of the people, and it is logical that consumers of gas, electric and telephone service should become shareholders in the companies that serve them.

But whatever the advantages of purchasing securities in the local public utility or building-and-loan association, or even in the company for which the investor works, there are obvious and clearly defined limitations in such a practice. All investors are distinguished by a determination to make their own choices, and this means there must be alternatives. Nothing can take the place of the stock list. Its fascination cannot be overcome. Here are hundreds of different stocks—railroads, motors, chain stores, oils, steels, motion pictures, sugars, and so on. In which am I most interested? In high or low priced shares, in dividend or nondividend, in common or preferred, in which particular company, in big companies or small, in which industry? The comparison of earnings, capitalizations, profits, dividends—these are a steady and natural source of interest and attraction. Investors cannot be kept away from the great markets of the country and their funds held within local bounds, safe as the latter often are. Almost every week, or even day, sees new securities of representative corporations added to the central market, each one bringing still another possibility of profit or loss.

Negatively it might be possible by some as yet undevised form of Federal Government regulation to control all brokers and security dealers and prevent their acceptance of money from the public except under fixed conditions. Many state laws have failed to prevent widespread loss and deception. It must not be supposed that the swindling promoter and stock dealer has been left to his own devices. The Federal Post Office Department has fought him, other Federal departments have investigated him, state and county attorneys have prosecuted him, stock exchanges and associations of legitimate investment dealers have pursued him, chambers of commerce and advertising clubs have joined in the chase, numberless magazines and newspapers have investigated and exposed him.

But negative methods accomplish pitifully small results. The swindler sifts through every net. Within a couple of years following the public exposure of crooks in periodicals of national circulation and the bulletins of important business associations, tens of thousands of customers have been recruited by the same operators under perhaps only a slightly different name or with no change at all. Indeed the swindlers go right on after serving jail sentences.

Only constructive organization that makes it possible for legitimate security dealers and distributors to use the machinery of partial-payment or installment devices will seriously check the inroads of the sharpers. If individual brokers or bankers cannot afford to sell stocks in reputable companies on the installment plan, what is to prevent coöperative action on a scale that warrants confidence and security? The stock exchanges, the investment dealers' associations, the bankers' associations, the savings banks, the life-insurance companies, the great corporations which are anxious to increase the number of their shareholders—why do not these agencies get together and solve the question, or at least discover once and for all that it cannot be solved?

Possibly a trust company with ample capital and a directorate insuring sound and able management could handle such business. Perhaps the idea is wholly impractical. But it certainly seems as if American ingenuity, enterprise and initiative are due for a bad slump if no method can be devised by which the millions of small investors can purchase standard securities on installments. It was done, of course, with entire success during the Liberty Loan campaigns, and vast numbers of people now own substantial property that would never have been acquired and the investment in which would probably have been frittered away in useless expenditures, if it had not been for the installment feature.

Ordinary commercial motives, even in coöperative form, cannot repeat on the same scale what was done under the drive of patriotism, the fear and the semicompulsion of war times. But the merest fraction of that accomplishment would suffice. American investment finance must be singularly sterile if it cannot rise to the present emergency.

A Broader View of Production

NO FURTHER proof was needed to show that the complexities of modern civilization have forced up the costs of distributing goods to a point where they equal if they do not exceed the costs of production. Citizens knew by practical experience that even though a cantaloupe might not be bringing back the cost of transportation to its grower, the fashionable or even the quick-lunch restaurant was charging many times the wholesale price of one melon for half a portion. But perhaps it is just as well to have the mass of detail, the clearly drawn charts and the wealth of fact which go with the reports of the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry. These impartial volumes establish one truth at least—that it is not conspiracy, or even, in the main, profiteering, which is at fault, but the sheer inability of business men up to the present time to solve the problem of distribution as well as they have solved that of mass production.

Those who stand between the producer and the consumer are commonly termed middlemen. But if they perform their function well, if they put value on a product by fitting it into the needs of the consumer, they are producers just as much as if they were in charge of fields of corn or rows of spindles in a cotton factory.

Salesmanship and advertising have become very important in recent years and many thousands of bright young men have entered these occupations. None can perform a greater service than they. To a large extent the great task of cutting the marketing overhead must lie in their hands.

The salesman or advertising solicitor who merely gets rid of goods is not only a middleman in the worst sense of the word; he is an economic parasite and waste. Such, for example, is the youth who has taken one of these ten-day intensive courses in high-speed salesmanship for the purpose of marketing dubious stocks. He is about as far from the trained marketing specialist who studies the real needs of consumers, and approaches them with only such goods as they need, as the course or institute which he attends is removed from one of our great universities. One is a four-flusher; the other is doing his trained and specialized best to bring supply and demand together.

CONSTITUTION BUSTERS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

IN THE long run it is not considered good form for an individual or an organization to claim to be something that it isn't. The reporter who accepts money or favors from a faction concerning which he is supposed to be reporting the facts ceases to be a reporter and becomes a propagandist. If he continues with any success to claim to be a reporter he misleads his readers, which doesn't do anybody any good. The brokerage firm that advertises itself as dealing in investment securities, and then hornswoggles its customers into putting their money in fake oil stock or worthless radio companies, which are neither investments nor securities, is guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses which is regarded as very bad form indeed. The individual who falsely claims to be a graduate of Podunk University, and who borrows money from Podunk alumni on the strength of his claim, is usually thought to be better off in jail. The increasing complexities of our civilization—complexities like a rapidly increasing population and the consequent increase in the number of suckers who believe everything they hear—make it constantly easier for masqueraders and false prophets to find supporters. This fact, however, does not alter the truth of our original hypothesis—that it is bad form for an individual or an organization to travel under false colors.

Nowhere to Jump

THE United States is supplied, as every successful nation should be, with two major political parties. These parties, for reasons which are almost lost in the mists of antiquity, are known as the Democratic Party and the Republican Party. If the two parties were to live up to their names the Democratic Party would be working to make the United States into a pure democracy, ruled by the direct vote of the people and subject to the turbulence and follies of mob rule; while the Republican Party would be working to keep the people of America faithful to the conservative ideals and principles of the founders of the republic, who provided the country with a Constitution which carefully limited popular government in an effort to safeguard the nation from the same turbulence and folly of mob rule.

As a matter of fact the principles of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party are today about as widely separated as are two different brands of round, smelly, imported cheese. That is to say, they aren't separated at all. Some people like the first brand of cheese because they think it has a less offensive odor than the second brand. Other people are addicted to the second brand, and claim that the odor of the first brand is strong enough to knock a person over. It's all a matter of taste; and to the person with an uncultivated taste both cheeses are equally overpowering.

Not only are the Democratic Party and the Republican Party as alike as two ripe cheeses but each party is daily guilty of taking money under false pretenses in that it obliges its conservative members to vote for outrageously radical men and measures in some localities and—less frequently—forces its wild-eyed socialistically inclined members to vote for reactionary men and measures in other localities. If a man tries to escape from his particular party by jumping into the other party he will find himself similarly sickened by being obliged to support somebody or something that he hates. There is literally nowhere that he can jump. Each political party claims to stand for something. Actually it stands for nothing or, rather, it stands for anything.

Some Irregulars

A DELIGHTFUL example of this lack of principle may be observed in North Dakota, where the regular Republican candidate for the senatorial nomination was defeated in the primaries by Lynn J. Frazier, the irregular candidate, who has the backing of Arthur Townley, chief mover in the socialistic Non-Partisan League. Frazier and Townley have stood for state socialism—the socialization of the telegraphs, the telephones, the insurance business, the railroads, power plants and mines of all sorts; for state ownership of cold-storage plants, stockyards, grain elevators and flour mills. Since their regular candidate was defeated the Republican leaders in North Dakota promptly indorsed Frazier for United States senator; so that North Dakota Republicans, if they wish to continue being Republicans, must throw their votes for a man whose

(Continued on Page 70)

SOAPING OLD FAITHFUL

TUMBLEWEEDS

Bart Was Seated on the Corral Bars, His Chin Propped in His Hand, Gazing Moodily Across a Field of Ripening Grain

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIII

BOTH Wellman and Freel had prospered. It was quite generally believed, though it could not be proved, that both men had sooned before the opening of the Strip, which fact accounted for their two filings adjoining the town site of Oval Springs, property which would eventually prove extremely valuable. However, they could not yet realize on these holdings, so it was evident that their present affluence was derived from some other source.

Crowfoot, even before the run, had acquired moderate wealth; but neither Freel nor Wellman had been possessed of any considerable means. Freel now owned the largest and most remunerative saloon in Oval Springs. He had occupied the sheriff's office since the first election in the county, Wellman, the original appointee, having indorsed his candidacy instead of running for the office himself. Wellman was proprietor of the hotel, had been elected mayor of Oval Springs and was a stockholder and director in the bank, of which Crowfoot was president.

It was generally conceded that the money of the ex-cowman was responsible for the rise of the other two, but there were some who, knowing Crowfoot, doubted that he would use his own means for the advancement of another. The three men were closely associated, nevertheless, a power to be reckoned with in business and political circles, rated as influential and public-spirited citizens.

There was no longer necessity for Freel to associate himself closely with the wild bunch, many of whose operations he had formerly planned. The years he had served as marshal had fitted him for this work. He could visualize a scene in advance, discount its dangerous features and perfect an alibi that would stand the test. His was the mind that planned, but he had seldom been present to witness the execution of those plans. His actual participation in the Wharton hold-up, the one misdeed of its kind where he had been present in person, had been occasioned by a desire to impress upon his associates that he was of the same fiber as themselves. He had gone out in a spirit of bravado and returned in a nervous panic. His main source of revenue was now derived from protection money which he levied against the lawless who operated in the county, these assessments collected through the agency of the two Ralstons, who were his deputies, as they had been Wellman's before him. Protection came high and both Freel and Wellman profited accordingly. Oval Springs was a hotbed of lawlessness and a concession for any known transgression could be purchased for a price, a state of affairs not confined to Oval Springs alone, but prevalent throughout the Strip.

The line between the law and the lawless was but vaguely defined. Instances of the apprehension of any wrongdoer were decidedly infrequent. Petty graft and crooked gambling flourished. As a carcass attracts scavenger birds, so conditions in the Strip drew the vicious of the whole Southwest. Express messengers conveyed word of valuable consignments to friends who would make sure that the shipments failed to reach their destination. There were bankers who handled securities at stiff discounts without inquiry as to their source; jewelers who were equally incurious about the previous ownership of gems or gold; judges and county attorneys who were open to reason; and sheriffs who followed false trails.

But all this was merely a passing phase incident to the transition period of a new and untried territory during its transformation into an old and proved one. The background was one of enduring solidity. More than thirty thousand families had found homes in a single day, and these toiled steadily on, unmindful of the wave of deviltry and corruption that swept the Strip, such circumstances having no particular bearing on their daily lives. Later, when they had more time to devote to affairs outside of the immediate problem of shaping their homesteads up into producing farms, they would rise up and cast out the parasites without apparent effort; for, after all, the solid citizens were many and the parasites comparatively few.

Freel rode out of Oval Springs and he traveled past occasional fields that were green with waving wheat. Spring had brought fresh evidence that the Strip, now a part of Oklahoma, would eventually prove to be the most productive portion of the state. Spring crops of all sorts were coming up in riotous profusion. Young orchards had been planted round many a homestead cabin; rows of slender saplings marked the site of future stately groves. The scattering fields that had been seeded to winter wheat gave promise of a tremendous yield, and an average of more than twenty bushels to the acre was confidently predicted. Orderly garden plots were in evidence on every homestead.

Since his occupancy of the sheriff's office Freel had several times stopped at the Lassiters' cabin. He had haunted Molly Lassiter's footsteps for a year prior to that day when Carver's inopportune arrival had put a stop to his advances. In his new guise as a moneyed, influential citizen he saw one more chance of gaining the girl's favor. His manner was affable and without hint of previous unpleasant relations. Rather his attitude was one of friendly interest which any prosperous person might take in the affairs of a less fortunate acquaintance. Molly, believing that the past had best be left undisturbed, received him as she would any other casual acquaintance. On the occasion of this last visit Freel found Bart at home.

Bart had worked steadily, seldom straying far from home, but instead finding relaxation at Carver's bunk house, where the grub-liners still convened. There were times when he exhibited real enthusiasm for his work, and on such days he spoke of eventually buying out one or more neighbors and operating a farm that would one day rival Carver's holdings across the ridge. There were other periods when the monotony of farm life maddened him and he grew moody and restless, conscious of the urge to straddle a horse and be off for some point where distance was not measured by neatly fenced section lines, but instead was calculated in terms of a day's travel on a horse. It was during the darkest moments of one of these moods that Freel dropped in.

Bart listened while Freel commented upon various business and political ventures upon which he was engaged. Bart was frankly uninterested, his one thought for the moment being a desire to step up on a good horse and ride across a sagebrush desert in the fierce glare of the summer sun; or, as an alternative, to ride the same stretch in a screeching winter blizzard; it mattered little which, so long as there would be neither fence nor human within a radius of twenty miles. All would have been well except that Freel, equally self-centered, attributed Bart's abstraction to a feeling of envy induced by the attractive word picture Freel had painted of his own successes. In parting he drew Bart aside.

"Any time I can hold out a helping hand you can count on me," he assured. "I'm in better shape to help you on your feet than any man in these parts."

Bart was not actively conscious that he was being patronized, but he was aware of a sense of irritation, and the tone as well as the substance of the offer brought his ill humor to a sudden focus.

"You can't do me any favor except to let me alone," he said wearily.

"That's what I've been doing," Freel returned. "Hadn't you noticed?"

"I haven't missed you," Bart confessed. "But keep it up and maybe I will."

"You're somewhat in debt to me on that score right now," Freel stated, and recited a few details to prove his point.

Bart's home-coming with a wounded shoulder the day following the Wharton affair had created comment. His saddled horse had been found by a farmer near the point from which a second mount had been stolen, this last animal later recovered by the Kansas sheriff's posse after its rider had made good his escape. Rumor had linked Bart's name with these events, and the news had trickled to the sheriff's office.

"Do you think I'm asleep on the job?" Freel demanded. "I've known that all along. Don't you call that letting you alone? It all dovetails right nicely; a clear case against you on both counts, robbery and horse stealing—two cases of horse stealing in fact."

"Oh, I didn't bother to steal the second one," Bart stated. "Don't make your case too strong or maybe you'll lose it. I run across Carver out there and we swapped mounts, me escaping while he led that Kansas outfit astray. Maybe you hadn't heard that it was Carver's horse I came riding home on, but I can cite you to a few witnesses who saw it."

Freel pondered this point.

He had not heard the name of the man picked up by the posse after the party they sought had presumably stolen his horse.

"I'll make it a point to cover any such little details as that," he said. "But you're safe enough as long as you meet me halfway."

"I'll come the full distance and a few steps beyond," Bart volunteered. "I could throw some light on that Wharton affair myself, and some day I will."

Freel experienced a recurrence of that apprehension which had assailed him at intervals since his participation in the Wharton event. He had never considered it possible that Bart could have determined the identity of any one of the four men who had chanced across him that night. It had all happened with such suddenness; a voice from the darkness ahead. Then Noll had shot. Freel had been unaware of the identity of Noll's victim till after they had left the spot and Noll had announced that the voice was Bart's. Even then he had not been sure of the point until hearing the rumors which he had just now recited to Bart.

(Continued on Page 26)

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

Go-getters in any old game you pick
Are the fellows with health and the pluck to stick
The kind who eat Campbell's and have the right punch
And laugh all the while they're eating their lunch.

A snappy kick-off!

Start the meal with Campbell's Tomato Soup. You'll feel your appetite just reaching out to meet it. There's a delicious sparkle to every spoonful. You will be nourished and refreshed by the spicy tonic flavor. Notice how often indifference about your food is changed to real enthusiasm by a bracing, delightful plateful of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Rich, smooth puree of tempting, full-ripe tomatoes with all the skin, seeds and core fibre carefully strained out, leaving only the pure tomato goodness. Campbell's have their own exclusive recipe for this enticing blend. Golden butter makes it richer still and the famous Campbell's chefs add the spices with nicest skill.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
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Bouillon	Pea
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Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

It had seemed equally certain that Bart could not have recognized him

"You'll have a chance to tell all you know to a jury," Freel predicted.

"And right after I speak my piece they'll cast a ballot to stretch your neck a foot long," Bart announced.

"Mine!" Freel said. "What fool notion are you working on now?"

"I'm not working—just resting," said Bart. "Here you come with all this patter about how you've befriended me by not having me jailed for something you did yourself That's real generosity. Maybe it's never occurred to you that I recognized the four of you when you came riding up on me that night when Noll tried his damnedest to kill me."

Freel's apprehension increased, but he remained silent until Bart had finished.

"If I start remarking broadcast about that little event just how long do you imagine it would take folks to divine where the four of you had come from?" Bart inquired. "A few minutes back you was reciting about what a high place you'd attained in human affairs. Keep right on mounting—only keep it in mind that some day when time hangs heavy and I'm craving entertainment I'll pull out your props and let you down hard."

He turned his back on Freel and retired to the house. Freel returned to Oval Springs and sought a hasty conference with the mayor and the president of the bank. He was palpably nervous as he recounted the details of this complication.

"Get hold of yourself!" Wellman ordered. "You're jumpy! What does it signify anyhow? One man's wild yarn about hearing your voice in the dark wouldn't even shake that alibi. It's watertight."

Crowfoot nodded agreement and chewed placidly at his cigar. He could face such a situation without turning a hair—as could Wellman.

"Bart's in no shape to do any commenting," Crowfoot amplified.

"But I tell you he will!" Freel insisted.

"Sit down," Wellman instructed. "Plant yourself in a chair and quit prowling in circles. You'll wear out the rug."

"Bart might be feeling a trifle venomous since Noll tried to down him," Crowfoot conceded. "It would have been preferable if Noll had quit living before he took that shot at Bart. But in order to link you with it he'd have to convince folks that he recognized your voice at night, then prove that you'd come from Wharton instead of any one of a hundred other points on the map. Not a chance in ten thousand."

"But Carver's into it now," Freel pointed out. "You know what that means. He's been waiting for a chance at me."

"What you mean is that you've been waiting for a chance at him," Crowfoot corrected. "And you're crediting him with holding the same sentiments toward you." Crowfoot was not one to allow personal differences or dislikes to obscure his judgment. "He's the kind that'll not interest himself in your affairs unless you go romping over onto his reservation and prod him into hostilities that he'd likely be wanting to avoid if only you'd let him. You'd better let this man Carver strictly alone. He'll do the same by you."

Neither Wellman nor Freel was prepared to accept this bit of advice.

"Then I'll just tender one more suggestion," Crowfoot announced after finding himself overruled. "If you're set on this business, then I'd urge that you do it yourselves, just the two of you, instead of hiring it done." He was familiar with Freel's roundabout methods.

Wellman indorsed this last suggestion

"Absolutely!" he agreed. "Me and Freel will tend to this matter in person."

Freel failed to state whether or not these sentiments met with his full approval. Crowfoot regarded him closely, then stretched and rose from his chair.

"Once there was three men in a town," he remarked. "The rest didn't count overmuch. One of the three had sand, but no brains. Another was equipped with cunning, but was teetotally minus of nerve. The third had both sand and brains."

"And which one was you?" Freel inquired.

"I mentioned myself last," Crowfoot answered without hesitation. "And being equipped like I explained, it does look like I could do better to trail by myself instead of being mixed up with a pair of rat-brained miscreants like you. If you're set on stirring up Carver you can just count me out."

He departed and left Freel and Wellman to perfect their own plans.

They conferred at some length, and as a result Freel spent several days in making quiet investigations among the homesteaders north and west of the Half Diamond H. Another evidence of the change that was taking place in the country was the fact that the code of silence and refusal to divulge information no longer prevailed. Many of the newcomers were willing, even eager, to impart any possible scrap of information. Freel found some who had noted Bart's return with a crippled shoulder; others that would testify that the horse upon which he was mounted belonged to Carver. He discovered one man who had seen Bart ride up the Half Diamond H lane in the evening. In each instance Freel shook his head and commented upon the fact that it looked as if the two of them had been mixed up in it; that it certainly seemed inevitable that he should have to place them under arrest and charge them with the crime if the evidence kept piling up. In each case also he requested secrecy. In reality he gathered insufficient evidence to hold either of them overnight, but he had created an abundance of witnesses to serve his purpose.

Some two weeks thereafter a man rode up to the rear door of the one saloon in the little town of Alvin, a few miles down the valley from the Half Diamond H. He dropped his reins over a post a few feet from the door and entered

For an hour he loitered at a table, playing solitaire and making an occasional trip to the bar for a drink and a chat with the bartender.

"Nice place," he commented after he felt that their acquaintance had ripened somewhat. "You own it?"

The man behind the bar nodded.

"Man by name of Carver live round here close?" the stranger inquired.

"A piece up the valley," the bartender assented. "Not far"

"Drop in here often, does he?" the man asked.

"Whenever he's in town—couple of times a week, average," the proprietor informed. "Drops in for a glass of beer before riding home. Mostly he's in of afternoons; once in a while of nights when some of the boys gather here. You wanting to see him?"

"Yes," the other man admitted.

"You can ride out to his place in half an hour."

"Rather see him first and size him up," the stranger stated. "Harvest is coming on and he might use a hand. But I always like to look a man over before I hire out to him."

The saloon keeper nodded without comment. This was no harvest hand. The stranger's face was stamped with ruthlessness; straight thin lips, and above them a pair of wide-set, cold black eyes.

"Point him out to me when he comes in, will you?" he requested. "So's I can sort of size him up."

Again the barman nodded. He noted the convenient arrangement; the open back door with the saddled horse just outside.

"Sure," he laconically assented. "I'll tip you."

Carver failed to appear, and when the usual evening crowd began to assemble the stranger departed. The following afternoon he reappeared, leaving his horse at the same convenient post just outside the rear entrance.

"You'd never recognize me if you was to see me again, now would you?" he asked the proprietor. "You couldn't accurately describe me right now; and for all you can remember that bay horse of mine is a sorrel."

He shoved two gold coins across the bar and fixed the other man with his black eyes. The saloon man pocketed the money.

"Correct on all counts," he agreed.

The stranger returned to his table, and the bartender, under pretense of arranging glassware and bottles, placed a long-barreled forty-five on a shelf just under the bar. One never could tell. He had been old-time rider of the unowned lands and could rightly read his signs. A few stray customers dropped in and departed. The liveryman lingered over two glasses of beer. The banker stepped in for his afternoon nip the moment the bank was closed for the day, and the keeper of the general store came in with the proprietor of the lumberyard. Three neighboring farmers entered together and shook the dice to determine who should pay for the round. The

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"We Saw the Sun Set on the Old Days Here," She Said. "Let's Watch It Rise on the New"

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C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

THE BOOTLEGGERS

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

"What Do You Know About the Great National Enterprise of Bootlegging?"

XI

A REPORT to Mr. John P. Wilkes:

Sir: Pursuant to your instructions to make a general survey of the bootlegging business as it is carried on at present, with a view to the organization of the same for the purpose of controlling sources, distribution and prices, and for eliminating the wasteful competition and diminishing the crimes of violence that now attend it, and, so far as possible, putting the business into the hands of men who will conduct it economically and efficiently, and expelling from it, to some extent, at least, the rough criminal element that now add immeasurably to the hazards of it, I beg leave to submit the following synopsis of my investigations and conclusions along the lines indicated.

The principal and most profitable sources of supply at present are the smuggling sources, which are Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the British and French possessions to the south of us, and foreign countries with which we maintain regular transoceanic traffic. In its early manifestations, and before the outside sources were utilized to such an extent, the bootlegging business depended largely for its supplies on such stocks of whisky and alcohol as were held in control by the Government, and upon what is termed moonshine, which is liquor manufactured in private stills and always of a low grade and of poisonous quality.

Under the original interpretations of the law it was possible to withdraw from government stocks large quantities of alcohol and of whisky, and these legitimate withdrawals were enormously increased by the forging of certificates of withdrawal and similar devices. Also there was much robbery of warehouses, much collusion with officials to permit withdrawals, and many other methods by which the law was made ineffective. However, the law was gradually tightened, the securing of alcohol and liquor for the purposes of doctoring, diluting and distribution was made more difficult, and the evil result attending the vending of poisonous mixtures made the better classes of our customers disinclined to buy this merchandise; and the men who had their capital invested in this business saw that their merchandise must, at least, have some semblance of real whisky.

Consequently they began to utilize the outside sources of supply, and consequently, further, the chief bootlegging business of this country now obtains its merchandise by means of smuggling, and facilitates the distribution of it by the aid of a nation-wide but loosely organized system of what the law would designate as bribery.

Speaking as of date of May 1, 1922, there are arriving in this country, from all sources, and at all points of entry, more than one hundred thousand cases of liquor each twenty-four hours. On good days as many as two hundred thousand cases get ashore, from ships in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, from the Gulf of Mexico and across the Canadian and Mexican borders.

Speaking as of the same date, three million dollars is spent each twenty-four hours for the purpose of facilitating the reception and distribution of this liquor, which money goes, in greater and lesser amounts, to officials of all grades charged with the duties of preventing this reception and distribution, such as constables, sheriffs, county officials, customs officials, revenue officials, policemen and those in charge of them, state officials, legislators, political leaders, and any others whose spheres of influence may touch the business at any point, and to those who, through political or other influences, control them. This phase of the business has been skillfully worked out, and a schedule of prices which, though high, is compatible with the profits, has been established. Of course certain emergencies require specific treatment, but in round numbers three million dollars a day covers the bribe expense.

This whisky is distributed by loosely coördinated organizations geographically grouped, of which the largest are on the Atlantic Coast. The first to the north is all New England, with headquarters at Boston. These are followed down the coast by an organization distributing for New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia, and then comes the Norfolk, Virginia, organization. Charleston and Savannah are both centers of alert organizations, and Miami does considerable business, but not so much as her geographical position might indicate, because transport thence to big buying centers is long and difficult.

Texas has an organization, and Minneapolis and St. Paul and New Orleans. The Pacific Coast business is not so well combined. Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles all have men in the trade, and their supplies come either from the Far East or from boats that clear from Vancouver for some Northern Mexico port and deliver to boats running out from coast points in Oregon and California, or are brought across border lines by automobile, airplane, and so on.

Interior points are supplied by these organizations. For example, some of the Savannah operators run their merchandise to Atlanta, and from Atlanta it is distributed west and southwest to St. Louis and adjoining territory. Chicago and that section of the country are supplied from Canada, and the line reaches for the Middle West and West both up from the south, down from the north and east from the Pacific Coast.

The initial bootlegging cost of whisky on the Atlantic Coast is ten dollars per case, which provides for the permissions of the officials along the recognized lines of transportation. This cost increases in direct proportion to the length of the haul. For example, the bootlegging cost per case of whisky sent to St. Louis, say, from an Atlantic Coast point, is seventy-five dollars per case. Costs vary with localities and with the requirements of officials.

The New York organization figures it can lay down whisky in the metropolis for thirty to thirty-five dollars a case, but there are local protection payments to be added to this before the profit accrues; and an average of that brought directly to Philadelphia is thirty-two dollars a case, with local Philadelphia requirements to be met after that. The first cost, in Nassau, say, or Cuba, or in the other foreign sources, ranges from twelve to twenty dollars a case for ordinary merchandise of this commerce, with fifteen dollars an average.

The recognized and efficient larger organizations are fifteen in number, but there is an infinite number of smaller organizations, groups, partnerships and individuals who are in more or less definite relationship with these larger organizations. The principals in these larger organizations are former fake oil, mine and similar promoters, war profiteers, capitalists who are accustomed to without-the-law business, former liquor dealers, and gamblers and speculators who are familiar with important money. Some are of position in business and society, but in the main they are not. Various bankers are interested with left-handed connections. Among the smaller operators there are combinations of police and government officials themselves, but in the main these have neither the capital nor the disposition to handle the merchandise themselves, and take their share of the profits in toll exacted for their complaisances. In one of the larger cities of the country police immunity is secured by the payment of twenty-five dollars a case to men who control the police force.

The conclusion must not be reached from these statements that the domestic manufacture of so-called bootleg whisky is not an important factor. There are a great many sources of supply, including illicit operations by professional distilleries, and large and small amateur stills, cellar making, and so on through many mediums and avenues. The total of three million dollars a day required for expedition and permission to traffic includes such sums as are spent in connection with these sources. That figure includes each day's required outlay for a successful nation-wide prosecution of the business—roughly, about one billion dollars a year.

XII

THE chief difficulties to be overcome are as follows:

Honest officials;

Dishonest officials;

Piracy, hijacking, and so on;

Seizures, et cetera.

Notwithstanding the fact of the enormous pressure on the moral fiber of the officials of all grades whose duty it is to participate in the arrest, trial, conviction, and imprisonment or fine of the men engaged in this business, caused by the generous proffer of this three million dollars a day, there still remain in the service many men who cannot be bribed, and these present difficulties that make the business hazardous in the extreme in various parts of the country. Furthermore, the exposures in the newspapers and periodicals, and the constant endeavors by those high in authority to obtain what is termed a decent respect for the law by those charged with the duty of enforcing it, have made some officials who otherwise would be ready to acquiesce, for a

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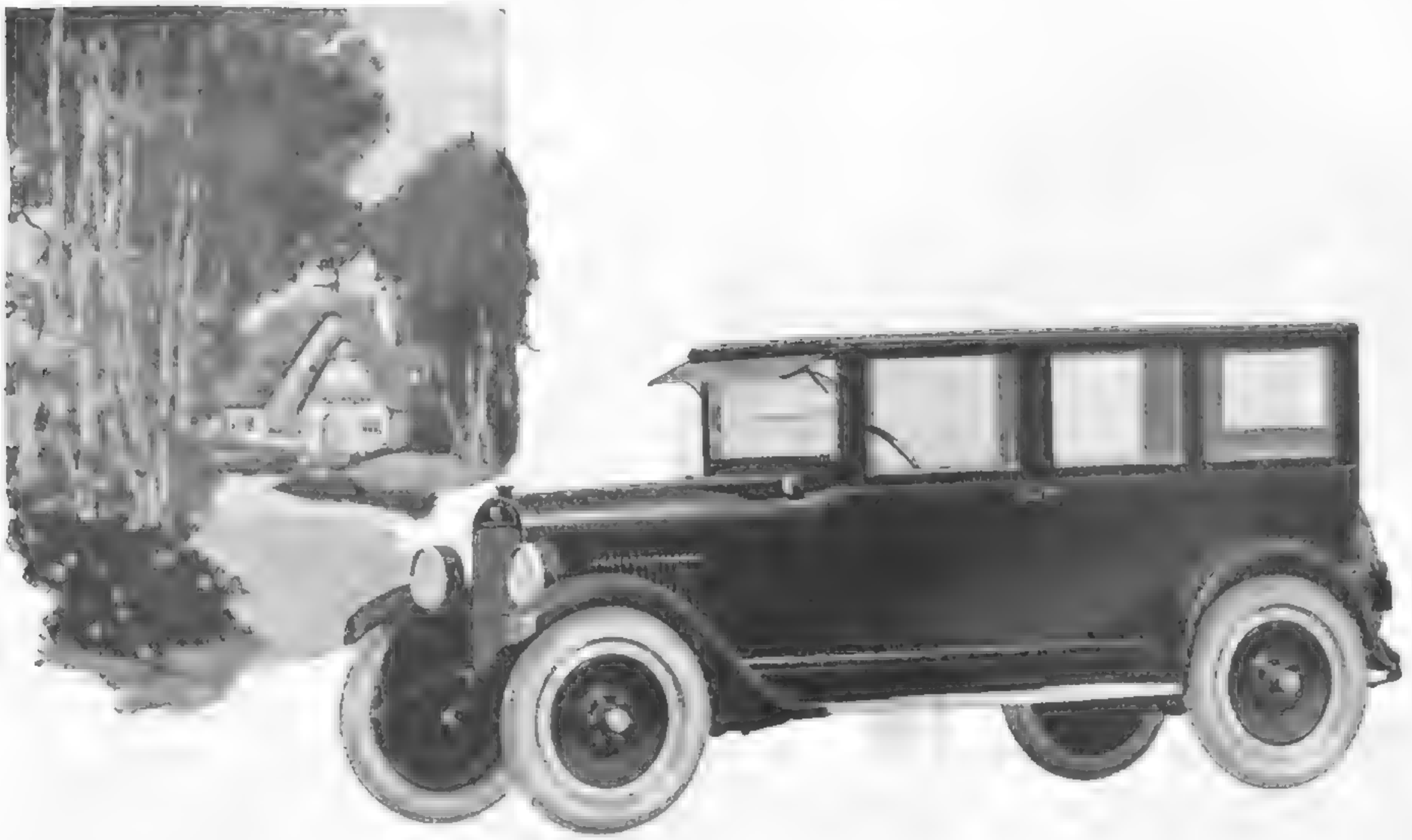


The good Maxwell is today generally recognized as absolutely alone in the value it offers.

The beauty which sets it apart and in a class by itself is no more unusual than the greater value it reveals in all that makes a motor car desirable.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type head and parking lamps; windshield cleaner; rear-view mirror; dome and instrument board lights; Alemite lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; broadcloth upholstery; clutch and brake action, steering and gear shifting remarkably easy.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good

MAXWELL

"I Want to Talk Over a Project of Mine With You, and Get Your Advice"

(Continued from Page 28)

price, in bootlegging transactions fearful of results and not to be reached. In addition to this there have been erected several systems of espionage over these men, to which I shall refer at greater length in a succeeding paragraph.

By the term "dishonest officials" I have reference to officials and others who may be of use, who, having taken money for their good offices and assistances, callously refuse to be bound by their bribes to a performance of their promises, but either take the money and render no service whatsoever or, more than that, take the money and then act against the bootleggers as the honest officials do; or, having taken the money as a payment for certain specific services or permissions, demand still greater sums before they will carry out their original agreements, which blackmail is of common occurrence. The idea that the money and property of the men engaged in this business have no rights that anybody is bound to respect, and are loot for whosoever may be in position to secure them obtains to a great and disconcerting degree, and is a positive menace to the economical transaction of the business.

In connection with this situation, just referred to, it seems proper to call your attention at this point to the prevalent, nay, universal opinion, official and popular alike, that although this merchandise is paid for by legal tender, and although the men transacting it fulfill their obligations, neither their merchandise nor their money has any ownership, *de facto* or *de jure*, save the ownership that arrives with obtaining possession, either by force, stratagem, specious but false promise, perjured witness, broken agreement, larcenies or crimes of violence. It matters not to what exertion and expense the owners may go to secure and distribute their merchandise, constant occasion is sought to deprive them of it without compensation, and they must ceaselessly contend with a condition that gives them no recourse save the employment of similar practices.

With the development of the business along the lines indicated—that is, the bringing in of the merchandise from outside sources, there has developed also the sinister institution of rum piracy, as it is known in the trade, which combined with what is known as hijacking on the land, and the constant thievery in other forms that the business is exposed to, forms a serious obstacle to the orderly and profitable conduct of the trade. To give an understanding of the genesis of this piracy it is necessary to state that the induction of liquors from foreign sources more or less adjacent to our coast is accomplished in two ways: By smaller boats that sail direct from such ports as Nassau to some designated point on the coast, and land their supplies direct; by boats going out to larger craft that lie outside the so-called three-mile limit, and bringing their cargoes ashore.

Various marine agencies are utilized. Fishing boats, which can go and come at will without supervision, put out from fishing ports on both coasts. Power boats run from the larger cities. Ocean-going tugs meet the larger boats out at greater distances. Lumber schooners, barges and many other styles of craft that may have apparent legitimate mission at sea are pressed into the service, and they land not only on lonely reaches of our coast but at the docks of some of our maritime cities.

The popular demand for whisky and other liquors of some semblance of genuineness of manufacture has made the returns over the investment in this business so great that it has attracted all classes of people, and among them many of the desperate character. These have not hesitated to equip themselves with boats of high power usually, or of whatever sort was available, and go out to sea and prey on the whisky ships outside or on the boats that are employed to bring the liquors ashore. These pirates have no compunction over shooting men engaged in transporting this merchandise, boarding their craft, and removing the merchandise to their own boats for transportation to the shore and subsequent sale. Although this piracy entails some risk, as the men who are robbed are themselves of a fighting character, the profits are so great—because no expenditure is required for the loot save the cost of the boat, which is negligible in view of the returns, and little for the crew, who usually work on shares—that piracy is becoming increasingly frequent, and large amounts of merchandise are thus diverted from their rightful ownership. There are many battles at sea and not a few offshore, and the loss of human life is considerable, which, of itself, need not be recorded, because this work is done by paid employes, and not by the principals themselves.

The operation known as hijacking is merely land piracy. It is engaged in by vicious criminals who go out in automobiles and meet trucks laden with this merchandise moving peacefully and under paid protection from one point to another, bar the progress of the trucks by turning their automobiles across the highway, and with threats of death and often with fatal shootings forcibly seize the loaded trucks and convey them to places other than their original destinations and there deliver the merchandise to those who paid for this thievery of it. Likewise, storehouses are often robbed with the connivance of those employed either by the law or by the owners to guard them, and all property of this sort is insecure wherever situate unless full credence can be placed in those who guard and handle it, and in those who, officially, and for emolument, connive with the owners of it.

The question of seizures, and the legal entanglements that appertain, are of serious import. Though the men engaged in this business are able to protect themselves in a measure against the operations of the agencies of the law by the skillful subornation of the law's agents, they on the other hand are susceptible to the informations that may be given to officials by persons in their own employ who are likewise in the employ of the officials. In other words, the use of stool pigeons, so called, is not confined to one side or the other, but may be resorted to by both sides, and is. Thus, no shipment may be held safe from the authorities by information gained from persons cognizant of the plans of the authorities, and any shipment may be lost by reason of treachery of employes of the owners and distributors.

However, though the losses by seizure are serious at times to the individuals directly concerned, the amount of merchandise seized is but a small percentage of the amount successfully received and distributed.

XIII

HAVING thus detailed the outstanding difficulties that beset this merchandising I now return to the material advantages of it and the offsetting conditions that exist. These are as follows:

Enormous profits;.
Popular support:
Power of money to secure immunity;
Congested courts;
Duplication of espionage.

The prices secured for this merchandise vary with localities, abundance of supply, character of local officials, protection-money requirements and quality of supervision.

Naturally, as in every other business, prices depend in a dominating measure on supply and demand. If large shipments have been received in any of the centers of population prices are lower than when liquor is scarce, but there is a rather sketchy basis of agreement among the various organizations that tends to stabilize the price somewhat. The conditions a distributor faces must be exceedingly onerous if he fails to double his money on each lot he handles, and the profits are more often than not much greater than that.

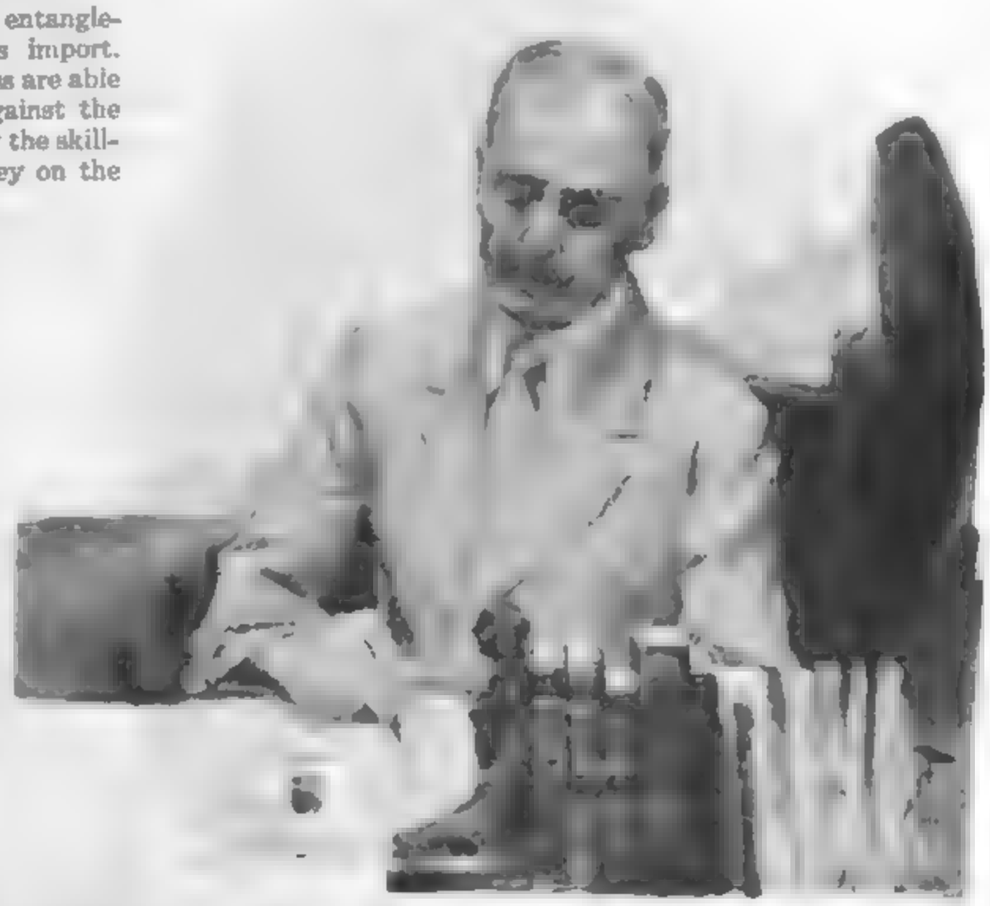
Any man who can make the proper connections need never figure on less than 100 per cent profit on each transaction, and if fortune favors him his profits may reach 200 or even 300 per cent.

All buying and selling transactions are cash. There is no credit in the business. All moneys paid out for expedition, protection and immunity from raids, arrest, and so on, must be cash also, because of a noteworthy and universal repugnance among those who take money to receive their payments in other than legal tender.

According to the best available statistics the consumption of alcoholic beverages of all kinds in the United States was practically twenty gallons per capita in the year 1917, and sixteen gallons per capita in the year 1918, or before prohibition was ordained by law; which is in round numbers 1,750,000,000 gallons per year. It goes without saying that these figures predicate a popular demand extremely difficult to extinguish by law, and that they also predicate a popular determination among habitual users to have alcoholic beverages both at whatever cost and in defiance of the law. This determination and demand, abetted by a skillful propaganda by various wet interests that the guaranteed liberties of the people were infringed by the passage of the prohibition law, have created a situation that redounds to the direct benefit of the bootlegging business, because it automatically creates their market and it has inculcated a wide popular sympathy and patronage of their merchandising. The people not only wink at the evasions of the law but aid and abet the evasion of it, which fact has worked to incalculable benefit to the active evaders and, in a strictly legal sense, breakers of it—to wit, the bootleggers.

Officials of all grades, from high to low, are not only human beings but, from high to low, are poorly paid. Consequently, when large sums are offered to them to induce them to tolerate violations of a law that they themselves may think is unjust they often take the money, salving their consciences, if any, with the thought that if they do not take it others will and that what they do is in reality

(Continued on Page 89)



I Have the Honor to Inscribe Myself, Very Truly Yours, Charles E. Dorian

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Dependable Watches for All, at Low Prices

COUNTRY-SIDE to city, cabin to palace, the world over, Ingersolls have won respect as good, "sensible watches." They are honestly made. They keep accurate time. They withstand wear and tear. They are real value. "No argument."

The sound guarantee of a great institution is behind every Ingersoll Watch.

In the event of possible loss, theft or breakage, the cost of a new Ingersoll is small, comparatively. Your dealer can show you a complete line, from $1.50 to $9.00.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
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Ingersoll Yankee
The Old Reliable. The most popular watch in the world. $1.50

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The Yankee, equipped for telling time in the dark. $2.50

Waterbury Radiolite $5.00
The best watch $5 will buy. Four jewels. Stylish 12-size.

Reliance $6.00
Seven jewels, bridge model. In gold-filled case at $9.00.

Wrist Radiolite $4
A serviceable wrist watch for women, boys, sportsmen, etc.

Ingersoll

"SENSIBLE WATCHES"

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

XXVIII

WHEN Mark Hanna died, February 15, 1904, no name but Roosevelt's was seriously mentioned for the presidential nomination. Roosevelt and Fairbanks were nominated in Chicago June 23, 1904.

The Democrats nominated Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, for President, and Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, for Vice President.

Until the middle of September, Judge Parker was thought to be sure of New York by one hundred thousand plurality. He was able and popular, and had the support of the New York Times, the World and the Democratic press of the country. But in October reports came in to Republican headquarters that prominent Democrats in different sections of the country were showing a disposition to vote for Roosevelt. Men who had been hostile to him were changing their attitude and praising some of his administrative acts.

On his return to New York at the end of October, John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, telephoned me an invitation to lunch with him. He said: "I lunched in New York two or three days ago with J. Edward Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank; he is very close to some of the National Democratic Committees. He told me of a meeting called in New York City about the middle of October by the State Democratic Committee to apportion money necessary to man the polls. One after another of the county chairmen reported a great change of sentiment from Parker to Roosevelt. They said leading Catholic Democrats in their district had announced they would vote for Roosevelt and were doing everything in their power to elect him, because of his action in the Friar troubles in the Philippines after Captain Father Vattmann's investigation. They predicted Parker would lose the state by a large plurality instead of winning by one hundred thousand, as was expected early in the campaign."

Such proved to be the case, as Roosevelt carried New York State by over one hundred and seventy-five thousand plurality. Parker received only some forty thousand plurality in New York City.

When the election returns were received on November 8, 1904, showing Roosevelt's overwhelming majority, he issued a statement through the Associated Press as follows:

> I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do.
>
> I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes on me, and I shall do all that lies in my power not to forfeit it.
>
> On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and the three and one-half years constitute my first term.
>
> The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

This totally unnecessary voluntary statement prevented Roosevelt from accepting renomination for a second term. He was filling out the unexpired term of President McKinley, but his definite statement that under no circumstances would he be a candidate for or accept another nomination made it impossible, with his code of honor, to break his word, as much as he deplored having made the promise.

He said to me once, "I would cut my hand off right there"—putting his finger on his wrist—"if I could recall that written statement!"

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President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Their Family at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay

XXIX

IN APRIL, 1905, President Roosevelt made a trip through the South and West, ending in a bear and lion hunt in the Rockies of Colorado. The party shot ten bears.

Sunday, May seventh, he returned to Glenwood Springs, leaving for Chicago the next morning to get the daylight ride through Colorado. He arrived in Chicago Wednesday morning, May tenth.

For some weeks Chicago had been in the throes of anarchy caused by the teamsters' strike. An employers' association was formed to break the strike. Business was completely paralyzed as far as horse service was concerned. All sorts of outrages were perpetrated on the few animals appearing on the street. Mayor Dunne was powerless to stop the disorder.

When it was published that Roosevelt was coming the employers' association appointed a committee to meet him Wednesday morning at Sterling, Illinois. The teamsters' committee went them one better and appointed some of the number to meet Roosevelt at Clinton, Iowa, about daybreak.

I wrote Roosevelt a letter to reach him Sunday morning at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, as he came out of the mountains. I told him of the plans to meet him, and warned him not to commit himself until he knew all the details. On receipt of my letter Sunday morning he wired Chicago he would receive no committee on the train, and sent me a telegram to meet him at De Kalb, Illinois, on arrival of his train at seven o'clock A.M. I did so.

Several hundred people were applauding his speech as he stood on the rear platform of his train. Frank Tyree, Roosevelt's bodyguard, took me in the front door of his private car. When the train started we sat down for breakfast and I told Roosevelt of the strike. He knew nothing of it except a small item he had seen in a Colorado paper.

I told him the teamsters' officials knew they were whipped and wanted an excuse to let go. They were going out to ask him to suggest arbitration to save their faces. I told him they deserved no consideration whatever.

The teamsters had asked for a meeting for that afternoon in the Congress Hotel, where Roosevelt was stopping. I advised him to see them, but to have Billy Loeb and a stenographer present to take down all that was said by both parties, to prevent any misquoting by the teamsters after he had left town, and then give them hell! He did so in true Rooseveltian style!

I also told him the Merchants' Club was to give him a luncheon, and asked him to say nothing of the strike, as it was beneath the dignity of his office to take a hand in a teamsters' strike. I told him that he was to be the dinner guest of the Iroquois Club, a Democratic organization, and sit next to Mayor Dunne, and I suggested that when called on for a speech he say in preface:

"Mayor Dunne, in your efforts to suppress disorder and strife you have my heartiest sympathy and support. If you need assistance call on the governor of the state. If he needs assistance call on the United States Government."

Roosevelt looked at the envelope on which I had written the above, and said:

"I know what I will say: 'Mayor Dunne, in your efforts to suppress disorder and strife you have my heartiest sympathy and support. Remember—back of the city stands the state, back of the state, the nation.'"

What he did say at the banquet follows:

"Mr. Mayor, as President of the United States and therefore as representative of the people of this country, I give you as a matter of course my hearty support in upholding the law, in keeping order, in putting down violence, whether by mob or by an individual. There need not be the slightest apprehension in the heart of the most timid that mob spirit will ever triumph in this country. Those immediately responsible for dealing with the trouble must, as I know you feel, exhaust every effort in so dealing with it before a call is made upon an outside body, but if ever the need arises, back of the city stands the state, and back of the state stands the nation."

The effect on the diners was electrical. They jumped on their chairs, cheered, and waved their napkins. Some in their enthusiasm wanted to hoist Roosevelt on their shoulders. When quiet was restored he made the set speech he had prepared and handed to the press. Next day the strike collapsed, and Roosevelt received the just praise he deserved from all over the country.

The New York Times, which was never overpartial to Roosevelt, printed the following editorial:

> RESPECT FOR THE LAW
>
> The reply of President Roosevelt to the representative of the striking teamsters of Chicago was dignified, intelligent and to the point. What is especially to be commended in it was the avoidance of any generalization which could be construed into an expression of sympathy with the attitude of the men, who, to accomplish a purpose, are maintaining the condition of anarchy in a great city.
>
> It would have been very easy for the President to say something intended to be emollient, which would have admitted of distortion into an expression of sympathy with their aims and means, etc., etc. *(Continued on Page 44)*

Eight cylinders that are almost prodigal in their abundance of power—

That give the final touch to all that has gone before in the way of power-pliancy and power-control—

That hold the higher speeds on and on, far beyond previous stock-car capacity.

Such is the new Peerless Eight—so fine and finished in performance that it sets up a new measure for quality among cars of the highest class.

Experienced motorists all over America are amazed and delighted by the abilities of this Peerless—even those who waited for it with eager confidence.

In its grace and dignity of bearing, it would be difficult to conceive a more satisfying car.

But it would be still more difficult to conceive one that would excel it in all the fine shades and phases of motor car behavior.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

Four Passenger Touring Phaeton
Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton
Two Passenger Roadster Coupé
Four Passenger Town Coupé
Four Passenger Suburban Coupé
Five Passenger Town Sedan
Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan
Five Passenger Berline Limousine
Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

HER MAJESTY—MOLLY

(Continued from Page 11)

It's practically impossible to maintain a coldly superior mien with the perspiration running down your face in rivers; and short-windedness is no sedative to a rising temper, as Molly Wills found out that afternoon. I won't say I was making it any too easy for her. It was my chance to find out if under her polished exterior she had the gameness to stand the bumps she'd get if she stayed in vaudeville; to find out if I'd guessed her chin right.

When she did explode, it was all over the place. After she'd messed up a routine four times by doing one step wrong or leaving it out, she concluded the fifth attempt by viciously launching the wrong foot out into space, taking most of the skin off my ankle with it in its impetuous flight.

"For the love of tripe!" I yelled, grabbing what was left of my leg. "Listen, Wild-Foot! The idea is to kick with me; not at me. It's stage dancing, not street fighting, I'm struggling to teach you. Now do me a favor and gather yourself; concentrate on that kindergarten step you've been falling all over yourself on. Try, if possible, to coördinate your mind with enough muscles to do that one step. And this time, try it alone."

"Try it! You mean watch me do it!" she flared at me. I watched her.

"By a miracle, you did it right."

"I know it—I know it!" she snapped. Hands on hips, elbows stuck forward, she boiled over as she glared at me. "Now that I've done it, was there any necessity for all the sarcasm and bad temper you favored me with?"

She was so little and so mad—so hopping mad—I could hardly keep my face straight.

"I leave it to you"—I had to grin—"five times you muffed the step. Then I emit a few plain words—and you do it right. What's the answer?"

She just stood there, her big eyes burning and flashing, her little bosom rising and falling fast, her fists clenched—and when she spoke it came straight from her heart:

"I could murder you when you look like that."

I'll swear I didn't mean to say it out loud, but—"I could hug you when you look like that."

"What!"

"I beg your pardon," I said quickly. "I didn't mean that."

Slowly her agitation froze into lofty and aloof calm. Absolutely regal she was, if anything under five feet can be, as she said wintrily: "I suggest, Mr. Stedman, that in future our energies, our conversations and any exchange of opinions between us be devoted exclusively to the business of the act."

"Whatever you say, Your Majesty," I said, kidding, so she wouldn't see how deep her call-down had cut.

"What did you call me?" she asked, surprised.

"Your Majesty. Is it objectionable?"

"I prefer it to Wild-Foot, at any rate," she replied. "Now, mister, do you know any other hard steps you think I can't learn?"

She was game, all right, and, almost as good, a willing worker. I never rehearsed so hard in my life as I did the next few days. So busy was I teaching Her Majesty the tricks that three or four slipped by before I remembered the one thing my partner could be depended upon to please audiences with—her appearance.

"About your costumes, now," I said one afternoon as we rested between rounds. "You know what colors you look best in; and, of course, you know more about style than I ever will. But I figure your first dress should be some sort of a snappy street outfit or maybe an afternoon gown. Then, while I'm singing my single number, you should change, I think, into an evening gown. That gown should be the big flash—an eye opener, daring; something that the women will try to memorize, something that will make every man in the audience want to climb up over the foots and grab you."

Her Majesty thought that over for a moment, nodding in agreement. "I have an evening gown that—but your idea is rather for something that will show a great deal of expense."

"Expense—and expanse," I grinned.

"That doesn't worry me," replied Her Majesty absently. "I was wondering ——"

She broke off as we both got a whiff of a strong cigar. There was only one place it could have come from—the plush curtains over the folding doors opening into the next room, in front of which we were sitting.

In one gesture I reached behind me and pulled one of the curtains aside. Between the narrow opening of the folding doors was the face of Big-Jaw the detective.

Slam! The doors shut. Click! The lock slid into place.

"Why—why was he spying on us? Who is he?" Her Majesty whispered. I could feel her hand trembling as she hung on my arm. Her eyes were like saucers.

"He's the detective who ——"

"Detective!" The color instantly left her face. Her little hand flew swiftly to her white throat. "Are—are you sure?"

"I saw his badge."

There was dead silence for a long second. Then slowly her cheeks colored again. The hand at her throat calmly tucked into place a loose strand of her hair.

It was a wonderful imitation of a casual smile she put on as she asked, "Odd, isn't it? What do you suppose his object was?"

She was a good actress, but she hadn't enough experience to get away with that nonchalant stuff with me.

"I admire your nerve," I couldn't help saying. "It's wonderful."

Her Majesty opened her mouth to say something, changed her mind, and turned away, biting her lip as though to prevent a secret from tumbling out. But she didn't turn quickly enough to hide the two big tears that scalded their way down her soft cheeks.

The least I could do was to let her know that I wasn't going to pry into her affairs if she didn't want to confide in me. So going as close to her as I dared I said: "Your Majesty, let me tell you something. Vaudeville is just like any other business, in one way; partners don't need to be partners except during business hours. As long as you attend to business and do your best to put the act over, what you do or where you go or who your friends are outside the theater is nobody's business but your own."

No answer. Only more tears.

"With these few remarks," I said, trying to lighten the gloom, "considering the lateness of the hour, and the hollow vacuum under my belt, the meeting will adjourn."

I hated to leave her all broken up and—funny how I couldn't help thinking it—lonely, but what else could I do, recalling her line about confining our conversation exclusively to the act?

Within twenty-four hours whatever pity I'd felt was wiped out and supplanted by—what's the use of lying?—suspicion. Four things happened.

First: Walking out of the hotel I met Sam Kovich. He looked worried.

"Have the cops got anything on you, Chick?"

"The cops!"

"You know you can trust me, Chick."

"I know it, kid. But there isn't a thing. On the level, Sam. Why?"

"There was a fellow come into the office asking about you and Miss Wills; a fellow with a big jaw. I sized him for a detective."

"What did you tell him?"

"What could I tell him, except that Miss Wills is lousy with money, and stage-struck, and came to me to spend some of it buying an act and getting a partner for her?"

"You mean she's putting up the cash for the act?" I asked, surprised.

"Didn't you know it?"

"You ain't stringing me, are you, Sam? You and she aren't ——"

"Chick, on my word, I've never seen the girl only three times in my life; once before and once after you met her in my office."

Putting up the money for the act, paying cash for the script and the songs—and she'd told me she was going into vaudeville for the money! So much for that.

Second: That night the Penwald thief got busy again. Only a fifteen-hundred-dollar diamond ring, on account of being disturbed while at work. As the newspaper put it: "A small fine linen handkerchief left behind, confirms the theory of police and detectives who all along have contended that the mysterious thief is a woman."

Third: A phone from Sam's stenographer relaying a message from Her Majesty asking would I meet her at Bryant Hall for rehearsal as she'd moved from the Penwald.

Fourth: When she showed up for rehearsal, in black hat, dark inconspicuous tailor-made suit, no jewelry or rings or anything to attract attention, she looked tired and listless. Her eyelids were puffed and reddened as though she'd been crying—or had stayed up half the night. And almost the first thing she said was, "How soon will we leave the city to try out the act?"

"Monday. Sam has booked us into Perth Amboy and New Brunswick. A week from Monday, if all goes well, we'll be up at the Harlem Opera House showing the office what we've got."

"It's going to be a success—it *is* going to be a success, don't you think?"

"It's got to be," I said.

Her eyes brightened. "That means we'll travel—Boston, Washington, Chicago, all of them. I'll be so glad to get out of New York for a while."

"I should think you'd be glad to get out of the Penwald, anyway," I said, pointing to the newspaper article.

Without the quiver of an eyelash Her Majesty glanced through the article.

Then taking off her hat and coat she said quietly, "They'll never catch her—following around picking up handkerchiefs. She's too clever for them. Are you ready, partner?"

Comes the Saturday night in New Brunswick before we went into the Harlem Opera House for the showing that would tell me whether there were two or three seasons' work waiting for us or whether I'd return to polishing the curbings in Long Acre Square. Working like dogs all week, I was satisfied we'd whipped out a clean, fast, high-class comedy act that would please big-town audiences. I'd wired Sam to O. K. our tentative booking at the Harlem. I wanted to begin earning some regular money as quick as possible, instead of the car-fare, coffee-and-cakes pennies which were all we could get in the break-in houses we were playing.

After her first nervousness Her Majesty had been improving with every performance. She was rapidly developing a trick of demure comedy that promised wonderful possibilities. But best of all, we worked together like clockwork—like a team that had been together for years.

So as I started packing up Saturday night I was feeling fairly confident, even though I was plumb sick and turned inside out with anxiety and nervousness.

Her Majesty was showing the strain too. For the last day or two there'd been a drawn look around her eyes and mouth, and she'd resorted to make-up on the street. Not that I'd seen much of her outside the theater. After the matinée and rehearsal she always had the property boy bring a sandwich and a pot of tea or coffee into her dressing room, and nights she always went directly to the hotel.

Picking up my stage dress trousers to fold them into my suitcase Her Majesty's purse, with her money and valuables in it, which I always slipped into my pocket before we went on the stage, fell out of the pocket. Falling, it struck on the clasp and opened. A slip of cardboard slid halfway out.

I couldn't help but see it was a pawn ticket; a ticket calling for a diamond ring—six hundred and fifty dollars—at a place I knew from experience you were lucky to get 30 per cent of the value.

Picking up the bag to replace the ticket I noticed more tickets, three of them, marked: Platinum lavallière with emerald; opal-and-diamond ring; engraved wrist watch. I looked at the dates. They were spread over the last three weeks, the last one—the six-hundred-and-fifty-dollar diamond ring—the day Her Majesty had moved out of the Penwald; the day following the latest Penwald robbery!

As I stood there, dumb, I heard a knock on my dressing-room door. Stuffing the bag into my pocket I hollered, "Come in."

It was the stage manager, an old friend of mine.

"Listen, Chick. There's a guy at the stage door wants to know where you work next week."

"Tell him we don't book that far ahead. What does he look like?"

"He's got a big jaw on him, and ——"

"Never mind the rest, buddy. I know him."

"Bill collector, is he?"

"He's a collector, right enough."

"Will I chase him for you, Chick? I know you been up against it, but you're bound to get a lot of work with this new act—and your new partner. Sweet cookie, can't that gal wear clothes!"

"She look that good to you?"

"She's a darb, Chick."

"I'll say she is. Listen, buddy." I'd got my plan thought out by that time. "Can you fix it to stall Big-Jaw while Miss Wills and I chase out through the front of the house and catch that 11:05 train?"

"Surest thing you know, Chick. Good luck to you Monday."

Sitting beside Her Majesty on the train I noticed how tired she seemed. I wondered if it was weariness or worry over when Big-Jaw would tap her on the shoulder and invite her to take a trip to headquarters with him. Turning her head suddenly she caught my expression.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her eyes keen on me.

"Why, nothing," I fluffed. "I was just thinking what the stage manager said. He thinks you're a wonder."

"Does he really?" A little smile loosened her tight lips.

"He says the act is bound to get over if on nothing else but your appearance."

Nobody could have expected the answer she made to that.

"Do you like the evening gown I wear?"

"Like it! Quit spoofing. I don't know whether it's the way it's made or the way it's worn, but the audiences we've been playing to haven't any ears—nothing but eyes—for a full minute after you enter in it."

"Do you think it's worth six hundred and fifty dollars?" she asked, as though she wanted approval.

"It'll be worth a lot more than that to the act," I told her. "Is that what you paid for it?" She nodded.

"That's an awful chunk to lay out for just one dress," I said.

"N-not if it's worth it," said Her Majesty, closing her eyes and leaning her head against the windowpane.

Six-fifty for a dress; just what she'd got for a ring; a ring she'd pawned the day after the last Penwald robbery; a robbery of a fifteen-hundred-dollar diamond, a fifteen-hundred-dollar diamond on which that shop she'd gone to would never lend her a nickel over six hundred and fifty dollars—without asking a lot of questions!

I rubbed it all out of my mind and tried to think of something else. No help from Her Majesty—not a word from her till we stepped off the train.

"Let me put you on the Subway?" I asked.

"No, thanks. Don't trouble. Good night."

Not till the next morning, when I found the New Brunswick pay envelope in my pocket, did I remember I'd forgotten to give my partner her share of our last three days' salary. Whether she needed the few dollars or not, I wasn't going to keep them a minute longer than necessary.

I got Sam on the wire. "What's Miss Wills' address?" I asked.

"Ain't it the Penwald, Chick?"

"No; she's moved."

"She didn't tell me anything about it."

"Listen, Sam; what did you charge her for the act? I want to know because I'm going to pay my share of it as soon as we get working. So tell it to me straight."

"I asked six, and took five hundred."

"Much obliged. Good-by."

Five hundred for the act. I'd asked because I'd remembered the figure on the lavallière ticket, dated the day I'd sat on the curbing reading about the different articles, including a lavallière, stolen from Room 2337, the day Molly Wills had paid for the act. And the figure on the lavallière ticket was five hundred dollars.

Walking from the phone to the window I looked down on the street. Strolling slowly, on the opposite side, were Big-Jaw and another heavy-set gent, smoking long cigars. As they passed, Big-Jaw jerked his thumb toward the house and said something to his friend. At the corner Big-Jaw waved good-by to his pal, and then turned and started slowly back again.

There was only one answer. Chick Stedman, the grandson of a preacher, was under surveillance. And why? On account of his partner. And who was his partner? What else could she be than a crook—a society kleptomaniac; a clever, highly educated, beautiful, refined thief! No wonder she

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

could put comedy over the footlights. If she was humorous enough to think up the scheme of letting the careless guests of the Penwald pay her bills with their jewelry, and nervy enough to go through with the scheme, she certainly had the two most important qualifications of a comedienne.

But why be a comedienne? For the money—she'd said. Sure. In vaudeville you go into a new town every Monday. Always you're moving—new audiences, new hotels every week. Hadn't she said "We'll travel—Boston, Washington, Chicago"? A new hotel in every town, a new batch of careless guests to relieve every week of their valuables. Saturday night in Providence, Monday in Philly; a week later Pittsburgh, then Cleveland. Up into Detroit and double back to Rochester; then Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis—a trail to discourage any detective.

A nifty scheme, with the sure-fire system she had; a much better scheme than the well-known stage beauty's—I worked on the bill with her many times—who robbed dressing rooms all over the country before they caught her. The better the act became known the safer Molly Wills would be. Miss Wills, of Wills and Stedman, drawing a large salary for headlining on the big time; with her appearance and class, who'd suspect her of being a kleptomaniac? What a foxy game she'd played, sitting in Sam's office, looking over the boys he brought in until she found one suitable and capable of putting across the sort of act she wanted to establish herself in—from New York to 'Frisco! And I'd been the one selected, the smoke screen behind which she'd work! What a heck of a day I put in, trying to figure what to do about it all!

I felt no funnier than a crutch Monday morning when I went out to the Harlem to rehearse the orchestra in our music, give the electrician our light cues, and arrange for a place in the wings for friend partner to make her quick change of costume. Even finding we were programmed Number Six, the best spot, the easiest place on the bill, didn't cause the glow it should have. Friend partner arrived, the doorkeeper told me, while I was out at the lunch counter, strangling a dry-as-dust sandwich down my dried-out throat. There was no excuse for my going to her dressing room. So I went to my own and began making up.

The old grease felt soothing on my face. The smell of the dressing room, the orchestra blaring out an overture, up above me Lou Long softening up a new reed in his jazz saxophone, from the stage the creak of pulleys as the Casting Costigans tightened up their apparatus—the combination of all of them drove other thoughts into the background until I was facing just one fact—that I was showing a new act to the office and once more it was up to me to prove there was a place for me in vaudeville.

I had my eye to a peephole, looking at the audience. I could see Sam and Eddie Wearing, Browny Clark and a couple of other big bookers; I saw Skim Kelly and his wife and a couple of other friends I could depend on to start the applause—when I heard Her Majesty's voice right behind me.

"Good luck, partner," she was saying.

Under her rouge I saw she was pale. Her eyes looked twice as big as usual—and hot. Her hand as she gave me her purse was trembling. Under her fine clothes and beautiful make-up I felt she was wilting.

"Partner," I said, praying I'd choose the right words, "you look beautiful. You're going to be a sensation. There's not a reason to be nervous today. Listen." The audience was laughing heartily at a gag that had just been pulled. "They're soft out there today—they're laughing and applauding at every excuse. We won't have to fight them—not this afternoon. We've got the best spot on the bill and a lot of friends out in front pulling for us. All we've got to do is take it easy, partner."

I shook her hand again. "I wish I was as sure of myself as I am of you," I told her.

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "You—you've been—whatever happens I—I'll never be able to thank you for your patience and hard work—teaching me——"

"Forget it," I broke in before she broke up. "If you hadn't had something to work on I wouldn't have wasted a second on you."

Two minutes later we were on.

Our first number got a couple of snickers and a fair round of applause at the finish.

"Why, how do you do?" I said, going into the dialogue. "What are you doing in the city?"

"Dad and I came to see the sights," said Molly demurely, "and you're the first one I've seen."

Wow! A laugh—a big one. I'd guessed right. Little Molly Wills, with her shy smile and cute trick of voice, would be a comedienne audiences would love to death.

Once started, the laughs came so fast I quit counting them. In three minutes, all warmed up, I was working better, smoother than I ever had before. I knew we had them—the audience—and I knew we had an act by the way they were eating it up. I started speeding up, watching Molly closely to see if she'd follow. She did. Oh, man, we gave them a show that afternoon!

When Molly came on in the evening gown the audience gasped—and then came a round of spontaneous applause that sounded like heavy seas breaking on a rocky shore. I caught Eddie Wearing nodding his head to Sam even before we went into our big finishing number, the one where we did the imitations.

Halfway through that number, with the customers out in front yelling and actually spoiling comedy points by laughing through them—I didn't dare slow up to wait for them; that's a trick you can't teach anyone, and even Molly Wills couldn't be expected to humor a laugh and wait for the next one with her short experience—halfway through the number I felt a change in my partner. The enthusiasm was gone suddenly from her work. She was forcing. I flashed a look at her. She had her little chin stuck out—fighting position. Her next line came through her teeth. She had her jaws clamped.

"Relax!" I whispered, nearly nuts at the possibility of her nerves beating us out of the riot finish we'd been building. "Relax; take it easy!"

She nodded. I ad-lib'd a couple of lines to give her a chance to get her teeth unclenched. I noticed her eyes flit to an upper box and then close. I looked up at the box. There was Big-Jaw, leaning over, watching us.

"You can't lay down on me now, young lady," I said, grabbing Her Majesty as the orchestra went into our dance music, and trying to get her mad enough to buck up. "Do you think I'm going to let you or anybody else crab this act? Come on!"

It worked. With the smile of an angel on her face Her Majesty raised the skirt of that gorgeous evening gown just the right height between dainty ankle and slender knee, and danced like a blooming puffball in a sweet summer breeze. Nobody in the house was looking at me. I didn't care. She was creating a sensation—and I'd taught her how!

Talk about panics! Six bows we took, seven, eight. The electrician doused the lights. Still they pounded for more. The orchestra played the introduction of the next act. The steady roar of applause drowned out the music. Molly, trembling and flexing her hands open and shut spasmodically, leaned heavily against me as we stood in the wings.

"We've stopped the show, partner," I said, "stopped it cold! We'll be booked for life!"

Up ran the stage manager. "For cripe's sake, Chick, go out and quiet 'em."

I took Her Majesty's hand and led her on.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began.

"Hurry, please!" whispered Her Majesty.

Thinking it was just her nerves, I smiled at her and went on.

"Miss Wills and I thank you from the bottom of our hearts——"

"Oh, please—hurry!" I heard Molly beg.

I nodded.

"—— for your generous applause ——"

"I can't ——" Her Majesty had turned green under her make-up.

"—— and appreciation. It has made us ——"

The grip on my arm relaxed. Molly's eyes were closing. I put my arm around her and got her over to the entrance as I talked.

"—— very happy"

Molly took the step that carried her off. Then she collapsed in a still, silent little heap on the dirty floor.

I carried her to her dressing room. A couple of minutes later the house physician and an usher came in. The doc bent over Molly.

"Call an ambulance," he ordered the usher girl.

"Ambulance! What's the matter, doc?" I croaked.

"Seems to be a case of exhaustion and ——" Once more his stethoscope crept gently over the powder laid white on Her Majesty's breast.

Molly's eyes fluttered open. "Am I going to die?"

"Certainly not," the doc smiled.

Molly closed her eyes again.

"When was the last time you ate anything, young lady?" the doc asked.

"I—I had a—a cup of coffee—yesterday morning," Molly whispered.

"And before that?" Her Majesty just shook her head. Slowly the doc turned on me. "You're her partner? And you let her starve? I'd like to horsewhip you."

"Starve!"

The ambulance clanged up to the door and took Molly Wills away. Molly—starving—and me with half a week's salary of hers in my pocket! But starving! Her Majesty—I couldn't make sense out of it.

Two hours later when I walked down the corridor of the hospital I met Big-Jaw coming out of Molly's room.

"The little lady's expecting you, son," he greeted me, "so I won't take only a minute. You've got an explanation coming. Here it is. Miss Wills was the first of the Penwald guests to be robbed. Four thousand in cash and jewelry, she reported. Within a week came three more robberies on the same floor. A couple of things tipped us off a woman was doing the jobs. Looking up Miss Wills we can't get a satisfactory line on her. For all we know, it's the old game of robbing yourself first to avert suspicion later. One day we get a description of a guy that's hocked a ring stolen from 748. The description fits you, young fellow, which I realize quick when I happen to see you and Miss Wills step out of the Palace elevator. You tell me the girl is your wife. Then you get cagy and beat it. Only one thing for me to think—your wife's doing the inside work and you're helping her dispose of the loot. Eh?"

"I've always talked too much," I said. "Go on."

"That's all. When I phoned the office after the matinée today they told me they caught the Penwald dips—Oil Cannon and his new wife. Keeping the dope from him got a confession out of him." Big-Jaw pulled a cigar from his pocket. "Have a smoke, kid. You got a great act."

I watched him walk away.

Then I walked in and laid the big bunch of roses I'd brought on Her Majesty's bed.

"Partner!" she crowed, and buried her face in the flowers.

Not knowing what to say or how to begin it, I didn't say anything.

When Her Majesty uncovered her face she was smiling. "What are they saying about our act?"

"I'm afraid of raising your temperature by telling you all," I said. "We're booked already into the Palace next week, and Sam insulted Goldman, who books the Chicago houses, by telling him that maybe in two or three years he could get us if we felt like traveling that far West. The only thing that's worrying Sam now is he's afraid he won't ask as much salary for us as the managers are willing to pay."

The sweetest smile imaginable crossed Her Majesty's lips as she buried her head in the flowers again. When she emerged it was with a question:

"I suppose you've come for an explanation?"

"Your Majesty, you can't tell me anything that will make me feel worse than I do. I don't deserve an explanation, anyway."

"Well, then, suppose—suppose a girl from way out West came to New York to meet friends who were to take her with them to Europe. And suppose, when she arrived, she found a telegram announcing a death in their family and the cancellation of the trip. And then suppose that all the girl's money and most of her jewelry were stolen from her room that night. Suppose, then, having no parents or close relatives, the girl telegraphed the guardian in charge of the little money she had—and found he'd gone on a two months' hunting trip in the Canadian Rockies. Wouldn't it look to that girl as though Mister Fate was throwing down a challenge to her to make good on her own?"

"It would to one girl I know."

"Suppose this girl was sensible enough to realize men liked to look at her and women liked to copy her clothes. Suppose she'd done amateur theatricals with fair success. Then suppose that she went into the first pawnshop she'd ever been in, left a perfect duck of a lavallière and, going to the Palace Theater Building, stepped out of the elevator the first time it stopped and saw the name Sam Kovich, Producer, on a door. When she saw the interest in Mr. Kovich's eye as he passed to enter his office, wouldn't she follow him in?"

"Sure, she would."

"Suppose she was introduced to an otherwise interesting-looking young man who was inclined to take her as a joke; a young man who amused himself by blandly ——"

"No, Your Majesty," I cut in. She went right on.

"—— by blandly suggesting a banquet room in the best hotel in town for a rehearsal hall. Wouldn't that annoy the girl sufficiently to engage the banquet room for a week of afternoons—even if she had to pawn her wrist watch to pay for it?"

"Holy smoke!"

"Then suppose this superior young man, with the most aggravating grin that anyone ever had, calmly told her to go out and spend a young fortune on a gown. Before she could screw up courage to explain that her finances were very ill, that she owed a two weeks' hotel bill and had only her diamond ring and family seal ring left as assets, suppose the superior young gentleman coolly informed her that what she did or where she went or what she thought outside of business meant nothing in his young life."

"I was referring to the detective."

"Ah! But suppose the girl didn't dream the detective was interested in her. She'd done nothing. Wouldn't she naturally conclude said detective was shadowing her partner?"

"I!"

"Wouldn't the prospect of losing all the money she'd spent induce heart failure? Suppose she, most graciously and humanly, invited the young man's confidence by asking, 'What do you suppose he wants?' in the hope she might help him or bail him out or something; wouldn't she feel rebuffed and rather heartbroken when the young man callously told her he admired her nerve?"

"But, Your Majesty ——"

"And, finally, after moving into a dirgy hall bedroom, suppose the only way she could get herself and her six-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gown to Perth Amboy was by swearing on a stack of Bibles to pay the landlady what she owed from the money she'd get on Wednesday night. And, lastly, after paying that bill and holding out enough to pay her room rent in New Brunswick, suppose she had exactly eighty-five cents left with which to buy meals for three days. Will you tell me how she could possibly get indigestion on that?"

"But Sunday; why didn't you ring me up?"

"You'd never told me where you lived. And today I was too hungry and nervous to eat, anyway."

"Your Majesty," I said, all choked up, "when brains were being given out I was behind the door somewhere. I'm so ashamed a five-ton truck could run over me and leave me feeling no flatter."

A long silence.

"Chick," I heard, soft. It was the first time she'd ever called me that. "Chick."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Her forehead puckered up; she was running a little finger around the petal edges of a big rose.

"Considering that we're going to be together so much, and that I'm apt to be a great bother traveling, and because you're the only single soul I know east of Omaha, would it be asking too much—I mean I think it would be a lot more sociable and partnerlike if you would call me by some other name than Your Majesty."

Bending over I took her hand in both of mine. And because I'd wanted to do it for three weeks I kissed the pink little finger tips I was holding.

I'll swear I heard a sigh. Maybe it was the nurse who had to come butting in just then with a tray.

"Time's up," the nurse told me.

"Get a good rest, Your Ma—Molly."

"Thanks, Chick. Geminy, weren't we a riot this afternoon!"

"Wait till they see you at the Palace."

"Me? No, you're the clever one, Chick. All I do is ——"

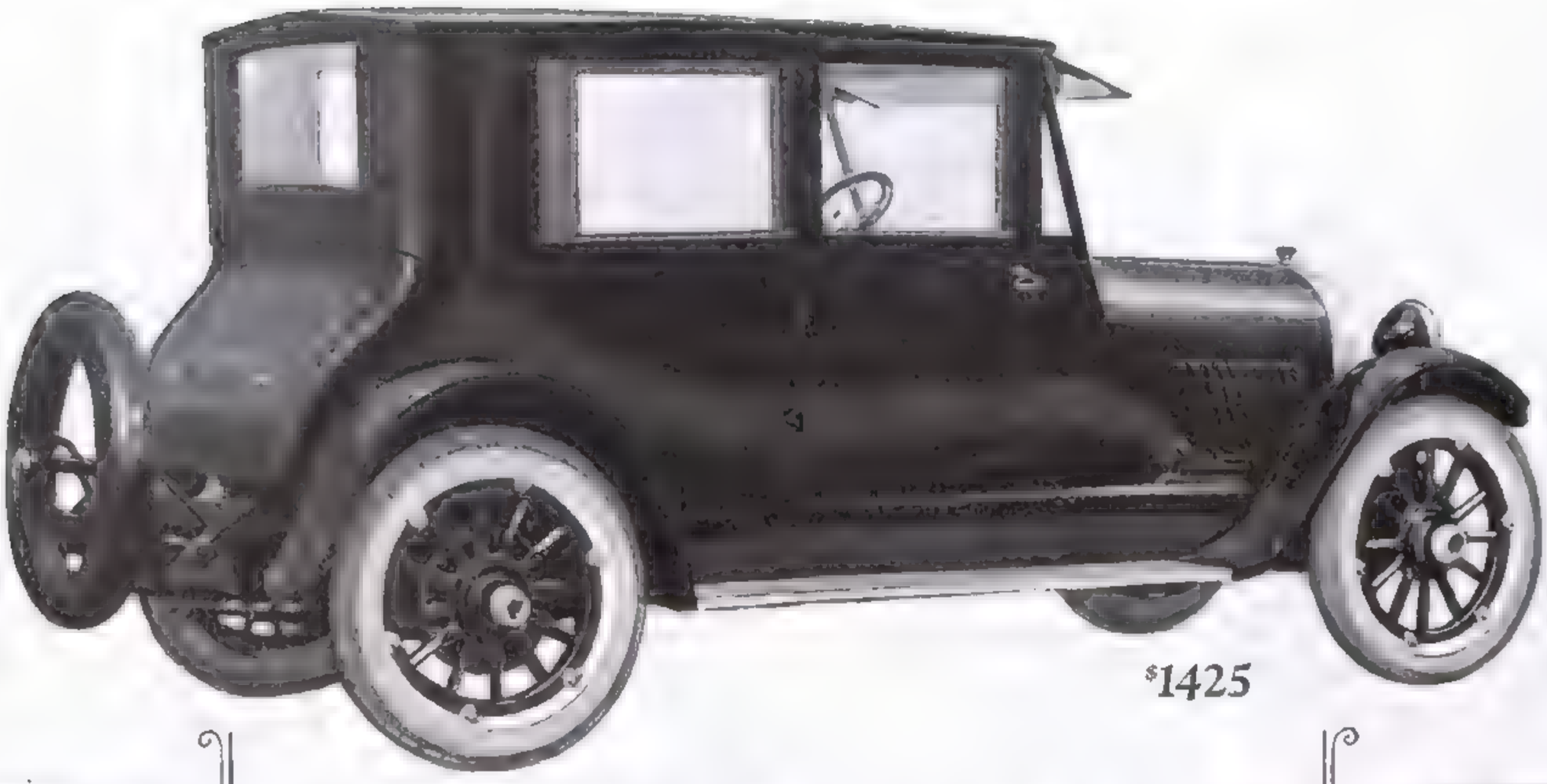
"All you do is panic everybody that sees you," I said.

I knew it was a sigh that time. "If you'd only said that two weeks ago!"

"You'll hear it pretty often in the weeks to come," I promised.

"That'll be nice. Bye-bye, Chick."

"Bye-bye, Your Ma—Molly."



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"Why, I don't know, sir!" says he. "I don't remember seeing any!"

"That's a hell of a note!" says his superior, real mad. "What were you doing all the time I was on my way out? The man didn't die without cause. He was shot. The gun didn't walk away. Search the woman!"

I shrunk back against Adele when he said that. I felt that if any of them touched me I would die. I couldn't stand it. If they was to look me over they would get it anyways, so why not volunteer and save myself the mortification? Thinking this I put my hand down the front of my dress and pulled out Nicky's gun. It was the only thing to do.

"Here it is!" I says. "I picked it up from the floor when I come in."

"Aha! I thought as much!" says the inspector, his face lighting up with satisfaction, and reaching out for the gun. I let him take it and he slipped it into his pocket. "I am much obliged, Miss Delane," says he. "A very simple case, this, as I see it. Jealousy, I suppose. Will you come along quietly? I assure you it will be far better for all of us if you will."

I nodded dumbly, and patted Adele on the hand, for she had commenced to cry.

"It's all right, mommer," I says. "I am not guilty and they can't hurt me any Wait and see."

"Guilty?" says mommer between sobs. "I should say not! Why, mister, that gun is merely a stage one and belongs to Austin Nickolls, her director. He loaned it to her."

"Well, she seems to of made considerable use of it!" says he.

"I tell you I didn't!" I says wildly. "I never fired it but once in my life and that was in a picture!"

Well, just as I had shrieked this out we heard a bell clanging down the street, and outside the door the by now quite large crowd set up a murmuring and so forth, and it was the ambulance at last, and pretty soon in come the doctor, and still another cop was with him.

"Hello, Faulk!" says this newcomer. "Hello, Brady. What's up?" Then he seen Strickland, and next myself standing between a spare cop or so, and mommer. His eyes like all the rest nearly bulged out at my clothes.

"Phew!" says he "Little side show from Mexico, eh? Well, let's see how much damage the lady did!"

That was the most awful part of all, the way everybody took for granted that I was guilty. The doc went at once in the same casual way over to Stricky, and knelt down beside him. I closed my eyes as he leaned over and commenced to turn the body around. The room went black to me and there was a moment of deathly silence. And then there come a strange sound. It was a full moment before my brain registered what that sound meant. And then in a mad rush of understanding I knew.

Stricky had moaned!

"Good Lord!" says the inspector. "Then he's not dead?"

"Not in the least," says the glorious, handsome wonderful young doctor in accents like magic. "It's hard to kill these picture hams—they are a tough lot. He's had a bad blow on the head. Very likely hit it on the table when he fell. He's been shot in a couple of places all right, but they don't amount to much. He'll be around in a day or two, and able to start suit to his heart's content!"

Over the clamor that arose then come Adele's voice, strong and clear as a steam whistle.

"If Stricky ain't dead, then you can't hold Bonnie!" she yelled, her old capable self once more.

"Yes, we can," says the inspector sharply, like a lion cheated of his prey. "We must make sure that he will live. I shall have to make an arrest. Sorry, Mrs. Delane, but it can't be helped. The evidence is too strong, and we don't allow folks to go around shooting up the town, you know!"

Well, that was a body blow again, but in comparison to what five minutes ago I had thought I was up against, it was a mere nothing! Stricky was groaning good and healthy as they carried him out to the ambulance, and I had great hopes. And considering he had been cheated of a first-class Spanish-American murder by a hair's breadth the inspector acted real nice, because he let us all go to the police station in my own car instead of the black Maria. And to tell the truth even jail would have listened well to me in comparison to that awful bungalow and the horrors of the past hour.

I don't know have you ever been in court—that is, as a prisoner. But if ever you have you will appreciate how different a place like that looks to a near-convict from the time a person goes there merely to look on and say ain't crime disgusting and thank goodness I am not in that class and so forth the way some people do. And if a person is at all sensitive, why after once being innocent but hauled before a police captain which is where we was hauled, why they will in future for the rest of their life feel hesitating about looking over even the animals in a zoo, because who knows but they got minds and can suffer the same as we?

Well no sensitive-plant in any botanical garden had anything on me for misery when I stood up before the captain and told my story about Anita and Strick and how she had phoned me and so forth. But somehow I went through with it. I did it as brave and quiet as I could, even when Nicky's gun was brought out of his pocket by the inspector and laid on the desk in front of the captain.

"So this belongs to Austin Nickolls, does it?" says the captain. "A fine chap—I met him once. Didn't I hear some talk about a row at Atlas Smith's place last night? Where is Nickolls, anyhow?"

"Please, I think he is at home," I says. "If he had anything to do with this, your honor, he would be the first to report it his own self!"

"I believe you!" says the captain. "Say, Brady, just see if you can get a line on Nickolls, will you? Telephone his house!"

Well, this Brady he went away to do like he was told, and mommer went to another booth to call the studio and get Milton Sherrill, for the captain was a good scout and a fan of mine and of Nicky's and says well he guessed he could let me go out on bail if it was big enough, and of course Milt was the financial man to do it. And also some officers then went off to see could they locate Anita any place, and for another long dreadful spell of endless minutes all I could do was sit still and wait and wonder.

When I thought of Milton Sherrill and the errand which he would presently come here on, I wished that I was dead, or at least could somehow die before he saw me, or rather before I seen the coldness which must surely come on his face when he found me a jail bird, or practically the same thing. Whatever I had hoped and dreamed of for the future, as far as it concerned Milt, why that was all over now. I was disgraced in his eyes beyond any hope, because believe me Milt didn't seem the kind of man who would ever think of marrying a person who had been arrested on a charge of the kind that I had been. And while I never for one moment doubted but that he would come at once and go on my bail, and so forth, why the newspapers would never keep my secret, and he would put me out of his mind as far as serious intentions went, because of course his wife would have to be without a reproach, even a false one. It was realizing this wiped all hope out for me, and now that my future life was ruined, why I wasn't sure but that it would be a whole lot happier for all concerned if I could be hanged for Strick's murder after all.

Well, in a police court time don't hang heavy on a person's hands, at least not if they are the prisoner and things keep developing in the way of evidence. And just as I had got so low in my mind that if I had got any lower I would of been sunk entirely, why in comes Brady with news to the effect that John Austin Nickolls was not only out but he hadn't been home for the last twenty-four hours, and his car hadn't been home, either.

"That looks bad!" says the captain briskly, in the horrid way a person naturally does when it is their business to hope for the worst. "Here Nickolls has a fight with Gregory Strickland, and the next thing we know, Strickland is found unconscious in his home, with two gun wounds in him made by Nickolls' revolver, and Nickolls has vanished without a word!"

Well, we was all on our feet by then, I'll tell the world, our eyes glued to the police captain as he talked with relish. And because of this, why we didn't notice anybody new had come in until a voice behind me interrupted.

"How do you know those shots were fired from Nickolls' gun?" says the voice, very clear and quiet.

I turned around, trembling all over, and there was Milton Sherrill. It was him who had spoke. Then he pointed at the gun, which still lay on the captain's desk where the inspector had put it.

"Has anybody taken the trouble to break that gun?" Milt went on.

There was a half moment of surprised chatter before the captain commenced to rap for order and silence, and so forth. But he took up the gun and broke it, and behold! the gun was completely empty!

"Well, I'll be shot!" says the captain, mad as a hatter and immediately finding himself a alibi. "Why the devil didn't you look at this thing properly, Faulk, before you handed it over? This gun is not only unloaded but it has not been fired for a long time. Smell of it!"

Well, the inspector took the gun and smelled of it like he had been told, and looked a perfect fool. But only for a moment or so. Then he turned on poor Brady, who seemed the most convenient goat.

"Say, Brady, why didn't you break this gun?" he demanded furious. "The idea, you blockhead!"

"Excuse me, sir," says Brady as red as a beet, "but it was you who took it off of her."

And then nobody could say a word because they had all acted like a bunch of dumb-bell cops out of a Knute Divers' comedy and talking wouldn't help any. Milton Sherrill smiled a grim little smile, and come over to my side.

"Don't you worry about this, B. McFadden!" he says in a low tone. "I started pulling a few wires on my way out, and the bail is all taken care of. I am sorry to keep you so long, but I came as quickly as I could."

"Oh, Milton!" I says. "Say it wasn't Nicky! There are other guns in the world, you know, and those two had an awful row!"

"You have less faith in Nick than I have," says Milt a little coolly, or so I imagined. "He has gone to San Diego. He left after the rumpus last night, and has been driving about like a madman ever since, to cool off. He telephoned me an hour ago, and so you see it is impossible for him to be implicated in any way."

I went sort of cold all over. Why should Milt put so much stress on Nicky's innocence and say so little about my own? Was the stain on my good name working as fast as all that? Oh, it was dreadful! All at once I realized I had come to the end of my nerve.

"You and Adele had better come along in my car," says Milt in that awful, tense quiet way. "They don't need you here any more, B., and won't need you again unless Strickland makes a charge."

His tone was too much for me. I couldn't reason, I couldn't protest. The world begun to go black before my tired eyes and I felt like I was going crazy, or about to die, or something, or both! Milt did not care! He had come only for business reasons! What a fool I was, what a fool, and how awfully, terribly, I loved him! The police-station walls commenced acting very funny; they leaned towards each other. The ceiling slanted and the floor raised up. And then all of a sudden there was no Milt, no court room, no nothing. Just a blackness where I was alone—entirely alone.

When I come to I was laying in my own bed, in my own room with mommer sponging my forehead with something cool and sweet-smelling, and a doctor I had never seen before but he had a kind face, well, he was saying something about overstrained nerves and a long rest.

Now I'll tell the world that right up to the point of this doctor saying this mouthful, I had an idea nerves was something to be pulled as an excuse and nothing more, and believe me they are all too often only that. Nerves is mostly nonsense, but sometimes they do get overstrained, and it sure seemed like mine had, and I come to realize, through the week that followed with me that had never before been sick in my life, laying flat on my back, that maybe a rest now and then is as important to a person's business or artistic career as hard work is. Of course I had heard this remark made in the past, but on account of pop being the one who made it, why I had not thought it could be true.

So I just lay there quiet, seeing nobody except only mommer, and allowing her to make up my mind for me on every little matter. And all those members of the public which their family has allowed them to take the entire responsibility and do all the dirty work of supporting the home and so forth, will at once realize how much I enjoyed being sick. And all this time mommer wouldn't let me say one word about Stricky, or the whole affair.

But being a healthy person by nature and disposition, and a worker by habit, why there come a day when the novelty wore off and I wanted to set up and eat meat. And it happened that this day Nickolls come to see how was I.

Of course he had done it every other day as well, but up to now I hadn't seen him or Bert Green or even Axel, and heaven knows nobody could rightly accuse Axel of being a mental strain, but mommer wouldn't let him up, either. Each day Milt had called up or sent flowers and come to the house a lot. But him I would not of faced at any price, just then.

Well, this meat-eating day I am telling you about, Nicky come at the right moment. And when mommer tiptoed in with some milk toast and the news that he was downstairs I says for her to trade in them slops for a hunk of raw beef or something and to send him right up, because my mind had commenced to work, and I might as well try it out on him as anybody.

"Oh, honey, I don't know should I let you!" says mommer. "They say when the devil is ill the devil a saint will be, but I always say a ounce of prevention is better than a relapse!"

"Oh, send him up, mommer, please!" says I. "And I will promise not to sprain my mind."

So mommer says all right, and steered the bread and milk out again and pretty soon Nicky come clumping up in the bashful way a decent bachelor has in a girl's sick room, and the nicer they are the awkwarder. But he was awful glad to see me, and set down at once on the side of my bed.

"Nicky dear!" I says. "Oh, but I am glad to see you! You are the only one I could talk to, and I just got to talk—I got such a lot of things I want to ask, and mommer keeps giving me only a soft answer. And believe me, Nicky, this is one time it don't turn away wrath but I dasn't let her see it."

"Little Bonnie!" says Nick. "You have given us such a scare! Are you better, really?"

"You bet I am!" I says. "And I just got to know what has been going on. I know Strickland didn't die. Even mommer told me that much. But what has he done? And Anita—where was she? Were the newspapers dreadful? Did they say terrible things about me? Oh, Nicky, tell me the whole truth—it will be so much easier for me if I know, than it is to lie here imagining things!"

"Poor kid!" says Nicky. "Of course I will. Well then, the papers aired the affair, of course, but they were all for you, Bonnie, and the way you responded to Anita's call for help. She did it, of course, no matter what Strickland says about the whole thing being an accident."

"An accident!" says I. "Of course that was it! I should have guessed. Go on, Nicky!"

"Well, when the good-for-nothing scamp came to in the hospital he spilled the beans at first. He was mad at Anita, mad enough to have her arrested. But he renigged later. It appears that Anita was jealous of him, and that she was in debt up to her neck. Strickland had promised her five hundred dollars to keep her from being put out of her place, and then as usual, he hadn't made good. He'd stalled her off for several days. The afternoon of the shooting Anita came to see him, desperate for her money. I suppose Strickland couldn't come across and they had a row. He now says Anita took his gun out of the top drawer of his bureau and threatened to kill herself, and that he seized it. They struggled and the gun went off. At least

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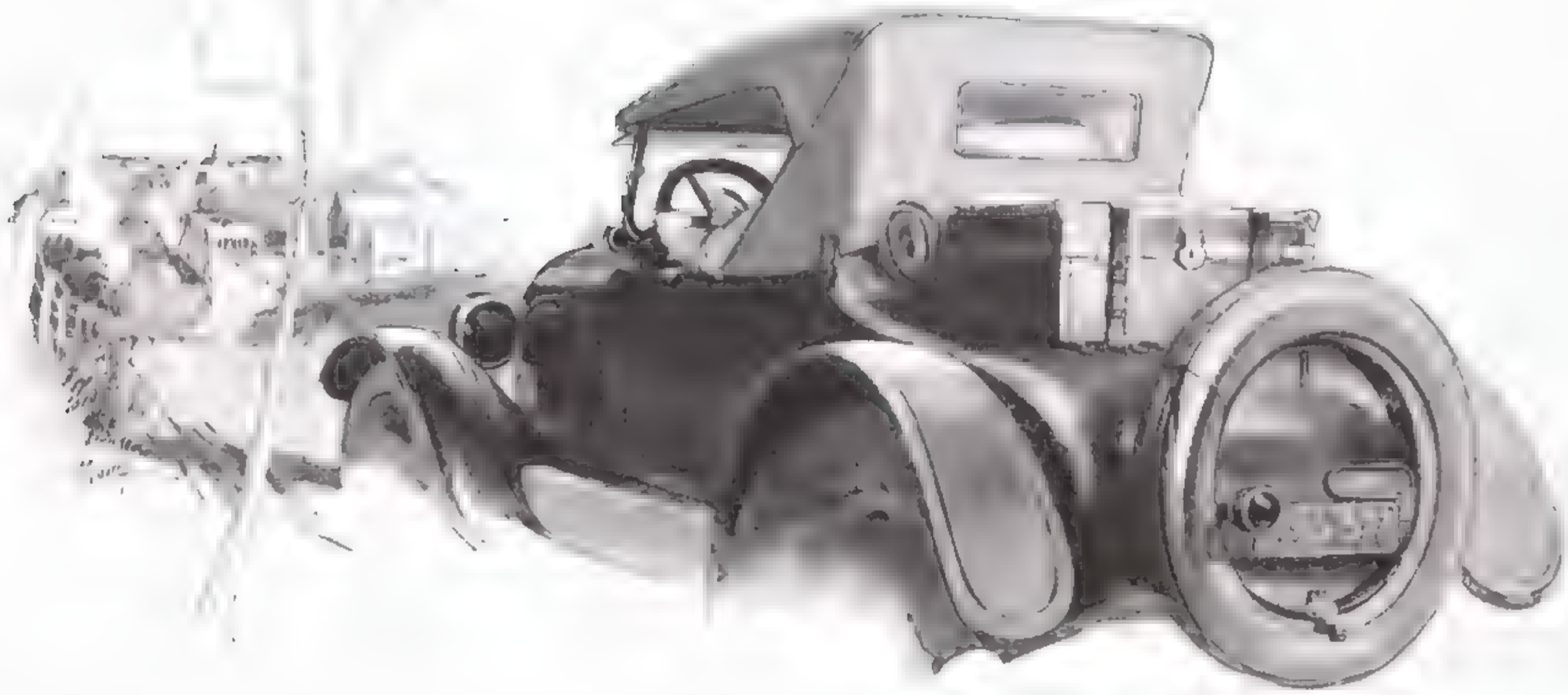

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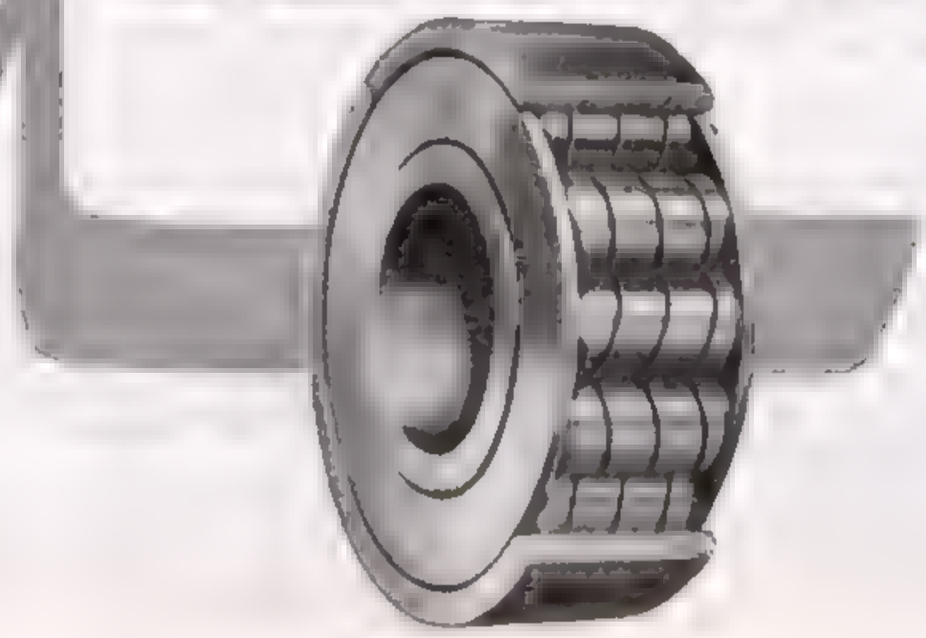

(Continued from Page 38)

that's his present version. He has told several, each more dramatic than the last. But he won't press any charge, and she has left town."

"How dreadful!" I says. "Where was Anita that afternoon when I—when——"

"They found her back in her room, full of hop," says Nicky. "She had the gun with her and she was too dazed to even attempt getting away. Her creditors auctioned her furnishings yesterday. It's a nasty mess, little Bonnie, but it is behind you, remember that. You have got to put it out of your mind."

"Somehow I don't seem able to," I says. "Oh, Nicky, what's the matter with Hollywood? Why do we get in such messes?"

"We don't, generally," says he promptly and firmly. "The rotters do. And there are a few rotters in every profession, Bonnie. Our community, through its very nature, is more conspicuous, that is all."

"I don't know that you are right, Nicky!" I says earnestly. "I want to get away from this town for a while, and think things over. I've had a big jolt, and I got to get myself straightened out. I want to go some place where I am away even from you and mommer and so forth, and where there is nothing to remind me of the studio."

"You must do it, then," says Nicky understanding at once. "We will wait for you, on The Scarlet Letter. You are not to come back to work until you are well."

"Oh!" says I. "The picture! We was right in the middle of it, wasn't we? But I can't come back just yet. I got to have a breathing spell."

"I tell you what," says Nicky. "You go out to my ranch for a week. At least I call it that. In reality it's just a shack down near Santa Ana, but over on the ocean side. It's miles from anywhere, and is the place I run to when I need perspective. There is a nice old couple who live there and look after it for me, and I'll write them tonight. It's just the place you need."

I looked at his kind eager face and the tousled lion curls, and my eyes filled with tears like a regular sentimental dumb-bell. To think I had such a grand friend!

"Nicky, you are a peach and I will accept!" I says gratefully. "It will be like escaping into heaven."

And it was. There is some people thinks California is Hollywood, and some that thinks it is San Francisco or Los Angeles, and yet again a few who admit there are groves, and so forth. But the part of California which best expresses the spirit of it all is not the prosperous cities or orange trees or walnuts and grapes or good roads, though there are enormous crops of all of these, but the naked rolling hills of California which swell and fall in great smooth sweeps along the coast between the valleys and the sea.

These hills is peculiar, I do believe, and like no others in the world. They are profoundly quiet and though bare, are full of promise. They are open and plain to see for miles whichever way you look, and in the cañons between them there is great oaks growing clean and strong, small forests of ancient giants as you might say, evergreen and tremendous, once you are down among them, but seen from the bare crest of the nearest hill they seem a mere patch of darkness or like the shadow from a cloud. And along the outer edge of these hills and cañons sweeps hundreds of miles of golden beach with them lace-fringed jade-green breakers breaking on them, like I have told you before, and in the lonely places, wild sea birds by the thousands, crying.

But it ain't lonesome, none of it. Because a person knows them treeless hills are so rich that you could grow roses on them anywheres. All through the dry season they are brown, and then like a miracle a week of rain will have them green as the far-famed ones of Ireland only with the addition of golden poppies. And another reason why these vast hills is not a lonesome place. They are well-proportioned. You don't feel lost in a big room if it is shaped right. And the same is true of these hills I am telling you about, and there is no use in you laughing and passing some remark to the effect that Nature can't go wrong and so forth, because that is a big mistake and Nature has pulled a lot of boners the same as any natural person does, but the California coast is a big success, and its beauty both rests and inspires a person, no matter how many times they see it.

Well anyways, this ranch which Nicky loaned me was set on one of these hills like as per see above, and it was the very place I needed. I had trouble getting away from mommer but finally I did, and for a week I rode the lonesome trails around the neighborhood of this ranch on Nicky's little old friendly pinto pony, or sat on the porch and watched the Pacific swallow the setting sun, and I thought and thought and each day things got clearer to me about what I had ought to do with the rest of my life. And the conclusion I come to was that I would have to leave the pictures.

It was a terrible decision, and just what I would go to work at after I got out, I hadn't decided. I couldn't see beyond the, as you might say, fatal step. But to continue working in the same business, on the same lot with Milton Sherrill now that I was automatically put out of reach of ever being his wife, was impossible.

Nobody had come near me during the time on the ranch, and I had not even had a letter from mommer. I had expressly wanted to be cut off entirely from the world, and things had worked out fine, for I now had my decision clear. I would go and see Milt and tell him that while I would of course finish the interrupted picture, it would have to be my last one, and I would beg him to let me out of the rest of my contract.

XIV

THE moving-picture world is the only one where a lady can safely reminisce without its being a confession of age. To recall the days when Lillian Gish was knee-high to a vaudeville act is no sign a person is in any dotage, and even the ones who admit to remembering when Charlie Chaplin was only getting five hundred a week don't necessarily have to be gray around the temples.

And seeing that to be the true fact, why naturally I personally myself do not hesitate to publicly look back to the day of my interview with Milton and all that it has since come to mean to pictures. Of course I got as much modesty as any other successful woman, but I can't help but realize that only for things working the way they done, why pictures would not be what they are today.

Well anyways, I set out from Nicky's ranch alone in my car, my mind all made up to go right to the Silvercrown lot and get things over and done with. For if a person has decided to have a tooth out, or take up a note, or any other painful operation, why it is a good plan to have it no sooner said than done, as the poet says, and so I didn't even go home to my Spanish Fandango first, but merely telephoned mommer that I was headed for the studio, made sure Milt was going to be in his office, and got on my way.

Well I'll tell the world I was as depressed as a cold waffle when I left the ranch. Sweet daddy! I'll say so! Because here I was about to sine my life ambition and so forth, and the nearer I got to Hollywood the less I liked my duty, and the temptation to shirk it stole over me like a frost. As I went by the Jago lot, which was the first big studio that I had to pass on my way in town, my heart give a silent groan as you might say, like a mother responding to her babe, and then it give a leap of curiosity, because the Jago was plainly closed.

Well well, I thought, ain't it remarkable how things changes in the pictures and when you come back after being away for a week why you never can tell who has failed or succeeded, and goodness knows maybe I will find that Axel is now a star, and I says this to myself because it was the most unlikely thing that I could imagine.

The town of Hollywood itself was in one of its gay moods too. It seemed to me I had never been there when it was so crowded with snappy people and bright clothes, and even the gardens looked like they had burst out into extra bloom just to get my goat. It all looked good in the way anything you are about to give up forever, does, and any woman who has given away a dress or a hat, if nothing more serious, will at once understand my feelings.

The usual herd of cars was crowded about the Silvercrown curbs, and there sure was nothing shut-up-looking about our—that is, their, lot! Actually it made me a little sore to see things going on much the same and in fact a little more so while I was away and was, further, about to get out for good. Busy? Right then the Silvercrown looked to me like the busiest place in America. A big crowd of extras was going off on a desert location, and Axel in a Arab costume waved to me from the middle of the bunch as I parked my car and headed for the office. Nicky grabbed me by both hands at the main entrance, and then dusted away in a big hurry.

Once inside, and past the welcome of the office force, I could see Trixie Trueman, with McGee directing, working over on Number Four. They were making a drawing-room sequence, and somehow the sight made me wild. Everywhere, all around me, the crowd was busy, hard at work, interested, and suddenly the full realization come over me that all this had been going on while I was away, and would continue to go on after I had left. And at the thought something inside my mind got up on its hind legs and hollered, and it was all I could do to keep the tears of self-pity out of my eyes.

"Now, B. McFadden," I says to myself, "you keep steady! Your mind is made up—a real decision that was two weeks in growing. So don't you go letting any momentary jazz upset the whole business!"

And then, feeling considerably stronger, I went along to Milton's office and says to the outside girl can I see him and she says yes, in a moment, he is busy. And actually I had to set and wait, and this didn't make me a whole lot happier, either. Sweet daddy! I could actually feel my strength of mind running out the ends of my fingers and toes! It made me wild to sit there like a dumb-bell applying for her first job or something, and I wanted to show them I was somebody. Then I again remembered I was getting out, and that a year from now nobody would even remember who I was, or anything!

Well, in the middle of these happy thoughts Slim Rolf come out of the teakwood temple and says hello Bonnie glad you are back and so forth, and then I actually got permission to go in to see Milt. And when I got in he was alone but talking on the telephone, and so merely give me a gesture to sit down, which I did, mad clean through. And then I waited and waited while Milt listened and says Yeh, yeh, no Al, yeh, for what seemed about a year. Then at last he hung up.

"Well, B.!" he says. "I say, this is fine! You look wonderfully, and it does my eyes good to see you back again. Are you absolutely all right?"

"Yes, Milt," I says firmly. "I am righter than I've been in a long time. So right that I——"

"Great, great!" he interrupted me, slapping the arms of his chair and springing up. "Able to come back to work tomorrow?"

"Yes, Milt," I says. "I can come back and get this picture finished right away, but then——"

"Then we are going to put you over really big!" says Milt. "Look here, B., do you remember that picture you made with Nickols—Alias Cinderella?"

Did I remember it? Sweet daddy!

"Say listen, Milt, are you cuckoo?" I says. "I guess my memory is that long, all right. I'm hardly likely to forget that one time I was a star."

"Well," says he, deadly serious, "it is a great picture! I saw it last week up at Fresno, and I have bought it in cheap. We are going to call it The Stepchild and release it as a new issue with you as the star. We will spend a lot of money on it, and it will be the picture of the year. Why, it's a great picture, I tell you, B., and you certainly have a wonderful future!"

Whatter you know about that! I felt kind of limp and weak, and floored. Nicky's picture! How things did work around in circles for sure. Poor Nicky, after all his labor, the result would appear as a Silvercrown release. It wasn't fair! And yet it couldn't be helped. I felt sick over it, and I tried to tell Milt so.

But as he sat there, his handsome face all alight with excitement and interest, why what I had come to say wouldn't quite reach my lips.

"I had no idea you could act as you did in that picture!" Milt was saying. "Why, child, you are amazing!" Then he pulled a line which at first I couldn't realize that he had said it, and thought well, I guess I didn't hear right. "And it's not only because I love you that I think you are a great actress," says he.

I could only stare at him without a word. He got up and come over and sat beside me on the window seat, which is where I was.

"B. McFadden, don't tell me that you are surprised," says he. "You must have known it all along. Why, I have loved you since that very first day on the train. When will you marry me, dear?"

Well, I got considerable respect for my public, and of course will admit they got a right to know all about me up to a certain point, beyond which they can go no whicher. Also I realize that a public person and great artist has no private life and so forth, but there is a limit to even that, just the same, and refinement compels me to draw the line some place, and that place is the rest of what I and Milt said and did after the above sequence, and I am not going to give you the conventional full close-up. Anyways, the censors have taken to timing them close-up kisses and would surely of cut ours down. Well anyways after a time-lapse subtitle of Later, Milton and I commenced to get sensible, and then I told him what I had come in to say in the first place.

"Dear!" I says, "I will marry you any time you say. But oh, Milt, I want to get out of the pictures. Now more than ever."

"Why?" says he. "What is on your mind about them, honey?"

"Well," says I, "I don't quite know. But they are a rotten game, Milt. Not healthy, somehow. A great art, yes, I will admit that, but working in them does something to people. Can't you see it, yourself?"

"I know what you mean," he says frowning over it. "Yet that should not be necessary. You mean the lax living and thinking which one falls into so easily out here. Sometimes I believe that this semi-tropical climate is as much to blame as the pictures are."

"Well, the combination of the two is hard on ordinary mortals with only average morals," I says. "I don't know do I want to waste my energy fighting the something that is in the air here, darling. I was brought up in New England, Milt, and so was you, hon, and there is something in this outfit as a whole that goes against us."

"I know!" he says thoughtfully.

"Before I come here today," I says, "I had made up my mind I was through. For more than one reason. And now I want to be just your wife, hon, and to make you a good home, and lay off of acting. And I don't want to do it in Hollywood, either, but in our own kind of atmosphere where we belong."

"Dearest!" says Milt.

Later. That's another time lapse, see?

"You are dead right," says he. "We don't belong in this game, and we will get out. Why, don't you remember how opposed to the pictures I was when you first met me? I told you I hoped never to touch them. Well, I was right, you see!"

And although this sounded a little prematurely married as you might say, why I let it go and smiled at him in agreement.

"Why, hon, being married to you will use up all the talent I've got!" I says, laughing. "And if I can act the part of a good wife, why I will be perfectly satisfied. I'm just sick of these parts where I have to vamp, and of going for my recreation to parties where they mix the cocktails in a washing machine'"

"And I am tired of being out of my element too!" Milt declared. "Where shall we live, B.? Name the place and you shall have it!"

"Oh, Milt!" I says, slipping my arms around his neck. "How about Stonewall? Your dear mother's house would be the ideal home for the both of us, and living in it would help us cling to our ideals!"

"Bonnie! Would you, really?" says Milt. "You blessed child, nothing would make me happier than to call the old place home once more!"

Well, that was all settled and the anxious reader can write in another time lapse and then consider that I have broke away again because of something very important occurring to me.

"Milt!" I says. "What do you know? I had for the minute forgotten all about mommer!"

"I should hope you would!" says he laughing. "Such things are allowable at these times, surely! And after all, she is not your real mother, you know."

"But I love her, Milt!" I says earnestly. "Perhaps I love her even more than I would if she was the genuine article. You see I could never afford to fight with her like I

(Continued on Page 42)

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Goodyear Means Good Wear

* June 8, 1922

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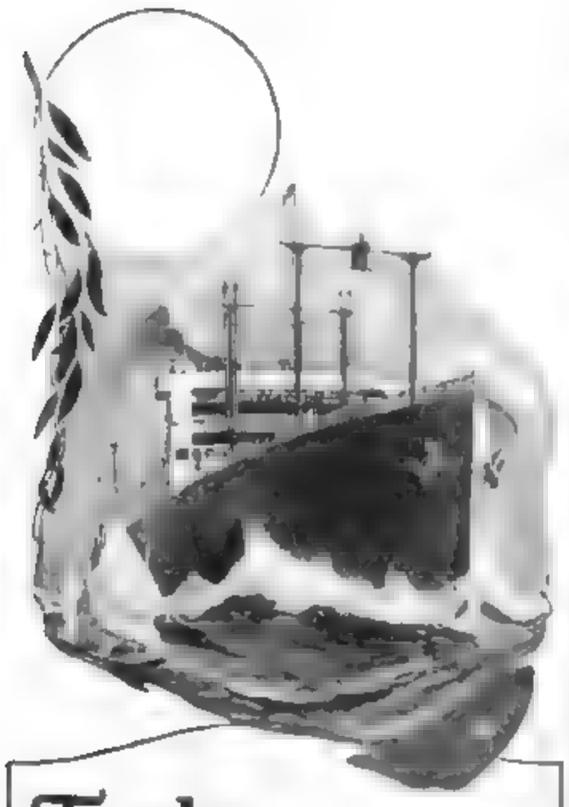

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might of done if we had been relatives. So we have shown each other only our best sides. And I can't go back on her now. I can't desert her, Milt, when I marry you."

"Well," says Milt, "Mrs. Delane is a fine woman, B., and I will never forget what she has done for you, dear. If you wish her to make her home with you I won't oppose it."

"Oh, Milt, you are too wonderful!" I says. "I just couldn't endure to think of Adele spending a lonely old age, and of course she has got no one but me. What a lovely time we will have out of the pictures, in our old New England home, with mommer and everyone."

"Except pop!" says Milt. "I draw the line at pop!"

"And so do I!" I says. "Pop has simply got to learn to work for his own living, and you must back me up and refuse to help him!"

"I will," says Milt firmly.

Well, everything was beautifully settled by then and I felt as if I was in a trance or a happy dream or something, and it was sure a great relief to know that soon we would be leaving all this behind us and so forth. And then all at once like approaching thunder there was footsteps pounding down the hall as if a elephant had broke loose from our animal department, and the teakwood flew open and in rushed Big Benny with neither coat or, for once, any cigar in his face, and what little hair he had was sticking up wildly with excitement. The Big Egg was all red in the face, and for the first few moments he couldn't speak a word, but only blow and wave his hands in a few wild native gestures.

"What do you think?" he gasped at last. "We can buy out Jago cheap! Only seventeen million dollars! Oy! Such good news!"

"What?" exclaimed Milt, all excited too. "Only seventeen millions? Why, that's throwing it away!"

"Sure it is! What you think I got such excitement over it for, else?" says Benny wiping his streaming face. "Say listen, for three years I been trying for a merger with them people, and now is our chance. Why, it's the opportunity of a lifetime! When we got this combination, believe me, we will rule the industry!"

"That's so, Ben!" says Milt. "Why man, it's the biggest thing in years. With their lot and ours combined we could make some superproductions that would knock the eye out of these German pictures. And the clear field it would give us —— Say listen, does Jago himself want to stay in?"

"Sure he does!" says Benny. "He's in my office now, waiting!"

"If he wants to come to us," says Milt intently, "that means it's the real thing. If he was merely offering to sell out I wouldn't trust the crook. He'd probably intend floating something new!"

"And with the Jago releases as well as our own," says I breathlessly, "look at the field a star would have! Twice the ordinary publicity!"

"You sure would have it, honey!" says Milt. "By heaven, I didn't have any idea you would really be able to pull the trick, Ben! I congratulate you!"

"Congratulate also yourself!" says Benny as the two of them shook hands like a coupla crazy schoolboys. "As the financial head of this concern, Milton, believe me you got the greatest future in the industry, and I must say you are a wonderful manager!"

"Ben, you are a marvel!" says Milt, and they regularly danced around at that while I stood with my hands clasped tight on my chest, watching them and thinking my heaven but Mary Pickford has never had half the advertising which I will get from this merger and won't I just work like a hound so as to deserve every little bit of it too! And then pretty soon them two clowns come down to earth and Milt turned back to the Big Egg real serious.

"Benny!" he says. "There is something even more magnificent than this merger which I am to be congratulated on. Bonnie is going to marry me, old-timer!"

"So?" says Benny, beaming. "Well, that is certainly grand news. I do congratulate the two of you, and am glad I was able to bring it such a fine engagement present like I done just now, and to know the big merger will be all the stronger for keeping the both of you in it!"

Well, when Big Ben pulled that line, why all at once I and Milt exchanged a look like a coupla sheep. And it is the truth that up to the very minute, Stonewall and the old home and our pure and domestic future had been wiped right out of our mind. Our spontaneous joy about Jago had showed up the both of us pretty clear, too, because it proved what was closest to our hearts. And sweet daddy, didn't we feel like a coupla fools though! But being engaged to be married had already filled me with the conventional sense of wifely sacrifice, and so I hurried to find a excuse and volunteered to be the goat and save Milton's pride and so forth.

"Milt," I says, "haven't you practically promised to sign that contract to stay on here?"

"Well yes, I practically had," says he, looking at the toe of his shoe.

"Well I don't want to influence you any, hon," I says, "but honest, I don't see how you can go back on them now."

"I suppose not," says Milt. "But how about Stonewall? My promise to you is even more important, B."

"Oh, that will be all right!" I says hastily. "You see, come to remember it, I got a contract all signed myself, for two more pictures with this concern, and I couldn't hardly break that, now could I?"

"Why, see here, hon, I wouldn't dream of asking you to do any such thing!" Milt declared indignantly.

And as of course I wouldn't attempt to go against his will in anything, why that settled matters and we mutually understood that we was to stay.

While all this was going on Ben stood looking from one to the other of us, rubbing his hands nervously.

"Say listen!" says he. "You wasn't thinking about quitting, for heaven's sake? What nonsense!"

"I think perhaps it was nonsense!" Milt admitted to him. "But I will sign that contract, Ben, for, let us say, three years. And we will close with Jago at once. When my contract and B.'s run out, then will be time enough to decide whether we want to go on in the pictures or not!"

"That means you are in them forever!" says the Big Egg enthusiastically.

And with them words of wisdom he rushed off to catch Jago's mind while it was still that way. When the door had shut behind him I come over to Milt, and putting my hands on his shoulders I looked him square in the eyes.

"Dear!" I says. "We won't kid ourselfs. Once in pictures, always in them. Isn't that so?"

"I expect you are right, B.," says Milt. "And after all they are the greatest game on earth today. I'll be honest about it. I want to stay!"

"So do I!" I cried. "Oh, Milt, together we will make the greatest pictures the country has ever seen."

"On a clean lot," says Milt.

"With no favorites," says I.

"And no graft!" says Milt.

"With square finances," I sang.

"And sane salaries," Milt went on.

"And a home in Hollywood," says I.

"With a swimming pool and a projecting room!" yelled Milt.

"And mommer to live with us!" says I.

"Yes, I suppose so!" says Milt.

And at that very minute we realized somebody was knocking on the door, and who would it be, speaking of angels, but mommer herself.

From the way she entered the room I at once seen something out of the ordinary was up, for not alone did she close the door after herself in a mysterious manner, and then take up a commanding position, but commenced mugging at us in a attempt to register the possession of a big secret. But I was in no mood for any nonsense, so I just flung myself at her and give her a big kiss on each cheek.

"Oh, mommer darling!" I says. "What do you think? I and Milton are going to be married!"

"My land!" says mommer. "You don't expect me to be surprised at that, do you? But I'm real glad, hon, honest I am, although now of course you will be through with me. They say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, but I'll say not when it blows out the last match!"

"Now mommer!" I says tenderly. "Don't you pull any pathetic stuff about being a last match, because we are not going to let you go. You are coming to live with us!"

"No, Bonnie, dearie, I'm going to do no such thing!" says she promptly. "You certainly are a good daughter to me, the best I ever had, in fact. But I always say it's a wise child who knows when to go no further. And I got other plans for myself."

"Why, mommer!" says I, drawing away from her. And as I got a full-length view of mommer I realized for the first time the big change in her appearance.

For gone was mommer's long skirts and modest dark colors. She was dolled in oyster-gray satin up pretty near to her knees, and high-heeled slippers and silk stockings to match, and a snappy little hat of yellow flowers perched on the one side of her stylishly dressed hair. How I had come not to notice all this first shot can only be accounted for by me being blind and selfish, like most folks in love.

"Why, mommer!" I says, gasping. "How sweet you look, and how snappy!"

Mommer blushed like a girl and backed off towards the door. With her hand on the knob she give a dramatic pause.

"I got a little surprise for you all," she says, "and I guess I will now bring it in!" And with that she pulls open the teakwood, and in walks pop.

Well, I had been sort of prepared for it to be him on account I am no dumb-bell, or blind either. But I was far from expecting the pop which showed. As he come into the room I could scarcely believe my eyes, for if Adele was dressed up like a peahen, believe me pop was like a peacock, and then some. From the crown of his green plush hat, which was set jauntily on the one side of his varnished hair, to the soles of his natty shoes with the pearl-gray spats, pop was some plush horse! He had a gardenia in his buttonhole and a two-carat stone in his tie, and the smile on his face was as smug as the Sphinx itself!

"Well, well, Bonnie dearie!" says he, swinging in and parking a huge silver-mounted cane on Milt's desk along with his new yellow gloves and his lid. "Well, well, all! I expect maybe you are surprised at your old pop now, hey, daughter dear? And you, Mr. Sherrill! Sure it's a real treat to meet you on equal terms at last!"

"Pop!" says I. "For heaven's sake, explain. And as for equal terms with Milt, you need not think you can sass him just because I am going to marry him!"

"Marry him, are ye?" says pop genially. "Is that so? Well, well, now I couldn't have chosen better for ye myself!"

"Thank you, Mr. McFadden!" says Milt. "Sit down everybody, do!"

"Pop, don't be a fool!" says I. "Those clothes—that pin! If you took them from Adele, I'll—well, I'll murder you, that's all!"

"From Adele?" says pop with dignity. "Daughter, I am surprised at your injustice to your parent. Sure I bought them things with my own money!"

"Your money?" I says.

"It's the truth!" chimed in Adele. "He did, honey. They have found oil on his ranch!"

"Pop!" says I feebly. "To think of that—you to strike oil and get rich after all your laziness! It's too much!"

"Daughter," says pop slowly and with great dignity, "I don't know why you are doubtful of me the way you are! It has been hard work getting this fortune of mine, and all your life I've told ye I'd do it some day!"

"Oh, the poor man!" Adele broke in. "What he says is true, dear. He actually did go to work on that real-estate proposition and cleared the land with his own hands. Then he started drilling an artesian well, to get a water supply for the lots, and struck oil."

"It's a gusher," says pop with extreme dignity. "Bringing me around eight hundred dollars a day for the past week. And we got two more wells started."

Suddenly he leaned over me, the realest look in his eyes I had ever seen there.

"Bonnie," says he, "you told your old father the truth. And the very first time in my life I ever went to work made me a rich man."

"And got him a wife!" says Adele. "Oh, hon, we was married this afternoon, and I'm really your mommer now. I do hope it won't make any difference between us, dearie!"

"Adele!" says I. "Not much! With you really in the family, and Milton for my very own I am as happy as—as a dumbbell!"

"Well," says mommer with a sentimental sigh, "they say there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream; and I'll say they're right!"

(THE END)

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SINGLE-SIX
SEDAN

Packard has now proved for all time, with the Single-Six, the great size and scope of the fine-car market in America.

It has proved that limited production, with its consequent higher costs, was the one element which placed that market under comparatively narrow restrictions.

By the manifest superiority of the Single-Six, it has proved that a larger production, and the resultant lowered costs per unit produced, are a powerful attraction to the large group aspiring to fine-car ownership.

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No wonder. It's the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing added to finely chopped ham—sugared, salted, hickory-smoked hams boiled in covered kettles—that make every one call them *"the greatest sandwiches in the world."*

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"In business over 100 years."

Underwood
Deviled HAM

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 32)

Before Roosevelt reached Washington he sent me a telegram: "On train, May 11, 1905. Our speech went great, didn't it? Theodore Roosevelt."

xxx

GENERAL U. S. GRANT and Theodore Roosevelt had one characteristic in common—they both hated obscenity or off-color stories.

It is told of General Grant that after the ladies had left the dinner table and the coffee and cigars were brought in one of the guests said, "As there are no ladies present I want to tell a story." Before he could begin it Grant quietly said, "But there are gentlemen present," completely squelching the man and his story.

One of the newspaper men who accompanied President Roosevelt on his trip to the Colorado bear hunt came to Chicago with him on May 10, 1905. He told me of an experience they had in a Southern city, where the President stopped off to attend a Rough Riders reunion.

The people of the city tendered him a banquet. One of the prominent merchants of the city attempted a coarse parody on the President's crusade on race suicide. He made a play upon the nursery rime relating to the old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do, and compared her lot with modern woman in a manner that was hardly a parlor story.

Ordinarily the President sat through the most fulsome praise without in the least betraying his thoughts. This dinner was given on the ground floor of the hotel. In the windows and filling the patio were the wives and other guests of the diners. The President looked up with a sharp jerk of his head; his teeth clicked; his jaw was set, and for a moment it looked as if he intended to interrupt the speaker. But it was only for a moment. He then turned to the neighbor on his right and from that time on listened no more to the speaker but continued an animated conversation. When the speaker sat down he was not congratulated, but was ignored. When the President spoke later in the evening he did not refer to the speech in any way except that he referred to the speaker who had made an unfortunate choice of a place to give expression to a poem which he hoped was homemade.

xxxi

MY NEWSPAPER friend said it was a big responsibility for those accompanying Roosevelt on his hunting trip. Many people considered that the President had no right to risk his life in such dangerous undertakings as hunting bears and mountain lions. The President recognized this argument made by his supporters and close personal advisers, and constantly replied to these arguments that he was not taking half the risk nor was he nearly so daring as he was credited with being.

The President's train stopped at New Castle, Colorado. It was from that point the hunting party planned to enter the mountain region where bears were supposed to range. The newspaper men on the trip were busy getting off a story when a messenger summoned them to the President's car.

The President said: "You boys may be tempted to exaggerate the risks I am running out here. A few years ago I was hunting mountain lions and one of the newspaper men wrote a bully story picturing me hanging over a cliff by my toes and fighting a mountain lion with nothing but a naked knife. Judging from some of the protests I received, people did not like it. There was no Vice President then, and probably my life was worth more than it is now."

The President chuckled and told, not for quotation, Finley Peter Dunne's—Mr. Dooley's—quip that if Roosevelt had to go down in a submarine to please take Vice President Fairbanks along with him!

The President said he had promised his friends he would take no chances of a bear getting hold of him on the trip. Resuming his admonition to the correspondents and operating his pump gun in such a way as to show it was in perfect order he said: "Now you fellows can keep this in mind: If you get hard up for a story don't write anything about my running risks. Just remember that I intend to keep this weapon between me and danger."

"Nevertheless, Colonel Roosevelt," continued my newspaper friend, "had to be pretty sharply watched by his hosts in order to keep him out of danger. Before we reached Colorado he went on a jack-rabbit and wolf hunt over territory that is now Oklahoma. His host was the late Cecil Lyon, then Republican National Committeeman for Texas, and one of Roosevelt's friends in his cowboy days. Another member of the party was Jack Abernethy, the man who caught 'em alive. Jack used to chase wolves and run them until he tired them out. Then he would hop off his horse and as they would snap at him he quickly grabbed them around the lower jaw with his hand well back of their fangs. No other man did it, and Roosevelt had great admiration for him. He rode with Abernethy for hours one day just to see him perform that trick.

Another stunt performed by Abernethy seemed even more startling, but Abernethy pooh-poohed the suggestion that there was any danger in it. He would stir up rattlesnakes until they became angry enough to strike. As they would coil and raise their heads rigidly to a height of several inches—which he said they always did before striking—he would hit them sharply back of the heads with his riding whip. He never failed to kill them in this way.

Lyon and Roosevelt were riding in a jack-rabbit chase one day when Lyon noticed the President sliding off his horse. He rode forward quickly to see if he could be of any assistance, and saw the President getting ready with his quirt to tap a rattlesnake back of the ears. Lyon shot the snake and proceeded to lecture the President about the promise he had made not to run unnecessary risks. Incidentally Roosevelt never could see much sport in a jack-rabbit chase. He could not see any fun in shooting at an animal's heels, and much preferred firing when he could see the whites of their eyes.

There was never another character like Roosevelt. Every newspaper man naturally cultivates his news sources, and here was a man who not only was the source of news but everything he did was news. My friend, who has told me so much about the Roosevelt trip, said he first heard the term "praise agent" as a synonym for "press agent" within a few weeks after he was assigned to the White House.

A Republican senator, Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, who was miffed over patronage, came out of the White House one day in a boiling rage and when accosted by a group of correspondents all he would say was that it was useless for him to try to get a fair hearing from a bunch of "praise agents such as you are."

The appellation "cuckoos" came into use soon after Roosevelt's second term began, because he was surrounded by a large number of correspondents who were inclined to take without question any new titbits Roosevelt scattered and play them unquestionably to the advantage of the President. Frequently the President would pass out suggestions of some course he might take on public questions or legislation, and then he would watch for the public reaction. If it was favorable he would proceed in accordance with the suggestion and if unfavorable he would not hesitate to reject it absolutely.

In such instances some new correspondent might be left holding the bag. The cub not long in Washington, awe-stricken by a White House assignment, would be likely to print without reservation anything falling from the lips of the strenuous President. If in his thoughts Roosevelt had always been Teddy his fall was all the harder. His story very likely went to his home paper with all the positiveness he could put into his writing. If his paper accepted the story without qualification and later public reaction was against the tentative policy, the young correspondent was in for a calldown.

It was only the inexperienced and cub reporters that were ever misled, and Colonel Roosevelt expected the older correspondents to take care of the youngsters on such occasions, as they were usually ready to do.

A newly arrived correspondent for one of the leading Paris papers talked with Roosevelt and sent a highly colored indiscreet cable to his paper. When it appeared in print the Associated Press agent in Paris cabled it back to this country. It created a tremendous furor. The Washington Bureau of the Associated Press received a positive denial from Roosevelt that he ever gave the interview. It put the poor Frenchman in a very bad hole.

Two or three days after the denial I lunched with the President in the White House. He asked me if I had seen his statement denying the interview. I said, "Yes; and I believe you said what the Frenchman sent to his paper, because you have said the same thing to me."

Snapping his teeth he replied, "Of course I said it, but I said it as Theodore Roosevelt, and not as the President of the United States!"

xxxii

MRS. McKINLEY, widow of President McKinley, died May 26, 1907. I was in Washington on the twenty-seventh. President Roosevelt invited me to go with him to the funeral.

We left Washington the night of the twenty-eighth, arriving in Canton, Ohio, the next day at noon. Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary of State Elihu Root, Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, and William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the President, were in the President's car.

At breakfast next morning I sat on Roosevelt's right, Secretary Root at the other end of the table, Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary Wilson and Mr. Loeb in between. Roosevelt discussed the candidates to be nominated next year.

In a very loud whisper he said, "If I were given the absolute power to appoint I would make Elihu Root President, and Will Taft, Chief Justice." He added, "Don't tell Root I said it!"

Mr. Root made a funny little gesture, but no comment.

President Roosevelt went to the Canton home of Justice William R. Day, of the Supreme Court, and lunched with Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary Root, Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, who was with Mrs. McKinley when she passed away, Secretary Wilson, Myron T. Herrick, Governor Harris, of Ohio, and Mr. Loeb.

After luncheon they went to the modest McKinley home, a short distance from Justice Day's. With the exception of the President's party and a few warm friends, only members of the family were present.

The casket was placed in what was known as the campaign office, or parlor of the little home. The services, which were very simple, were conducted by Rev. Doctor Buxton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The same hymns that were sung at McKinley's funeral were rendered by the church choir. They were McKinley's favorites, Nearer, my God, to Thee; Lead, Kindly Light; Beautiful Isle of Somewhere. The house was filled with roses, Mrs. McKinley's favorite flower. The floral tributes were so great that many were taken direct to the receiving vault in which they placed the casket to await transfer to the McKinley memorial tomb, which was not quite completed.

The secret-service men received information that a brother of Czolgosz—the man who shot President McKinley in Buffalo in 1901—was in Canton, and would attempt to kill Roosevelt. No chances were taken. The Presidential party left the house by a side door to avoid the crowd in front of the house. The rumor proved to be untrue, as Czolgosz had gone to New Castle, Pennsylvania, to place a wreath on his wife's grave.

Business in Canton was suspended and the public schools closed during the services.

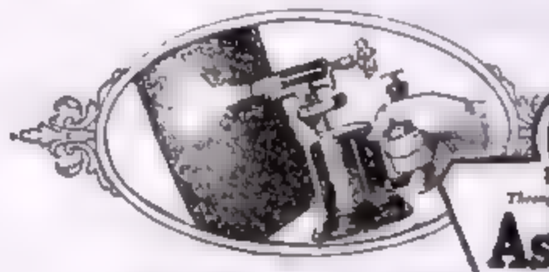
Mrs. McKinley was born in 1847. Her father—Mr. Saxton—was the principal owner of the Stark County Bank. He believed a girl should be able to earn her own living. So his daughter, Ida, Mrs. McKinley, went into his bank as a clerk, and for a time was cashier. While there Major McKinley fell in love with her. He was a very handsome young lawyer of twenty-seven. He was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school. Miss Saxton was a teacher in a Presbyterian Sunday school. It is said one Sunday in parting to go to their respective Sunday-school classes McKinley said, "I don't like these partings. I think we should go together after this." She replied, "So do I." After a short engagement they were married in 1871.

(Continued on Page 46)

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?
This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red, green, gray or blue-black
Dwellings $3,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red green, gray or blue-black . rigid— red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

**Note*—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



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What's a fraction of a cent more for the protection of Asbestos!

This may be the house next door

FLYING embers descending on an inflammable roof, your roof! —that helpless, fearful feeling—flame in the tinder, that's all.

But you can have a fire-safe roof of Asbestos for so little money! And that fire-safe roof is a more desirable roof. It's like neglecting fire insurance not to put it on.

Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles cost only a fraction of a cent more per shingle than even low priced composition shingles. The total additional cost on a house of average size is seldom more than $25.00.

Not much, is it, for security from the horrors of the community fire?

But Asbestos Roofing has many other virtues just as essential, even if not so well known. The same asbestos rock fibres that give it fire-safety also make it permanent. It is literally stone—like the foundations of your house. Hence it is unaffected by the elements. It cannot rot or disintegrate. It should last as long as the building it protects without ever needing painting or renewing.

Your choice of Asbestos Roofing is as wide as there are types of buildings in existence. See chart at left.

You may not be ready to buy now but you will find it well worth while sending for our booklets on whatever type of roofing you are interested in. Or inquire from your roofing dealer or builder.

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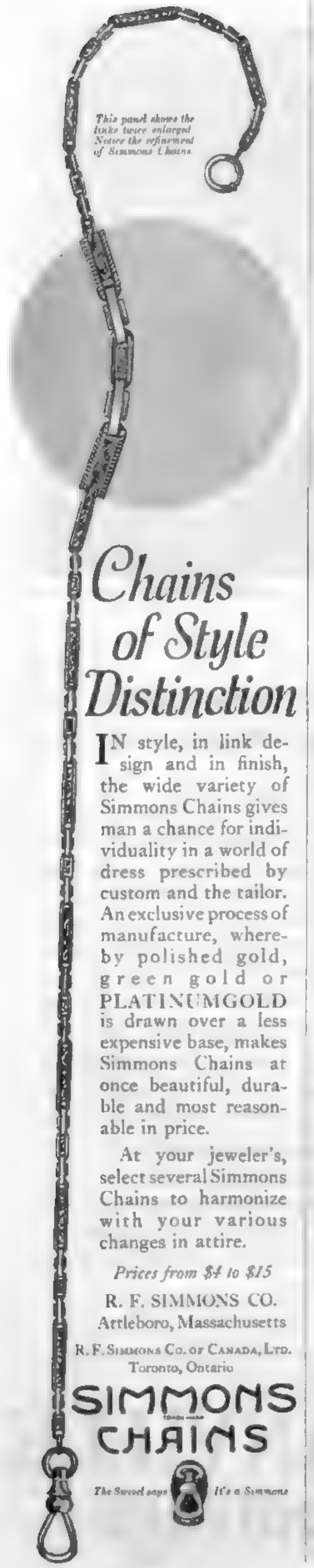

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SIMMONS CHAINS

The Sword says It's a Simmons

(Continued from Page 44)

Christmas Day, 1871, their daughter Ida was born. Later another daughter came, and was named Catherine. She lived only a few weeks, and little Ida passed away when she was four years old. The death of the children and of her mother completely shattered Mrs. McKinley's health. She was never again a well woman.

After the birth of one of the babies Mrs. McKinley suffered from epilepsy. She was subject to fainting spells, which lasted only a few minutes but were very distressing to witness. I was alone with her once when she fainted and could not leave her to look for her maid; so went behind her chair and pressed her temples, as I had seen McKinley do many times. When she became conscious I left the room and sent a maid to her.

Later she apologized to me for making what she called a scene.

Mrs. McKinley was passionately fond of little children. She would beg mothers to let her hold their babies. In 1891 Major and Mrs. McKinley visited our home on Prairie Avenue, Chicago. Our youngest child, Katherine, now Mrs. Roger Shepard, of St. Paul, was not quite two years old. McKinley held her on his lap while Mrs. McKinley played with our eight-year-old daughter, Pauline, the present Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago.

Baby Katherine went to sleep in McKinley's arms. When Mrs. McKinley noticed it she said, "Please let me have her. I love to hold a sleeping baby."

McKinley gently placed the child in her arms with the admonition, "Don't drop her." Before the child woke up tears were rolling down Mrs. McKinley's cheeks.

There never was a more devoted lover and husband than McKinley. His first thought was always of his wife's comfort. He paid her the most loving attention.

With the persistence which was a part of her disease she insisted on going everywhere with him. He apparently never crossed her wishes. At state dinners and receptions in the White House she was always present unless too ill to leave her room. She sat next to the President on his left if there was a distinguished guest present to whom the dinner was given. Sometimes the excitement was too much for her and she fainted. She did not fall out of her chair, but became rigid. The President would throw a handkerchief or napkin over her face and proceed with the conversation as though nothing had happened. The guests would look away and pay no attention to the invalid. When the spasm passed she would be taken to her room by her maid and the White House physician, Dr. Leonard Wood, now General Wood, governor of the Philippines.

Two or three years after McKinley's death I called on Mrs. McKinley in Canton. Although it was a warm spring day she sat in a chair over a register from which the heat poured, a frail figure in a plain black gown, her hair cut short and curled at the ends.

Over and over she moaned, "Why should I linger? Please, God, if it is Thy will, let me go. I want to be with him. I am so tired."

XXXIII

SEPTEMBER 29, 1907, Roosevelt, accompanied by his secretary, William Loeb, Jr., left Washington to inspect the Great-Lakes-to-Gulf deep-waterway project and to spend a couple of weeks in the canebrakes of Louisiana hunting bear. His first stop next morning was at Canton, Ohio, to dedicate the McKinley monument and mausoleum. He was greeted by a crowd of fifty thousand people. As he rode toward the monument he said it reminded him of a Greek temple.

Justice William R. Day, president of the McKinley National Memorial Association, presided, and told of the building of the monument by the contributions of nearly a million people from all walks of life, at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars. He said the tomb held the bodies of President McKinley, Mrs. McKinley and their two little girls.

At the close of Justice Day's address Miss Helen McKinley, the only sister of the late President, drew aside the flag, disclosing the bronze figure of McKinley in the attitude of delivering his last speech, in Buffalo, the day of his assassination, September 6, 1901.

The flag was removed slowly and impressively. This was followed by the reading of the poem entitled William McKinley, by James Whitcomb Riley.

The President, introduced by Governor Harris, was received with great applause. He said, in part:

> We are gathered together today to pay our meed of respect to William McKinley, who as President won a place in the hearts of the American people such as but three or four of the Presidents of this country have ever won.
>
> He was of singular uprightness and purity of character, alike in public and private life; a citizen who loved peace, he did his duty faithfully and well for four years of war when the honor of the nation called him to arms.
>
> As congressman, as governor of his state, and finally as President, he rose to the foremost place among our statesmen, reaching a position that would satisfy the keenest ambition, but never lost that simple and thoughtful kindness toward every human being, great or small.
>
> He grappled with more serious and complex problems than any President since Abraham Lincoln . . .

In the course of his speech Roosevelt emphasized his views on the necessity of judging men regardless of their wealth or poverty. He referred to the dishonest rich man. The crowd cheered. Roosevelt stopped abruptly and putting down his manuscript said, "Wait a moment. I don't want you to applaud this last part unless you are willing to applaud the part I read first, to which you listened in silence. I want you to understand that I will stand just as straight for the rights of the honest man who wins his fortune by honest methods as I stand against the dishonest man who wins his fortune by dishonest methods."

His hearers applauded with cheers and handclaps. He said, "Thank you! I will now proceed with my speech."

Roosevelt went from Canton direct to Keokuk, Iowa, to the opening of the great electric power plant at the Keokuk Dam in the Mississippi River.

He was joined by twenty-three governors interested in deep waterways and other conservation projects. They accompanied him to St. Louis, Cairo and Memphis by boat. At Memphis the governors left him and he went into the Louisiana canebrakes to hunt bear. He was the guest of Civil Service Commissioner McIlhenny and John M. Parker, of New Orleans.

The President spent fifteen days in the canebrakes. October eighteenth he killed a big black bear. The party shot three bears, six deer, one wild turkey, a dozen squirrels, one duck, one opossum and one wildcat.

Roosevelt said they ate everything but the wildcat, and there were times when they could have eaten the cat.

The President returned to Washington bronzed and feeling bully after a three and a half weeks' trip.

XXXIV

A PREVIOUS chapter tells of Roosevelt on the train going to Mrs. McKinley's funeral, saying if he had the power of a dictator he would appoint Elihu Root President and Secretary of War Taft as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

When I was talking with him later he said, "Root would make the best President, but Taft the best candidate."

Early in January, 1908, I received an invitation to be Roosevelt's guest in the White House for a few days.

The day of my arrival we dined at eight o'clock. Those at the table were, as I remember now, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary of War Taft and Mrs. Taft, Miss Mabel Boardman, General Francis Vinton Greene and myself.

After dinner we went into the library on the second floor. Roosevelt reclining in an easy-chair threw his head back, closed his eyes and said, "I am the seventh son of a seventh daughter. I have clairvoyant powers. I see a man standing before me weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds. There is something hanging over his head. I cannot make out what it is; it is hanging by a slender thread. At one time it looks like the Presidency—then again it looks like the Chief Justiceship."

"Make it the Presidency!" exclaimed Mrs. Taft.

"Make it the Chief Justiceship!" cried Mr. Taft.

Mrs. Taft had her wish. When the whirling plummet of President Roosevelt's vision came to rest over Mr. Taft's head it presented the Presidency side to the world.

President Harding, in 1921, caused the same plummet to whirl again, and for the second time to rest above Mr. Taft's head. This time the face it presented was labeled "Chief Justiceship."

For the first time in history the two greatest offices in the gift of the American people have been bestowed upon the same man—and he a man in every way worthy to receive them.

After the guests had said good night the President and I went into his study, which for many years was the old cabinet room. We talked until very late.

I retired and spent an almost sleepless night in a high-ceilinged bedroom. My thoughts were of the history those four walls contained. Especially, my mind dwelt on President Lincoln. I wondered if that greatest of all Americans had ever slept in that room.

I recalled a story told me by my old friend, James W. Scott, of the Chicago Herald, in 1894. He said, "My father took me to Washington in 1863, when I was a small boy. We arrived at night and went to a hotel—I think it was called the National Hotel. I could hardly go to sleep thinking of what I was to see the next day. After a restless night I awoke about 5:30 the next morning. My father was still asleep. So I quietly dressed and went downstairs; a sleepy bell boy told me how to reach the White House.

"As I looked through the high iron fence which surrounds the historic home of the Presidents I saw a tall figure come out of the front door. From his pictures I knew it was Abraham Lincoln. He crossed the lawn to the gate leading to the War Office. I ran around to be nearer the gate when he came out.

"The President wore old-fashioned carpet slippers. His hands were clasped behind his back, his head down. As he came to where I stood he looked at me with the saddest pair of eyes I ever saw in a human being, and said, 'Good morning, bub.'

"I was told that he went to the War Office at six o'clock in the morning to get the latest news from the front."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 19)

the envelope. Pegram & Bleek, it was addressed to; and with a sudden thumping of the heart he realized that the firm was a firm of brokers, one of the largest in the Street.

Well, all's fair in love and war; and Wall Street is merely a synonym for warfare. Old Bope, too, had not been above stooping to trick the young man of the Bible class; and a moment later Wally stood on the Broadway corner, gasping, the wild light of excitement in his eyes. The letter read

Dear Sirs: Confirming telephone conversation of even date, you are instructed to buy until further orders all blocks of Gulf Transport common offered in the market, the same to be taken at whatever the quotation, the price regardless. Inclosed find check.

Yrs. respectfully,

ROSCOE BOPE.

The check was inclosed. The check was for a million dollars; and jamming his hat down on his head, in three leaps Wally was across Broadway and darting down the slope of Wall Street. Mr. Bope's office was in Wall Street, but Wally didn't tarry as he came to the squat, dingy and old-fashioned building that housed it. At full speed he turned the corner into Nassau Street. He was still running, the sweat streaming from from his face.

"George!" said Mr. Bope, "George!"

Mr. Bope had just come in. His weather-beaten soft hat he placed carefully on a hook, and with the same care he removed from his coat tails a pair of rosy-cheeked juicy winter pippins and placed them in a drawer of his desk. Pippins were two for five this morning, and Mr. Bope's smile was more than ordinarily benign. It would

(Continued on Page 49)

"Record!"
Had *Your* Iron Today?

Energize—Ironize!

With Luscious Little Raisins

THE "O. T. J. (On the Jump) Club" is always three or four jumps ahead of the enervated crowd. And they're usually the chaps that run the business.

They've all got too much work to do.

Need new members in that club to help. Always looking for them. Don't let them see *you* yawn at 3 P.M.

Eat some little raisins and *ward off* 3-o'clock fatigue.

146 calories of energizing nutriment in every package of Little Sun-Maids—75% fruit sugar in the form of levulose. Practically predigested so it energizes almost immediately.

Gives you iron also—good food for the blood.

Delicious when you're hungry.

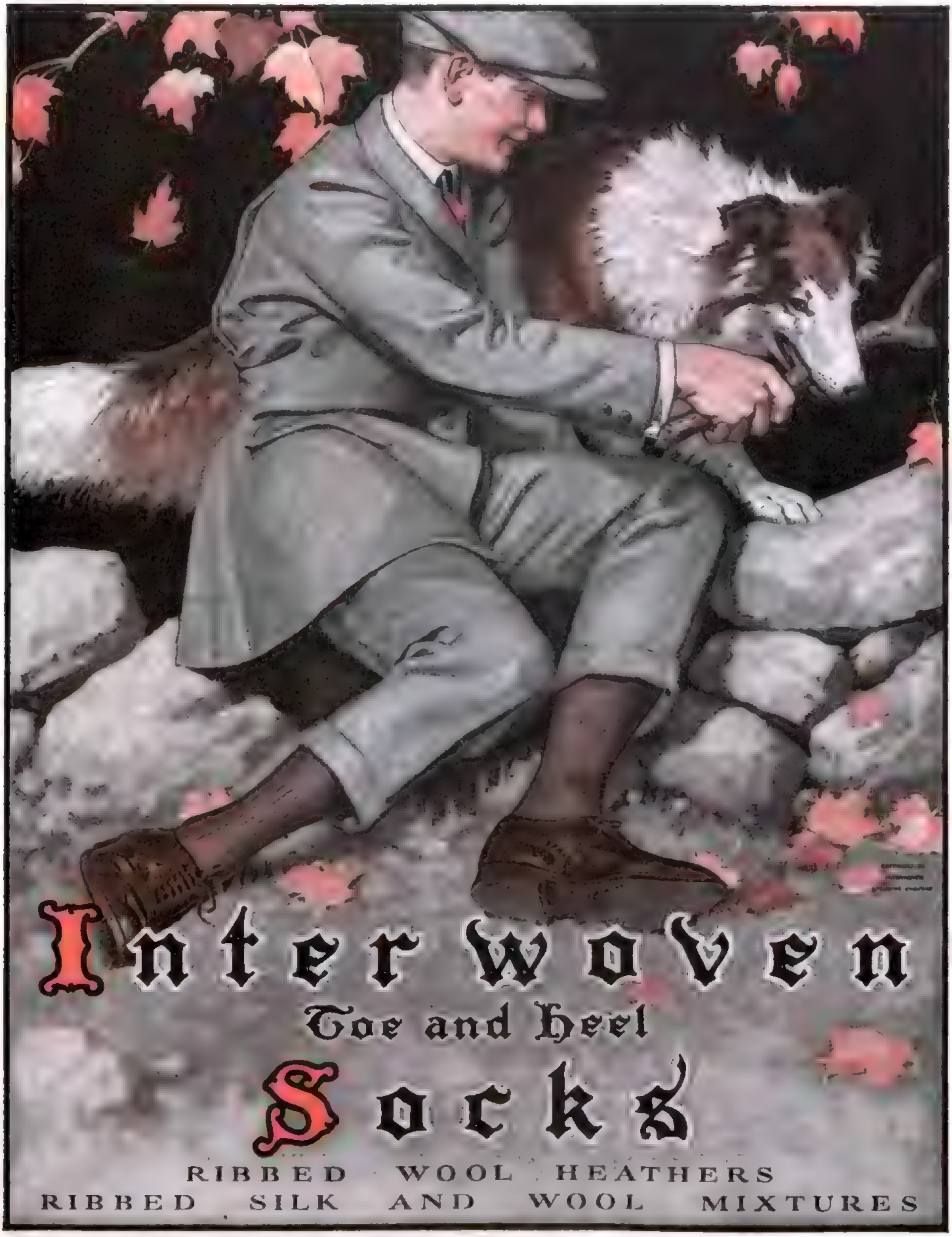
Try one or two packages daily at 3 P.M. for ten days as a test.

Join the O.T.J.

Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins

5c Everywhere


Inter woven
Toe and Heel
Socks
RIBBED WOOL HEATHERS
RIBBED SILK AND WOOL MIXTURES

(Continued from Page 46

have done one good, in fact, to have seen the old gentleman's radiant, benevolent expression as he stood there.

In response to the call a stoop-shouldered, unobtrusive shadow, aged and of frugal appearance, like Mr. Bope, came silently into the office.

"Jennie, George," Mr. Bope said frugally.

As frugally the aged George nodded and withdrew, immediately after which the door reopened, and a slender figure, young and good-looking, entered the dim, somewhat dingy room.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Bope.

The young woman, Mr. Bope's secretary, evidently had just arrived at the office. Her hat, a pale blue straw with a spray of cornflowers and poppies on it, she still was wearing; and in her eyes was a momentary look of disquiet, of ennui. When she spoke, answering his brief query, her tone, too, reflected her air.

"I'm afraid you were right, Mr. Bope," she murmured.

Evidently Mr. Bope did not share her disquiet, whatever the disquiet was. A giggle escaped him—a frosty, tinkling little laugh.

"'Course I was right! Didn't I tell you all along?" he chuckled. Evidently he had, for the young woman's air grew still more clouded. "Well," said Mr. Bope, "that old skinflint, our friend, is pretty slick, I'll give him credit; but after this, I guess, he won't think he's quite so cute." He giggled again. "The young fellow went right to the deacon, you say?" he asked.

It was so, it seemed; and the young woman nodded.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Bope, rocking to and fro in his chair.

A joke, it was clear, Mr. Bope dearly loved; and this joke, it seemed, must be one quite out of the ordinary. However, as the old gentleman himself would have said, business before pleasure; and as his secretary went toward the door Mr. Bope's levity ended briefly.

"Let me have those letters, please," he said.

The letters the young woman took from a drawer. Each was of the same type and sort as the one Mr. Bope had lost just now in the street; and each, strangely, was addressed to the selfsame firm of brokers. Having glanced at each Mr. Bope rose from his desk. Waiting till the young lady, his secretary, had closed the door behind her, Mr. Bope tiptoed cautiously across the room to the window.

The street below was crowded; and screened by the wall the old gentleman peered down at the passing throng. Also, he glanced swiftly at the windows of the building across the street. No one was looking from them, however; and after a moment's wait he opened the window beside him a couple of inches or so. The next instant Mr. Bope did a very curious thing. One by one, at intervals of three or four minutes or so, he sealed into the street the three addressed unsealed letters in his hand. As they fluttered downward Mr. Bope watched them fall. Then he returned to his seat.

"George!" he called. "George!"

The door silently opened and as silently Mr. Bope's head clerk entered. At his desk Mr. Bope sat busy with the mail upon it. He was again smiling and benign.

"London, George?" inquired Mr. Bope.

"Weak, sir," answered George; "opened weak."

Mr. Bope's smile grew still more benevolent.

"Did you stop that check?" he asked. "The one I lost just now?"

"Yes, sir," replied George; "I had it stopped before you wrote it."

"Thank you, George," said Mr. Bope; "that's all."

II

TEN minutes to ten. In ten minutes now the market would open; and the stairs of the Nassau Street office building Wally took two at a time. The building of course had an elevator; but as the elevator was up at the moment, he'd wasted no time waiting for it to come down. He hadn't a minute to lose in fact.

In the three blocks he'd covered from Broadway Wally's mind had kept pace with his precipitous gait. He knew clearly what he must do. The letter he had picked up in the street was in fact as if Fate, the goddess Fortune, had swung wide the doors of the Subtreasury down the way and told him to help himself. A corner in Gulf Transport common, at any rate, was what the old boy, Roscoe Bope, was swinging; and Wally's heart bumped again as he thought of the use a business man like himself could make of that information. The trouble was, though, that with only six thousand or so in the bank, Wally's present balance, a fellow couldn't play the tip for all it was worth. A fellow, if he meant to land a regular knock-out, would need every share he could get his hands on. A thousand shares would be a shoestring. Ten thousand wouldn't be too many. What a man really ought to play on big inside dope like this would be a block of twenty or thirty thousand shares. It's small wonder, indeed, that as Wally reached the head of the stairs and darted along the hall his breath was coming in gasps. It was a knock-out, a killing!

Halting an instant to compose himself he opened the door at the end of the hall.

The office, a bare, scantily furnished place with high white ceiling, lit dimly by a single dusty window, for an instant chilled him with its stillness, its reticent, almost secret quiet. He wondered, too, at its dinginess. For a man of Deacon Waite's financial magnitude he had, in fact, expected different quarters—a large, richly furnished suite, say, an army of clerks in attendance, and the place bustling itself with activity, enterprise. Instead, as he stood at the door, his hand still on the knob, a single indigent and mussy-looking person with shiny elbows and sleeves looked up from a desk in the corner. His eyes, furtive and peering, glanced at the visitor, after which they fled back to the papers on his desk.

"Is Mr. Waite in?" Wally asked breathlessly.

The eyes peered up from the desk, fled back to the papers again.

"I do not know," said the dingy person, his voice as dingy, worn.

"Please see at once," Wally said imperatively.

It was nearly five minutes to ten now and his restlessness was growing rapidly. In five minutes the market would open. The fellow at the desk, however, did not seem to share the impatience the caller felt. He dipped his pen into the inkwell before him, wrote a line or two on the papers, and then methodically blotted what he had written.

"Have you an appointment with Mr. Waite?" he inquired.

With some difficulty Wally restrained himself. Here he was, with a matter involving thousands, not to say millions, in his hands; yet this shabby, seedy fellow's air was as listless and indifferent as if Wally were a peddler, a huckster trying to sell him a penny box of matches. He was in fact filled with astonishment that a financier of the deacon's reputed ability should keep a dolt like this in his employ.

"Tell Mr. Waite that Mr. Bartow is here," he said curtly. Then with a sudden inspiration, a gleam of superthought, he added: "It's about Mr. Bope—Mr. Roscoe Bope."

Instantly that seemed to do it.

"Mr. Bope!" exclaimed the fellow.

A quick startled glance he shot at Wally. The next instant, his eyes suspicious, he swept into a drawer the papers on the desk. A key was in the drawer; and turning the key he withdrew it and thrust it into his pocket. The drawer he also tried, as if to make sure it was securely locked; after which he sidled toward a door at the back, his eyes on Wally, never leaving Wally for an instant. It was exactly as if he expected the visitor to snatch up something and bolt out of the place with it. Then, opening the door on a crack, he pushed his head inside.

"A person from Mr. Bope," he said to someone within.

"A what?" a voice ejaculated.

"From Mr. Roscoe Bope," said the dingy one.

A chair scraped noisily and a moment later a head peered cautiously over the other's shoulder. The head was the deacon's head, and framed in its well-known set of close-cropped side whiskers the deacon's face was a picture of low, startled wonder.

"Bope, did you say?" he said. "Roscoe Bope?"

"It's I, deacon," said Wally. "Don't you know me?"

It was then he was recognized.

"I'm dummed!" the deacon exclaimed. "It's th' young feller in th' Bible class!"

Ten o'clock! Back in his office on Wall Street Mr. Bope softly raised his voice again.

"George!" he called. "George!"

Though it was ten only—not noon—Mr. Bope had taken from the desk one of the pair of apples he'd bought for his luncheon; and, the wastepaper basket between his knees, he was carefully peeling the apple over it. It was not often of course that Mr. Bope broke his habit like this—eating, as it were, between meals; and when he did George knew it to be a sign his employer's mind was unusually absorbed, employed.

As George entered Mr. Bope went on peeling the apple.

"Market opened?" he inquired.

It had. "Dull, sir," said George; "dishwater."

The penknife in Mr. Bope's deft hand peeled on deftly. He took pride, it seemed, in paring off the entire skin in a single unbroken curlicue, and absorbed in this for a moment he did not speak again. Then as success capped the effort and the paring fell, an unbroken whole, into the awaiting basket, Mr. Bope gave a murmur, a brief grunt of satisfaction. After that Mr. Bope bit enjoyably into the fruit.

"Gulf Transport, George?" he inquired, his mouth full

"Dull, too," returned George; and Mr. Bope munched a moment thoughtfully.

"Guess the deacon ain't bit yet," he remarked.

"No, sir," replied George; and Mr. Bope eyed the apple reflectively.

"Well, don't worry," he said as he took another bite; "he will."

If at the moment, though, Mr. Bope could have peeped into the inside room of the office round the corner in Nassau Street he might not have seemed so placid and assured. However, you couldn't tell. It was one thing about Mr. Bope that you never could.

The deacon was seated at his desk. Across the desk stood Wally. He had just risen to his feet and he was staring at the deacon, his mouth agape, his eyes starting with wonder, with consternation.

"You won't?" he ejaculated.

"Not if I know myself," replied the deacon. On his face, radiating from whisker to whisker, was a wide illuminating leer. "What d'you take me fur, young man?" he inquired; and in the same breath the answer he supplied: "A farm hand, a Simeon?"

"But you don't understand!" cried Wally.

His consternation was complete. The letter—Mr. Bope's—he had shown to Deacon Waite. The check, too, he had given him to look at. This accomplished, and his face reflecting his enfevered, growing excitement, Wally had outlined hurriedly the plan of action he saw that he and the deacon must take. Between them, and before Mr. Bope could do it, he and the deacon must collar every share of Gulf Transport common they could get their hands upon. The deacon was to do the buying; and briefly, hurriedly, his eye on the clock, Wally had outlined how the deacon must go about it. The deacon, as he warned him, must be very careful not to let old Bope know they were buying Gulf common too. It must be done shrewdly, so that Bope, before he could corner the market, must pay them, pay heavily, too, for their stock. For his share of the profits, Wally reckoned, a quarter of what they made would do. That would be right, seeing that of course the deacon would have to put up the money used.

It was clear, concise. Wally in fact stirred consciously with pride for his cleverness. It was something to make any business man proud. One may judge, indeed, his astonishment when he heard the deacon break into a snigger.

"Say, young feller," said the deacon, "d'you think I was born a yesterday?"

"What!" cried Wally.

"Yeah," the deacon added; "that mousy old skin who sent you here mus' think I'm a regular come-on."

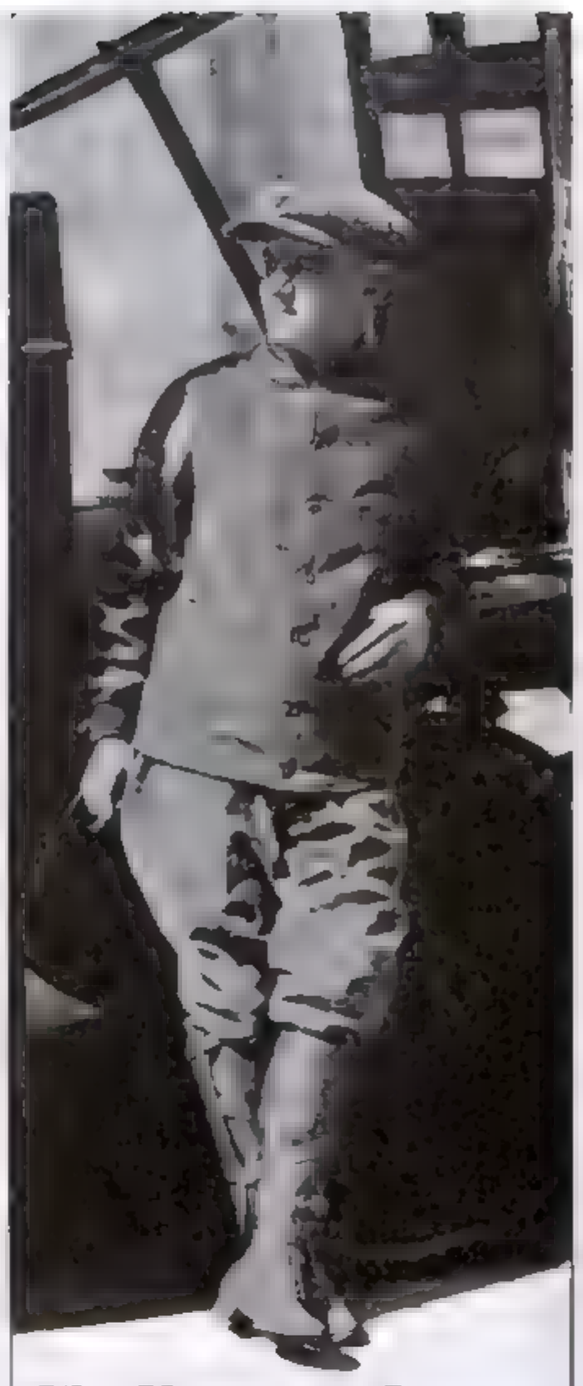
"Sent me?" echoed Wally, astounded; and he gave another exclamation. "I tell you I picked up the letter in the street!"

"Yeah," answered the deacon, and he grinned; "that's where Roscoe, when he has a hen on, always drops 'em."

His hand slid under the desk and in the outer office a buzzer buzzed. The seedy person, in echo, appeared at the door.

"So long, young feller," drawled the deacon; "see you up to th' Bible class sometime."

A moment later, still gaping, overwhelmed, Wally found himself out in the



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hall. Inside, however, once the door had closed on the visitor, the deacon's manner changed abruptly. Alert, active, he scrambled to his feet.

"Quick, Higgins!" he directed. "Get me Bleet & Casco on the phone."

Bleet & Casco were the deacon's favorite brokers; and when the seedy one had rung up the number the deacon snatched the telephone from his hand.

"That you, Bleet?" He leaned close to the mouthpiece, his eagerness manifest. "Say, Bleet," he said, "old Roscoe Bope's trying to unload G. T. common. Sell ten thousand shares for me at the market. Sell, you understand. Then sell another thousand at a quarter point down, and keep on selling it till I tell you to stop. I'm a-goin' t' break the market before he c'n unload."

III

OUT in the street Wally stopped and wiped the sweat from his brow. He was like one dazed, befuddled. Of course by now he'd grasped what was wrong: the deacon, his mind dulled by age, had become a senile, doddering ruin; yet though this was so it didn't help Wally much. However, he did not stand there wasting time in futile regrets. If the deacon was too old and feeble-minded to grasp the chance for millions he'd been offered there was still a chance for Wally. He still had the six thousand in the bank; and picking up his heels again Wally ran. Three minutes later he burst in at the door of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage office.

The market, as Mr. Bope's George already had reported, had opened flat and stagnant; but in the next five minutes a hint of activity had begun to crop up here and there in the list. Buck Rooker, a cigar jutting from his jaws, stood beside the ticker; and as was his wont, the head partner was delivering a little early morning discourse on the market's technical position. The term was one often on Mr. Rooker's lips; and it was one in which he appeared to delight in no small way. Invariably, in fact, the market's technical position was such as would encourage trading on the part of his clientele; though as to whether the clients should buy or sell, Buck never committed himself. It was evidently all one to him whether they bought or sold. One way or the other it meant commissions, a fat kitty for the day.

Today Gulf Transport common seemed the card. There was a strong tip out on the stock. Whether to buy the stock or sell it was of course a question; but this, as usual, Buck evaded saying.

"The stock's technical position ——" Buck had just begun, when the crash at the door cut him short.

Wally, his face now scarlet and moist, precipitated himself across the room.

"Quick!" he ejaculated, and gripping Rooker by the arm he tried to lead him aside.

"Just a moment!" said the broker sharply.

Dabblers in a feverish hurry were nothing new to Buck; besides which, it annoyed him to have interrupted these little early morning discourses of his. He had in fact begun again "Th' stock's technical position ——" when Wally gave his arm another shake.

"Say, don't you hear me?" Wally cried. "I've got the dope on Gulf Transport—the real dope, not that guff you're giving them! Hurry or it'll be too late!"

The room instantly was in an uproar.

In the van of the crowd that launched itself on Wally was a small rotund gentleman with Oriental features, whose eyes behind their thick-lensed glasses now seemed to be popping from their orbits. Mr. Bimberg, the trader in question, was a specialist in five and ten share lots.

"You got a dip, vat? You have inzide stuff?" he vociferated; and at the same time, and in the same excited way, he began slapping his waistcoat pockets. Not finding there what he sought, Mr. Bimberg tried his other pockets. These, too, proved empty; but at this juncture Mr. Bimberg evidently found what he was hunting; for reaching over he snatched from the waistcoat pocket of a trader near him a large fat cigar; and this he thrust at Wally.. "Have a smoke—a smoke on Bimmy!" cried Mr. Bimberg; and pushing the cigar into Wally's hand Mr. Bimberg smiled effusively, then inquired: "You have a dip? A dip on Gulluf Trensbort, you say?"

Wally had. Wally, too, was a good fellow; and he had no wish to hog all for himself the fortune that had fallen in his lap.

"Say, fellers," he said, and his voice cracked as he said it, "keep it dark, but I've got the lowdown, the real inside dope. Buy Gulf common; buy it strong. They're going to corner the market!"

The next instant the cigar went flying out of his hand and he was sent staggering back against the wall. Mr. Bimberg, his arms and elbows going like flails, had propelled himself like a bullet toward the cashier's cage at the back.

"Beeks, Beeks!" shouted Mr. Bimberg; "buy me ten shares Gulluf! Buy it at der markget!"

A moment later Wally got in his order.

"Five hundred at the market, Beeks," he said; and handing the manager a check he added, "There's six thousand for margins, old man."

"Atta boy!" said Beeks, clapping him on the shoulder.

Over in his Wall Street office Mr. Bope was finishing off his apple. Only the core remained; and this he inspected critically. Then, just as he was about to throw the remnant into the wastepaper basket, Mr. Bope evidently reconsidered, for the core he cut in half and began to munch that also. Still munching he raised his voice:

"George! Are you there, George?"

George was there. He appeared, in echo, at the door.

"Any news, George?"

"Yes, Mr. Bope," replied George; "Miss Jennie is just phoning those brokers now."

"I'll see her when she's done," said Mr. Bope.

He had just finished the second half of the core when his secretary appeared in the doorway. She was frowning, her brow more clouded than before; and gulping the final mouthful Mr. Bope carefully closed his jackknife, replaced the knife in his pocket and put the wastebasket under his desk.

"Well?" he inquired then.

The secretary gave a shrug.

"The young man bought, Mr. Bope," she said.

"What?" cried Mr. Bope, starting.

His face was astonished. In the look, too, was dismay. It was, in fact, as if Mr. Bope had been struck with consternation; and the young woman, his secretary, nodded slowly.

"I got Rooker himself on the phone," she said. "Mr. Bartow bought, he didn't sell. He bought five hundred shares at the market."

"Sho!" ejaculated Mr. Bope.

The dismay grew in his face. Evidently some plan of his had gone wrong; and to judge from his look, it seemed to have gone wrong disastrously. He sat there, his mouth slack, the grin in his face sheepish.

"Well," he said, his fingers plucking his chin, "I can't make head or tail of it. You're sure he took that letter I dropped right straight to th' deacon's office?"

"Positive," replied his secretary; and Mr. Bope wagged his head regretfully.

"Something's wrong," he said. "If the deacon saw that letter he'd be certain it was fishy. The letter said to buy; so the deacon, knowing it was phony, would do jus' th' opposite, wouldn't he? So would th' young feller, too, seeing as the two of them are in cahoots. You don't think, do you, by any chance, that th' deacon's losin' his mind? He's gettin' awful old." He mused again, his brows wrinkled into a knot. "Something's wrong anyways," he said once more.

"I know what's wrong, Mr. Bope," said his secretary. Her tone was slow, deliberate; her eyes had grown more clouded. "Unless I'm mistaken we've done that young man an injustice."

Mr. Bope looked up dully.

"The young feller I'm the Bible class?"

"Yes, Mr. Bope. The other day, I'm sure, the deacon didn't send him to you for that tip, the one you gave him. You thought so, I know; but the tip he played, Rooker says, just as you told him to play it. As I've also found out," she added, "Deacon Waite, too, gave him a tip."

Mr. Bope shot her another startled glance.

"Th' deacon gave him a tip!"

"Yes, Mr. Bope," she repeated; "the deacon, too, gave him a tip; and between the deacon's tip and the one you gave him, it cost the young man eleven thousand dollars." She stopped there. "Why, Mr. Bope!" she cried.

Mr. Bope had risen. At the same time he gave vent to a shout, a whoop.

"I've got it! That old skin, the deacon, double-crossed the boy! He wormed out of him all he could, then he turned him down!" Hustling toward the door Mr. Bope called, "George, George!"

The head clerk, at a gait almost brisk, reappeared; and hurriedly Mr. Bope demanded, "What's Gulf Transport doing now?"

"Shooting fireworks, Mr. Bope," was the reply. "Tumbling downstairs, head over heels." Then, as if apologetic for this laxity, his exuberance of speech, George added crisply, "A bear raid has developed in the stock, sir. Ten thousand shares was sold just after the opening; and they're still selling blocks at every fraction down."

Mr. Bope again seated himself. Once more his seamed rugged face shone like the spring sunshine outside.

"Th' deacon's bit!" he beamed.

IV

THAT hectic, enfevered occasion, the forty-eight-hour flurry in Gulf Transport common, Wall Street still remembers. Opening on the morning of the first day at a price of 90¾, for an hour or so the stock backed to and fro within the narrow limits of half a point or thereabouts. Then, as noon approached, the market grew harried. Block after block, as the tape showed, was being thrown in on either side; but in spite of this, neither of the opposing forces seemed able to get the upper hand. Around 90 the stock beat back and forth like a shuttle; and in every brokerage shop the dabblers sat and watched the battle, their wonder growing.

Of what was going on only a few had any idea. These of course were Wally Bartow's fellow traders, the crowd at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s; and by noon even these began to grow perplexed. Action is what every dabbler wants, a run for his money; but in a stock moving within the narrow limits of three-quarters of a point you can't get very far. Wally, seated before the quotation board, was surrounded by an excited throng.

"It's all right, fellows," he assured them; "don't worry, I tell you."

It was a proud moment for him. The man with inside stuff, a sure tip on what is going on behind the scenes, is always the envied popular boy in the brokerage shop he happens to frequent. Wally himself often had envied fellows like these he met; and now to find himself one of them did much to compensate for all the worries and troubles he had undergone. A cigar cocked up in his mouth, his hat canted and thumbs stuck in his armpits, he lolled back in his chair, watching the quotation board with a critical, professional air.

As the stock touched 90 he grinned. "Shaking out the pikers," he commented. Rebounding again, the stock went to 90½. "A threat to the shorts," he grinned. Once more Gulf Transport sagged half a point; and he let out a chuckle. "Giving 'em rope to choke 'emselves," he said.

Mr. Bimberg, by now unable to restrain himself, leaped up from his chair and with both hands dragged down his hat to his ears.

"Sure, they choke!" he ejaculated. "I choke mine ownselluf!"

He gave his collar a tug, a yank that came near to tearing it from his neck; and having wiped the moisture from his brow Mr. Bimberg shot a glare, first at the quotation board, then at Wally. "A corner, you call it?" he exploded. "It's a ring-around-rosy it plays!"

"Accumulation, Bimmy," smiled Wally, explaining the stock's uncertain movement; at which Mr. Bimberg exploded again.

"Aggumulation, vat? Vell, if it is," said Mr. Bimberg, "a feller dies of old age before he make a nickel enough to pay him his carfare uptown!"

Wally smiled on. Finchville he'd forgotten now. All his early morning doubts and regrets he also had forgotten. He no longer thought even of his disconcerting, astonishing interview with that old has-been, that dodo, Deacon Waite. A Wall Street man, a financier, was what Wally somewhat consciously had termed himself early that day in the L train; but now, if he'd been asked to admit it Wally would have felt no question. A pleasant sense of importance warmed him. An insider now, in on the know at last, he had a feeling of wading deep in the unseen hidden waters of the world's greatest center of affairs, the Street—Wall Street.

Once early in the day Buck Rooker came out of the back office and looked across the room at Wally. A faint grin lurked in

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Rooker's eyes, but Buck said nothing. Later Buck came out again; and again he grinned to himself. It was as if Buck knew something; and for an instant a small haunting thought, a fear, crept into Wally's heart. What if something was wrong? What if, by chance, he'd misjudged the information in that letter, the one he'd found? It was the same doubt, the fear that every dabbler feels, of course, even when he plays a knock-out, a certainty. Nothing is sure in Wall Street; and even the insiders will tell you that—the real insiders. They, too, sometimes read 'em and weep. With the letter, however, nothing was wrong. It was exactly as Wally had read it.

The letter he still had in his pocket; and with it he also had the check. The check, as well as the letter itself, he meant to return of course; but he would take his time about it. Of more importance now was that he should sit and watch the market; and his confidence and courage returning Wally lolled in his chair, puffing one of the cigars Mr. Bimberg and the others had thrust into his hands. A Wall Street man, a financier! They all get that way sooner or later, the Wallys of the brokerage shops.

It was noon when the crash came. A sudden stir ran through the customers' room. Over in the corner beside the board the ticker stamped and thudded, chattering as it ground out the prices on the tape; and the clerk beside it all at once raised his voice.

"Gulf, 90!" he called. Instantly he spoke again. "A thousand Gulf at 89 and seven-eighths! Gulf, the same! Another hundred the same!" Then his voice mounting shrilly he cried the next quotation on the tape. "Gulf, three-quarters! A thousand at a half! Gulf, three-eighths! Zip! See her slide! Three thousand Gulf at a quarter!"

Wally struggled to his feet. The men beside him rose too; and around him the excitement grew. Touching 89 flat, the next quotation broke under the figure; and still it went on tumbling.

"Gulf a half! Five hundred at three-eighths! Gulf a quarter!"

Dazed and bewildered, he was still gaping at the board when out of the crowd about him leaped a figure that fell upon Wally and began to claw him with wildly waving hands.

"Vat is it? Vat's heppening?" vociferated Mr. Bimberg. "A corner, you call it, but Hummel! Is it a corner backwards, vat!"

Wally gaped. Gulf Transport still was falling, the flood of breaking prices looking as if the knees had gone out from under it.

"I bust!" proclaimed Mr. Bimberg. "Simply I bust!"

His face bewildered, Wally stared at the board.

"I don't understand it," he stammered; "it was a corner they said—that is, I know so. They were going to corner the stock."

Mr. Bimberg fell on him again.

"Who told you?" he demanded. "From vere are you told, you say?"

Wally hadn't said. That part, as well as the letter he'd found, he'd told nothing about. Now, however, he told them.

"It was Mr. Bope," said Wally; "Roscoe Bope."

Almost instantly uproar broke out around him. A momentary hush preceded it. The name, Roscoe Bope's, seemed to silence them all. It was in fact one to conjure with anywhere in Wall Street; and in the tense excited faces about Wally a dawning wonder grew. Then a voice broke the stillness.

"Bope?"

"Yes," Wally acknowledged; and the voice spoke again. The low wonder in it grew too.

"You say Bope gave you the tip; Roscoe Bope?"

Wally flushed at the tone. It expressed flat, open incredulity that Roscoe Bope ever would give anyone a tip. However, Wally stood to his guns.

"I have it in black and white," he said; adding, "I have a letter from old Bope himself."

The minute he said it he wished he hadn't. The crowd made a surge toward him.

"A letter from Bope? What?"

Stumbling and confused, Wally came out with it then—how and where he'd come into possession of the letter, he told them.

"Fellers, I saw old Bope drop it in the street."

There was a distinct pause. It was then, a second later, that uproar burst forth in the place.

"In the street? You picked it up?"

A shout came from them. In it, to Wally's dismay, he heard a yell or two of laughter. One cry louder than the others came from the men crowded about him, its author Mr. Bimberg.

"Beeks!" yelled Mr. Bimberg. "Beeks, quick!"

His arms and elbows again like flails, Mr. Bimberg propelled himself across the room to where Beeks stood near the cashier's cage. Grabbing Beeks by the arm Mr. Bimberg pushed and shoved him toward the window.

"My ten shares Gulluf," vociferated Mr. Bimberg—"quick, sell them out. Then ten shares on the short side I sell. Hurry, Beeks, or I bust!"

Back among the crowd Wally was still protesting.

"But I saw him drop it!" he protested. "It was Roscoe Bope himself!"

Another burst of laughter greeted him; and as he gaped about him he felt an elbow give him a dig in the side. The elbow was Mr. Bimberg's. Having switched his trade Mr. Bimberg, now somewhat restored to calmness, had returned to Wally's side.

"Say, young feller," said Wally's small rotund fellow dabbler, "it's a joke old Bope makes off you—a laugh like this, ha, ha!" With his elbow he gave Wally another jocular dig. "Come twenty years now, old Bope he drops him those letters in der streed. Und, yes," added Mr. Bimberg with a knowing leer, "that's der vey he makes der suckers bite. He writes him a letter, und then, yes, he drops it for some sucker to pick up."

A moment or so later Wally awoke from his haze to find himself alone. For a brief hour or so the crowd had made him their pet, their idol; but now what often happens to heroes like himself—brokerage-shop heroes in particular—it was his bitter experience to learn. A hick, a rube was what he was; and as he chewed upon the thought, again a second time that morning there came back to him a memory. It was of Finchville he thought. Finchville, not Wall Street, was where a simp like himself belonged; and, his hat jammed over his ears, he wandered out of the brokerage office. Behind him as he went he heard the clerk at the ticker still chanting, "Gulf 87 and a half! Gulf, three-eighths!" But he hardly heard it.

A Wall Street man, a financier? He was too shamed and humbled even to try to face the crowd again. He was finished, he was through!

Around the corner, in his Wall Street office, the clock was just striking half past twelve when Mr. Bope helped himself to his second apple. His jackknife he took from his pocket and the wastepaper basket he placed between his knees.

"George!" called Mr. Bope.

"Yes, Mr. Bope," said George.

For a moment Mr. Bope did not speak. His face, benign and indulgent, was deeply absorbed in his task; and knowing his master, George was careful not to distract him. It was in fact not until the apple was peeled completely and the skin, an unbroken curling whole, had fallen with a plop into the basket that Mr. Bope looked up.

"What's Gulf Transport, George?" he asked.

George consulted a memorandum in his hand.

"Gulf Transport's 86, sir, and still tumbling," he said; and at the words, instantly a gleam like a burst of sunshine irradiated his master's face.

"Fine!" exclaimed Mr. Bope. "Splendid!" And regarding the apple for a moment he bit off another mouthful. Then, his mouth full and munching enjoyably, Mr. Bope spoke again.

"Well, George,"—said Mr. Bope, "I guess it's time now we put the screws to our friend, the deacon!"

▼

IT WAS tough, it was raw. It was a good deal rougher and tougher in fact than even Wally had thought it could be; and his hands in his pockets, his hat jammed down on his ears, he wandered aimlessly on. An hour passed, another followed, and still he tracked the streets. All was over now. His money was gone—the twenty-four thousand he once had thought was all the money in the world; but bitter as was the remembrance, he had other thoughts still more bitter. The one in chief was the thought of what a hick, a boob, he'd been. The way he'd fallen for those two old sharks, Roscoe Bope and the deacon, was a sample. The two he'd taken for a pair of doddering old dodoes, a brace of moldy has-beens; and between them they'd turned him inside out.

The game he saw now. Step by step he pieced it together. The two had laid for him, just as they laid for every hick and boob that happened to cross their path. Probably they'd known all along of that piece of money, the twenty-four thousand; and from the first they'd set out to get their hooks on it.

Then he had another thought—a sudden stabbing pang of suspicion; shame, too, with it. Who was that girl, the one he'd met at the Bible class? Where did she come in, and what was she doing in Wall Street? Was she one of the gang? He remembered how she'd led him on, getting him to talk about himself. She'd been stringing him, that was what she'd done; and a tide of color leaped into his face—shame. On top of that, a thrill of rage all at once swept him. It was rage at the way these two grasping, avaricious old men had used that as their means to trim him. It was because of this, the front they put up at the church, that he'd let them get in on him; and he stopped short, his fists clenched, the rancor working in his face.

A clock near by struck the hour. It was half past two, but Wally gave no heed to that. It was hard to say which of the two, that pair of grasping tricky schemers, revolted him the most. Then in a flash he saw something else. It was how once again that morning the deacon had double-crossed him. He knew now why the deacon had laughed. The letter the deacon had made Wally let him see; and then, having gotten out of him all he could, he had turned down Wally and made use of the information. That was what he'd done! And for an instant before his eyes the street wheeled round and round.

"The skate! The short card!" choked Wally.

It was only for an instant, though. The mutter was still rumbling from his lips when a look, a gleam of grim decision, leaped into his eyes. He'd show him! He'd let that fellow, the deacon, see what a man, a business man, thought of a flim-flammer like him. The next instant, swinging on his heel, Wally had started back toward Nassau Street.

It was a quarter to three, fifteen minutes before the market's close, when the bell from the back office rang. All the afternoon, at rapidly recurring intervals, the bell had been doing that; and outside, in the room adjoining, the submerged shiny-elbowed person pushed back his chair and hurriedly answered the summons. At his desk inside sat the deacon; and as the door opened and his clerk appeared at it the deacon's close-cropped side whiskers bristled.

"Well?" snapped the deacon.

His seedy underling writhed painfully.

"I've phoned, sir; I've been phoning every moment. Your broker's on the floor, sir, and they don't seem able to get him. I'm doing my best, I assure you, sir," he said.

An explosion seemed imminent. The deacon's cheeks expanded themselves, his sideburns under the pressure standing out like jibs; and hurriedly the clerk spoke again.

"Sir," he said, "the young man, the one from the Bible class, he's outside again."

"What?" said the deacon.

"Yes, sir," said his clerk; "the young fellow from Roscoe Bope."

"Hah!" said the deacon; and he rose.

Wally stood outside. Near by, in a corner of the office, a stock ticker clacked and chattered, its type wheel whirring, the tape pouring from its maw, but Wally did not look at it. He was done now with tickers and what tickers meant. His face white, his jaw set, determined, he rehearsed in his mind what he meant to say.

It was, perhaps, not the first time the deacon had been told what others thought of him; but this time it would be different. What Wally had thought up to say, he flattered himself, would make the moment conspicuous, unforgetable. If in the man's carcass there was so much as a scintilla of shame, of conscience, why ——

That was as far as Wally got.

"You, hey?" said a voice.

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The voice cracked like a whip, a shot. Wally gave a jump. Two feet away from him stood the deacon, his face thrust close to Wally's, his eyes and jaw menacing.

"Why—er—Mr. Waite!" said Wally.

His speech he'd forgotten. Startled he fell back a step, the deacon following him. Under Wally's nose, his face red with ire, the deacon waved a snaky, venomous finger.

"I'm on to you!" roared the deacon. "I'm up to all your tricks—you and that fellow Bope! Think you're smart, don't you? Think you're real clever and smooth! Well," snarled the deacon, "all I c'n say is you ain't heard the last of me yet. You c'n go back to the old skin and tell him I said so too!"

Wally could only gasp.

"I tell him? I tell Mr. Bope? Why, whatever d'you mean?" he stammered.

"I mean what I say! Bah!" said Deacon Waite.

With a final wag of his finger under Wally's nose he turned and plunged into his office, slamming the door behind him with a crash. Wally stood there rooted.

"Say," said the clerk, "you'd better get out of here, young man. The deacon ain't safe this afternoon."

Wally gazed at him with a wandering eye.

"Why, why," he faltered, "what's happened?"

The clerk looked at him curiously. "Have you seen the tape?" he inquired.

Wally hadn't. His face still wondering, he edged over to the machine and took the tape in his hands. The next instant a cry came from him.

"Say!" said Wally. "Say!"

That was all, however, he said. The next instant he was out at the door and pelting down the stairs. The stairs he took two at a time. Not more than a couple of minutes later, at the most, his face white and his eyes moist, Wally thrust open the door of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. As he did so there came a cry, an exclamation from the crowd packed to the walls inside. Gulf Transport common, from its low of 86 and three-quarters, had rebounded; and now by leaps and bounds it had just crossed par, 100. Instead of the market wiping him out, Wally already had a straight ten points profit; and Gulf Transport still was climbing.

It was three days after this, a morning sunny and fine, when the door of Mr. Bope's inner office opened and his secretary appeared. Mr. Bope had just come in; and smiling benignly he was removing from his coat tails a pair of red-cheeked Baldwin pippins. The young woman waited a moment while he placed them on his desk. She, too, was smiling; and as the old gentleman seated himself the smile broadened.

"Well, Jennie?" inquired Mr. Bope.

His secretary closed the door behind her.

"That young man's out there," she said.

Mr. Bope gave a sudden start.

"That business feller, the financier? Not the young feller from the Bible class, what?" The look he shot at her was suddenly suspicious. "Say, you don't think th' deacon sent him, do you?"

"Why, Mr. Bope!" she exclaimed; and Mr. Bope heaved a sigh.

"Well, I hope he don't throw anything," he said. "Show him in."

He hunched down in his chair, his eye crafty. For three days the battle had gone on in Gulf Transport common; and already the Street was filled with news of it. The deacon, it appeared, had tried to raid the stock, and the raid, it seemed, had been disastrous. At any rate, having gone short some forty thousand shares in the effort to break the market he had found at the end that he hadn't the forty thousand shares to deliver. Mr. Bope had them; and every time the deacon had tried to cover, Mr. Bope had run up the price on him. However, though the deacon was to all intents hog-tied and thrown, you never c'd tell about a slippery feller like him; and as Mr. Bope squnched down in his chair the crafty glitter in his eye grew craftier. This young feller, if after all the deacon had sent him, might be slicker 'n you thought. Added to that, there was the tip he'd given the young fellow on Phosphate. Of course the tip—a fake tip—he'd handed out to fool the deacon, thinking it was the deacon who'd sicked him on; but as it looked now, it was only the young feller himself who'd got hurt. Anyways, reflected Mr. Bope, he'd better be on the safe side; and as the door opened he was just removing from his desk the inkwell and other movables.

"Good morning, Mr. Bope," said Wally.

To Mr. Bope's astonishment the young man at the door was beaming. In fact, satisfaction, not to say elation, radiated from the caller's face; and Mr. Bope gave another start.

"Er—why—er—howdydo?" he said.

Wally advanced toward the desk; and his hands on his chair Mr. Bope prepared to rise—to rise swiftly if it were needful. But his visitor still was beaming genially.

"Don't get up, please," he begged, Mr. Bope having risen swiftly in fact as Wally drew nearer. "I just wish to thank you. I wish to tell you, Mr. Bope, how much I owe to you. I never will forget it."

Mr. Bope's mouth opened slowly.

"Me? You? Owe me?" inquired Mr. Bope.

Wally had him by the hand. The hand he was wringing energetically. "Why, yes, Mr. Bope. Everything I have I owe to you; and I wish to say, too, what an injustice it was I did you."

Mr. Bope was still gaping at him.

"Me? You?"

"I mean the letter, the one you lost," beamed Wally. "Of course I know now that a great business man never could do anything like that. Impossible!"

Mr. Bope shot a sudden look at him.

"Say," he said, "did Deacon Waite send you round to speak this little piece?"

"Send me?" cried Wally, startled.

"Well, if he didn't," replied Mr. Bope, "it's all about as clear to me as mud."

Wally laughed delightedly.

"Why, don't you see?" he exclaimed. "I played Gulf Transport the way the letter said to play it; and at every point up, too, I pyramided. Thanks to you, Mr. Bope, I cleaned up twenty-four thousand dollars!"

Some minutes later Mr. Bope came out of the daze he was in. The visitor, after wringing him heartily by the hand again, had gone; and working his fingers to make sure they were still undamaged Mr. Bope raised his voice.

"Miss Jennie!" he called.

His secretary appeared at the door; and still massaging his hand Mr. Bope looked up at her.

"Jennie," he said, "if any other visiting young business men come in here to hand me a testimonial, say I'm out of town, looking after my failing health. I'm gettin' too old, I guess, for any such shocks as that."

His secretary was smiling.

"Deacon Waite's outside," she said.

Mr. Bope sat up sharply.

"What?"

"He's asking to see you," she said.

"Say, I guess I ain't feeling as old as I thought I was," said Mr. Bope. "Show the deacon right in!"

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

and civilian clothes. But with so many important responsibilities, what is one to do? I cannot stop to prink before the mirror when such important matters as orders for the week's marketing or the price of a calf have to be attended to.

Before ten all the important details of the house are dispatched and I am ready for my pupils, if I have any with me, or for letters and business if I am alone. After lunch I am out again in the fields or the garden. Oh, the garden! It is as great a joy to me now as it was in the days of childhood. What a delight to keep the terraced spaces green and flowering through the summer season! What pleasure to see some well-planned color scheme blossom into reality! I still love best of all the old-fashioned flowers that used to delight me in my aunt's garden many years ago; and here in my own borders and plots I have made them grow again.

The vegetable garden is even more necessary, and almost as interesting. I do not know which I am more proud of, my roses or my cabbages. Is there any satisfaction as great as that of seeing one's table spread with the produce of one's own land, the rich reward of generous Nature for our care and tending of the soil? When I am working in my garden or watching with solicitous eye the gradual ripening of the golden grapes, when I am absorbed in my farm and my country occupations, I forget completely that I have any other life.

"Who is that alien figure that walks and gestures on a painted stage?" I wonder to myself. "Who is that creature clothed in curious garments, a gypsy girl, an empress or a slave? Is it really I?"

No; rather, this is myself. Here under the wide heavens, in touch with simple, vital things, I am more truly I.

It is the sunset hour. For a moment I stand looking out over the peaceful plains, watching the heavens glow into incomparable color. I hear the shepherd boys returning from the distant pastures, driving their sheep before them. The familiar sounds rise in the quiet air—the music of cowbells, the lowing of cattle, the rustle and twitter of birds settling for the night in their nests, and nearer and ever nearer the voices of the shepherd boys chanting their evening songs.

I take up the refrain, and as my voice rises to the sky, leaping free and joyous toward the many-tinted zenith, I realize that I am, after all, two people. That distant figure moving in a phantom world is indeed myself, for she is singing as I am, only she sings in crowded halls and before huge audiences. The sound of my voice reminds me of that other world from which I have just come and to which I shall inevitably return, no matter how much delight I feel in my country freedom and occupations. The great world of cities, of striving and accomplishment, the world where art and music reign, the fascinating centers of thought and culture call me. Indeed, I am two people, for I can enjoy with equal intensity the peace of my hills and the noisy, throbbing vitality of New York.

With my thoughts still occupied with visions of distant places that the sound of my songs has called to my mind, I go into the house and turn to a room which I have kept as a repository of many souvenirs of my artistic life. All my costumes are there, for I have never had the courage to throw any of them away, and so in this room at Cabrières I have collected a strange group of ghostly lay figures, each dressed in one of the costumes in which I have appeared on the stage.

There they stand, the husks of all my rôles—Carmen, Marguerite, Juliet, Ophelia, La Navarraise, Sapho, Santuzza. These fading rags and ribbons, these chiffons, velvets, tarnished cloth of gold, seem to exhale a romantic fragrance. The very atmosphere of the theater clings to their motionless folds—the dust of the stage, the smell of grease paint, the glare of flaring gas over a disordered dressing table, the heavy perfume of flowers, the orchestra, the public, warm and welcoming. I seem to see and feel it all again as I stand in the gloaming among the fragile relics of my youth.

Colored fabrics and the texture of materials have always had a tremendous fascination for me. It is for this reason, perhaps, that my hobby—my *violin d'Ingre*, as we call it in France—is the costuming of dolls. I cannot see a bit of bright ribbon, a scrap of lace, a discarded trifle of adornment, without longing to turn it into a miniature costume.

The day is over at Cabrières and the long evening of uninterrupted quiet is at hand. These are the hours that can be devoted to reading, if the house is not full of pupils or guests. I have read a good deal, on a great variety of subjects. Mysticism, theosophy, everything that pertains to the spiritual life interests me above all else. Since my earliest childhood I have been deeply religious. My life has brought me into contact with one or two great souls—the Swami Vivekananda, of whom I have already spoken, and others whose teaching and example have meant much in my spiritual development. It is in a deep and sincere religious faith that I have found strength and courage to live through a strenuous and not always happy existence, and to gain in the end a certain peace and security.

XXVIII

I HAVE often been asked what methods I use to maintain my health and my voice through the long and arduous years of my career. Of my voice, what can I say? It is

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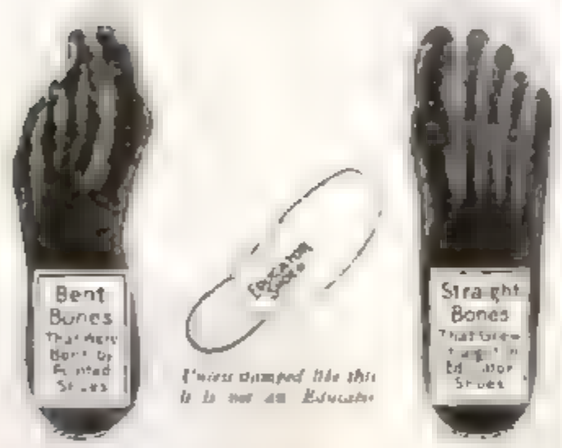

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a mysterious, a heavenly visitor that has deigned to take up its abode with me for a little while. It is a bird, an angel from another world, my little sister. I do not know why it stays with me, except that I have treated it kindly and that I have tried to be a not too unworthy hostess.

As for my health, I have been blessed with a strong constitution, and, above all, I have always followed the simple and obvious rules of hygiene. When I am singing in opera I keep to a well-established routine, rising at seven every morning and taking a long walk in the fresh air. On the days that I sing I eat my principal meal at three o'clock in the afternoon, as do all singers.

If I feel very tired in the course of the evening I drink a small glass of port or strong coffee and eat a biscuit. After the performance, before going to bed, I drink a cup of bouillon or hot milk. I have always avoided midnight suppers, which I consider extremely unhealthful after a long and fatiguing evening's work.

During my long opera seasons, when I was appearing as often as three times a week, I went to bed at nine o'clock the nights that I was not singing, and never accepted any invitations for the evenings. But I was up the next morning betimes for my daily walk, which I did not omit even on the days that I sang. It is due largely to these long walks, and to the fact that I have always slept with my windows wide open, that my lungs are in such splendid condition today. Gymnastics, Swedish massage and daily exercises are all excellent for maintaining bodily health, and therefore the health of that delicate human instrument, the voice. During the forty years of my musical career I have been entirely free from illnesses that affect the voice of a singer.

Everyone seems to imagine that the life of an opera singer is a continual and glorious fête, a happy existence of pleasure and ease. How far from the truth is this glittering myth! Even I, as naturally strong and healthy a person as I am, should be a wreck by now had I led anything like the kind of life that we are supposed to indulge in. I could never have survived the strain. Long before this I should have lost anything I might have had of health, of strength and of voice.

The layman does not realize at all the amount of work involved in going through a single evening's performance. The tension, nervous, muscular and mental, is extreme. One has to pour out all one's energy and emotion at a given hour, no matter how one feels. The public will not wait. It is the most exacting of taskmasters. In a rôle such as Carmen, I sing, walk, laugh and dance for four solid hours without a moment's pause. The intermissions between the acts are scarcely long enough to permit the necessary changes of costume. There is not a moment's let-up, and it is hard, sustained effort.

Aside from the performances themselves, there are the long hours of study and the endless fatigue of rehearsals. I have practiced every single day of my life since I began my musical studies, except, of course, when I have been actually ill. Lilli Lehmann practiced for three hours even on the days she was to sing in public. I will admit that I myself have never had the courage to go so far as that. I find that an hour is all that I feel like doing, and I think many will agree with me.

The preparation of a new part requires the most arduous and intense study. Madame Carvalho used to say that when she had a rôle to create she would shut herself up in an ivory tower of silence and isolation, living there for weeks and months together. She forswore all pleasures and amusements, refused all invitations and remained in absolute retirement until her studies were completed.

I used often to discuss with her the difficulties and problems of an opera singer's life. One day the conversation turned upon the subject of newspaper criticism and the effect it could have upon an artist's career.

"I myself have always been very sensitive and impressionable," the famous prima donna remarked. "In consequence, my husband never permitted me to read the newspapers. He would occasionally repeat some of the pleasant and complimentary phrases, but he omitted the attacks. I was not duped by this proceeding, but I forced myself to believe as much as possible in order to put away from me anything that might diminish my confidence. My husband was too deeply interested in my welfare not to wish my faults corrected. When, therefore, a just criticism was made he would draw attention himself to my mistakes. Thanks to this arrangement, I have always believed that the world was kind and indulgent toward me."

Not everyone has been so fortunate as Madame Carvalho. Many artists have suffered cruelly under the lash of the critics. In some cases the attitude of the press has had a very bad effect upon a promising career, depressing and discouraging the budding artist, shaking his confidence and lowering his morale. The famous tenor Nourrit killed himself in Naples in 1850 because of the brutality of the attacks made upon him by the newspapers. One of the most charming and gifted of my friends, Marguerite Priola, whose lovely voice and unusual talent should have brought her a far different fate, committed suicide as a result of the attitude taken by the critics with regard to her creation of a certain rôle.

Heavens! If I had killed myself each time I was adversely criticized I should have died a hundred deaths! I read everything; but though certain remarks have hurt me deeply, others have encouraged and rewarded me, and I have found in intelligent criticism much stimulation and food for thought.

XXIX

DO I LIKE my profession, my art? I adore it! Would I go on the operatic stage again had I to begin my life over? Ah, yes, indeed! It is an honorable, a noble calling, if it is lived with dignity and worth.

Though glory may be, as Madame de Staël has said, an empty statue made of bronze, yet it has moments of such intense, such overwhelming joy that no one who has once experienced them can ever forget. Success, achievement, victory! Of what tremendous, transcendent emotions you are the expression and the cause!

The greatest fascination of success lies, for me, in the periods of exaltation which precede and accompany it. In those moments it is as though I became a supernormal being. I am no longer alone. I become multiple. The power and strength of many are mine. I am no longer conscious of an individual existence; but I find myself swept along by a torrential will, demanding expression, pouring itself out in a passionate, unstinted flood.

Sometimes when I am very tired I try to save myself. I hold back. The result is disastrous. I feel so diminished, so small that I cannot bear it. I must throw myself once more into the stream, giving—giving of my strength and energy. It is always the same. The more I spend the more I have to spend!

What a mysterious thing is temperament, that combination of qualities, that emanation of personality which play so important a part in artistic expression! The word has been overworked to such an extent that it has lost much of its force, especially in English, and yet it expresses an intangible something difficult to describe in any other way and usually essential to a successful dramatic career.

I suppose it is this which carries me so deeply into whatever part I may be acting that I become one with the character I am impersonating. The moment I put on the costume and make-up of Carmen, even I do not recognize myself!

"You are a stranger to us," my mother and brothers used to say. "You are no longer you!"

This absorption of one's personality in a rôle requires adaptability, a chameleonlike change of one's whole aspect and being. I have always been fascinated by these changes. I have studied and interpreted the greatest diversity of characters and types, as is proved by the fact that I am probably the only woman who has sung Carmen and Ophelia in the same week—two rôles which are totally dissimilar, both in characterization and in *tessitura*.

I have already mentioned some of my methods of study in developing the rôle of Carmen. I have described my visit to Granada, and my observation of the gypsies in their homes and at work in the cigarette factories. The rôle of Ophelia required a more painful investigation. I was determined to understand thoroughly the psychology of the part, and so I discussed Ophelia's character and experiences with an eminent alienist, whose profession had brought him into contact with many similar cases. He described to me in detail the various instances of insanity that had come under his observation. Many of them were of the same type as that to which Ophelia is supposed to have succumbed. One day he asked me whether I wished to see such a case, assuring me that my visit to the asylum, though it might be distressing to me, would give the poor girl who was confined there a certain amount of pleasure.

This unfortunate young woman had lost her reason as a result of a disastrous love affair, and was under the care of my friend. I finally decided to go with him, and the memory of that visit still remains vividly in my mind. It was heart-rending, terrible, yet I believe that I was able to interpret the rôle of Ophelia with greater sympathy and understanding than I could possibly have achieved had I avoided this painful experience. How often, as I acted the mad scene in Hamlet, have I thought of that poor girl and her pitiful condition.

One of the most interesting things, from the point of view of dramatic interpretation, that I have done was to sing the three Marguerites—that of Gounod's Faust, of Berlioz' Damnation of Faust and of Boito's Mefistofele—all in the same season.

I did this at Monte Carlo, where I sang for a number of years during the season with Renaud, Tamagno, Chaliapin and many other distinguished artists. It amused me to interpret these three Marguerites in succession, for each one has a strong individuality and character of her own. I brought out the different conceptions of the three composers by my different manner of singing, acting and costuming each part. Gounod's Marguerite is an innocent young girl, simple, naïve and charming. The music is melodious and full of youth and sentiment. Boito's heroine is very human, more passionate and profound than that of Gounod. Berlioz' creation breathes the atmosphere of the Middle Ages; it is medieval, romantic in tone and feeling. With the assistance of scenery and costume the differentiation of these characteristics was not so difficult to obtain as it would have been without these accessories. It had often occurred to me, however, that it might be interesting to attempt this delineation on the concert stage. In one of my recent concerts in New York I made the experiment, singing the three principal arias from these three operas one after the other. There is a fascination in thus evoking on the bare boards of the concert stage the whole atmosphere and individuality of a character; particularly interesting when, as in this case, the heroine portrayed is the same, the differences being entirely in the composer's interpretation of a great poem.

All opera singers who possess, as do I, a very wide range of voice have had the amusing experience of singing several parts in the same opera. In the case of Marguerite I sang the same character in three different operas. In Mozart's Nozze di Figaro and in Massenet's Herodiade, to mention only the first two that come to my mind, I sang several rôles in the same opera. Massenet's Herodiade was launched in Brussels the year of my début, and I sang Herodias there, and later Salome. During my early years in Brussels and Paris I sang all three soprano parts in Figaro—Cherubin, Susanna and the Countess.

In my long operatic career I have created a great number as well as a great variety of rôles. Some of them, like Mascagni's L'Amico Fritz and Massenet's Sapho and La Navarraise, have become parts of the repertoires of the leading opera houses all over the world. Others, such as Aben-Hamet, Le Chevalier Jean, Flora Mirabilio and De Lara's Amy Robsart and Messaline, have rarely been heard in America. I have sung in scores of operas which have been popular in Europe at one time or another—Lalla Roukh, by Félicien David; Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été, by Ambroise Thomas; Le Roi d'Ys, by Lalo; La Mort de Cléopâtre, by Victor Massé, and so many others that the list becomes tedious.

Of Bizet's productions, besides the all too famous Carmen, I have sung Leila, in Les Pêcheurs de Perles, introducing it to New York at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1896. I have also appeared in his charming little opera Djamileh, full of grace and sentiment, and in La Jolie Fille de Perth, both of which I sang in Italy. Among the operas which are familiar to the American public, besides those of which I have already spoken in the course of this story, I have sung Lucia, in Donizetti's

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Lucia di Lammermoor; Amina, in La Sonnambula, of Bellini; Lakmé, by Delibes; Pamina, in Mozart's Magic Flute; and so forth. I cannot even remember them all, yet how many transformations and changes they represent, how many pages of music, how many lines of verse and prose memorized!

All this means study and hard work, for there is no short cut to acquiring a part. One cannot learn a rôle by sleeping on the score. Intense, concentrated effort is needed for the mere process of committing to memory words and music. Yet this is perhaps the easiest part of the work. In addition, one must study the character, the play, the period, in order to form an idea of the opera as a whole. Then each act, each scene, and finally each phrase and expression must be intelligently developed, so that in the end a living and consistent character may be presented to the public.

I have always been extremely observant, and this characteristic has been most useful to me in my artistic career. I am always watching for some new idea; even the slightest suggestion, the most insignificant detail, may be rich in possibility if one is on the alert for information and ideas. As a young girl I used to watch the great singers and actors of the day with avid interest and curiosity, trying to understand their methods of obtaining a given effect, eager to pick up every crumb of information that might fall from the rich board of their achievement. I try, now, to make my pupils realize how much more constructive and helpful it is to observe the good qualities in a performance rather than the bad. It is easy to criticize, but in the very act of dwelling on the faults of another person one may be engraving these very defects on one's own mind, and there is a danger that one will imitate them unconsciously. It is much more useful to note the good points in an artist's work. Sometimes in the very midst of a poor or second-rate performance a brilliant bit of phrasing, a graceful gesture, an effective piece of stage business will give the receptive listener a new idea.

I have never reached a period in my career where I could afford to close my mind to new ideas and impressions. I find myself today as eager to learn, as ready for fresh suggestions and as interested in the development of new possibilities as in my student days.

I have had a great deal of good luck in my career. I was fortunate in coming to the operatic stage at a time when there were few singers whose type and temperament fitted them for the interpretation of such parts as Carmen and Santuzza. I was needed and I was at hand. This accounts, perhaps, for part of my success; hard work, patience and perseverance for another part. And for the rest it is for others who have heard and seen me on the stage to judge.

My comrades will understand me when I say that it requires a great deal of character and determination to stick to an operatic career. One is often tempted to give up the struggle, to succumb before the endless difficulties and discouragements that meet one at every turn. One must have tenacity of purpose, courage and unflagging energy to follow one's ideal and to refuse the easier and safer courses that are constantly opening up along the way. For me, however, no other career would have been possible, and I have found it, within its limits, stimulating and rewarding.

Life behind the scenes has its kindly and pleasant side, as well as its hardships. Its pleasures are very different from those that the popular imagination has created for us, but, nevertheless, they are not to be despised. How many good friends, loyal comrades and generous souls have I known among the inhabitants of the theatrical world! I have often heard our brotherhood misjudged. As a matter of fact, we are as hard working and idealistic a group as will be found in any other profession.

I have known the most devoted fathers, the most unselfish and self-sacrificing mothers among stage folk. The generosity of the profession is well known. Practically every one of my comrades supports a number of dependent relatives or unfortunate friends. It is considered a disgrace to allow any member of one's family or clan to go uncared for, no matter how distant the connection may be.

Is it not to us that everyone turns when there is a question of raising money for a charitable or philanthropic endeavor? Do we hesitate to give of our best for these good works, never counting how fragile, how delicate a thing is the human voice? It is not my desire to write a panegyric on the profession, but I think anyone who has known the world of the theater or opera stage will agree that, though we are not so gay and frivolous as the public would like to believe, we are at any rate as ready as others to do our small share toward a better world.

We have the reputation of being superstitious. It would be more true to say that we are usually deeply religious. There are few atheists among us.

One last word of all for the young girls who are bent upon following an operatic career: Remember this! In spite of the fascination of a dazzling public life, there is a destiny more glorious still—to be able to devote yourself exclusively to that small audience of two or three who will call you by the dear name of "mother."

xxx

IT IS not for me to speak of my successes of today, but as I turn my face homeward and make ready to leave for a while this great country of America I am tempted to dwell for a moment on the months that have just passed; months which have held for me one of the happiest experiences of my life and have crowned with success a long and fortunate career.

"Life is courage," said Balzac, and so have I found all through my life, but in recent years more strikingly than ever. Success is difficult to obtain, and glory is fugitive, especially for those whose art takes the form of dramatic or musical interpretation. Our creations dissolve into the air without leaving a trace. Though our triumphs may be immediate and dazzling beyond those of any other artists, yet they are proportionately unsubstantial and evanescent. Who remembers now the voices of the past? There remains only a memory, a tradition, a mere name.

One day not long ago a friend invited me to her house.

"I have gathered together the boys and girls of the younger generation," she said. "I want them to have the privilege of knowing you as we have known you in our day."

When I found myself face to face with that roomful of young beings, not one of them over twenty; when I saw those fresh faces, those new eyes; when I felt those glances full of curiosity and question, I realized suddenly the passage of time. These young people did not know me at all except by name. To them I was a stranger! I evoked no memories, aroused no happy associations. My voice could not bring them an emotion known and felt before. I must satisfy their avid curiosity as to whether their parents had been right in loving and applauding me. Up to that time I had only thought of the years as bringing me, not a possible diminution of power, but rather a constant increase of knowledge and experience, a firmer grasp of my art and a more intelligent understanding of what I was trying to achieve. I knew in my own heart that I could really sing better than ever, but I had to prove it to these young people who did not know me.

I was determined to force their admiration, and I was able, through my will and my imagination, to make myself their equal, to become young again in voice and feeling. Never has applause sounded so sweet in my ears! It was like the old days when as a girl of twenty I had won a public to which I was as yet unknown. The same thrill of victory, the same joy was mine again!

What a splendid, what a great country is this! How happy I am to have consecrated to it the finest years of my career. Here I find the same faithful friends as of old, affectionate and cordial as ever; and here new friends, new faces, new enthusiasms greet me on every hand.

Once more I have traveled through the great West, the rich and fertile middle plains of this marvelous country. I feel myself almost breathless with the urge of energy and vitality that these new cities radiate. They seem to be vying with each other in a titanic race toward some immeasurable goal. What strength, what movement, what gigantic forces are at work in these growing populations! Each town and city is determined to outdo its neighbor in numbers, wealth, luxury—and in automobiles!

The automobiles! *Mon Dieu*, they seem bigger and more numerous than the houses themselves! I have seen, standing outside the most modest frame cottages, cars that were larger and undoubtedly more expensive than the houses themselves. Not that there is any lack of handsome residences in the Middle West. Indeed, I have never beheld such magnificent houses as certain districts in some of these Western cities can boast. When I was motoring through these towns and cities it seemed to me that I passed miles of veritable palaces, each surrounded by its garden or park. In Texas the wealthier citizens have apparently determined to build no two houses alike. Italian villas, English baronial halls, Spanish patios and Moorish courts—every type of style and architecture has been adapted to the uses of these home builders. Yet all this variety and diversity is harmonized and made both comfortable and agreeable to the eye by the lovely setting of these dwellings, the lawns and gardens and the tree-lined avenues that surround them.

I noticed also that, no matter what period or nationality might be suggested in the building of a house, one purely American feature is always included—a sleeping porch! Every house has one or two of these delightful outdoor rooms. Indeed, the cult of the out-of-doors is very evident everywhere in America. The innumerable country clubs, the beautiful, immaculately kept golf links, the constant use of automobiles for pleasure rides and picnics, all attest the fondness of the average citizen for air and space.

In most of the cities that I have visited in the United States, especially west of the Atlantic border, I am impressed by the efforts that are everywhere visible toward beautifying and improving the city as a whole. It is not only that each community wishes to be the largest, richest and most important spot in the state or country; but it must also be well planned, well laid out and well adorned. In consequence beautiful boulevards are laid out all through the residential districts; magnificent stretches of flawless road, tree shaded and as broad as several ordinary avenues, lead through the parks and along the water fronts. Playgrounds are built for the children and everything is done to bring out the advantages of the natural setting of each city. The public buildings are particularly imposing, and make up in massiveness and white marble what they may lack in historical significance. Garden cities are these cities of the West; comfortable, clean, beautiful.

The men and women of the West take from their country something of its magnificence and beauty. They are a vigorous people, well built and well endowed. I heard many lovely natural voices during my tour; and this, together with the fact that many young girls in the East as well as in the West have come to me, asking for advice and assistance in their musical studies, has suggested to me the possibility of opening a school of singing in America. Cabrières cannot take in all these aspirants.

It has been a great joy to me to feel everywhere that I went during my recent tour a warmer and closer sympathy than ever between myself and my audiences. I am better understood; my art and my endeavor are more intelligently appreciated now than ever before. Is it because, since the Great War, so many of the young people of America have been to France and have learned something of our language, our mentality, our ideals? Perhaps this is the explanation. I do not know. All I can say is that never before have I felt so much at home in this great country. Even in the years of my operatic successes, even amid the enthusiasm and applause of those days, I never felt so happy or so completely in sympathy with my public as during my last stay in America. Surely between myself and these splendid young people, veritable crusaders, true knights of Columbia, who came to help us drive out the enemy from our dear land of France—surely between us there is a warmer current of understanding, an affection and an appreciation that did not exist before.

It has been a source of happiness to me to realize through my personal experience this growth of sympathy between France, my own beloved *patrie*, and America, almost as dear, my second, my adopted country. It is a joy to me to know that I shall be returning many times to this great land, not merely as a visitor to the scenes of past successes, but as one who still carries the torch; and who, by example and perhaps also by precept, can bear witness to the truths of a great art.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Madame Calvé

Watch This Column

"Human Hearts" on the way

HOUSE PETERS has certainly made another hit in "Human Hearts," Hal Reid's famous stage play, directed for the screen by King Baggot for Universal. Judging by the bookings, the exhibitors of this country like this picture fully as much as I do. And I'm wild about it.

Mr. Peters has with him in this picture such pleasing artists as Edith Hallor, Russell Simpson, George Hackathorne, Mary Philbin, Gertrude Claire and others of like talent. I don't believe that Baggot could have picked a stronger cast if he had gone over the screen-world with a fine-tooth comb.

The play will be remembered as chock full of heart appeal. It is powerfully American. It is very human. It is a story of yesterday, today and tomorrow—of old country homes, winding roads, moonlit paths, love,

EDITH HALLOR

romance and pathos. Just imagine big, manly House Peters and his sterling associates with a poem like this.

The play is what I would call an intensely sweet melodrama, and it is bound to take its place along with such well known UNIVERSAL CLASSICS as "The Storm" and "Outside the Law."

And again *it becomes clear* that you can't see the *best* pictures until you see UNIVERSAL PICTURES. A word to the management of your favorite theatre will bring "Human Hearts" to your neighborhood.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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48,800 miles of soft, refreshing Towels

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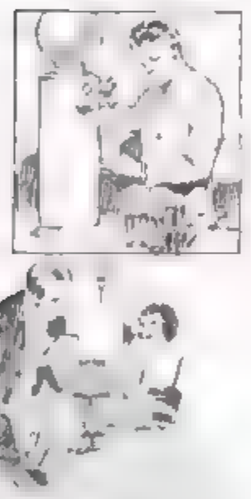


Soft, sanitary towels for the office or factory washroom; glistening tablecloths and napkins for dining rooms; jackets, trousers, and aprons for the doctor, dentist, and hospital; coats, vests, frocks, and aprons for the food shop, druggist, barber, and manicurist—all are offered by the Linen Supply.

Have you need in your business for soft, refreshing towels, snowy napery, or smart white vests, jackets or aprons? Have you an office or factory wash room? Have you a café, lunch room, or restaurant? Are you in a business or profession where fresh, white linen must be worn or used?

Towels—48,800 miles of them—of a soothing, aseptic quality, meeting the highest standards of cleanliness and sanitation, are placed at the disposal of the public every day by the linen supply men of America. More than 4,000,000 pieces of linen are similarly made available. It is this linen which you see on the tables of the better hotels and restaurants; in business offices; in the offices of doctor and dentist; in the food shop, the drug store, and the barber shop.

Fifteen hundred Linen Supply Laundries give this service. To business and professional men this great, country-wide institution makes available a complete supply of fresh, white towels and linen of all sorts, at a fee so nominal that renting of linen is now more economical than its purchase. And it goes a step farther—it calls for this linen promptly when soiled, launders it by the most hygienic of methods, and as promptly returns it, ready for days more of business-building duty.

If your need is for refreshing, sanitary towels for office or washroom, or the glistening linen that makes dining a delight, or the spruce white garments of service, a phone call to the nearest Linen Supply will bring them.

For greatest saving and service, "Don't buy your linen—rent it."

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, Cincinnati

RENT–*why buy Towels and Linen?*

THE WAY A GIRL TREATS HER FATHER

(Continued from Page 15)

"Listen to me," retorted the younger man with heat; "if there's going to be any picking on my friends I'll do it myself. I'm that kind of a chap! I'll say I don't like all of Ella's get-ups. There was that flesh-colored silk one-piece dress she wore to the Municipal Pier fireworks. A lot of people turned round to look at it, sort of queer. But it didn't hurt her complexion, at that, and she said she'd paid good money for it and when a girl worked for her living she couldn't afford to pay fourteen dollars and ninety-eight cents for a dress and then throw it away just because it was the wrong color and was a little too short and too low-necked. She said when it come to that, she wasn't ashamed, anyway, of her chest or her calves, which were as the Lord gave 'em to her. And when it comes to that, I don't see why she should be either."

He glanced with complete self-possession around the room.

Sam Geinson chuckled.

"D'ye know, I'd like to see her marry you. A girl with her line of persiflage."

But the younger man put Sam in his place, merely with a careless wave of hand.

"I'm not married to her yet. As for that, I wouldn't marry any girl until I found out -how ——" He industriously paused to reach for more charmeuse pokes to fill a Denver order.

"Found out what?" asked several in inquisitive chorus.

"Found out how she treats her father, of course. Take it from me"—with conviction—"that's the only way a girl will give herself away."

His hearers paused in their work.

"Posilutely," he went on carelessly, continuing his own work without cessation. "You see a baby doll that listens to her father's advice and hands him his slippers at night and sees that his chair is set at the table, and you'll see her showing the same thoughtfulness for her husband's comfort and words of wisdom. On the other hand, take a young woman who continually tells her father where he can get off at, figuratively speaking, and she'll do the same to the young man who tries to live with her."

The hearers would have agreed to this bit of sapiency had anyone but Winfield Tell voiced it. They would have admitted that in its simplicity and subtlety they should have thought of it themselves. But in his astuteness the speaker irritated them as in his blatant conceit. Besides, the heavy rush of the season was on, and from long habit middle-aged workers do not waste much rush time in chatter.

Rush time and other things aside, probably little attention would have been paid to one romance out of a city's large basketful had it not been for Winfield's own irritating disposition and for Mary Anderson's angle.

There had been a day when he let fall a picture of Mary to the sawdust-covered floor. Fred Ingraham picked up the pretty oval face, serious and wistful-eyed and good to any sensible person's gaze.

Across the back was written, in even-lettered, unaggressive hand, "Please come back, Win!"

Already there had been her letters for weeks, neat little square envelopes in the same even, unaggressive handwriting, which were handed up at the shipping-room door three mornings a week for Joe Gutter to distribute with the other mail.

Fred handed the photograph to Winfield and did not deny having read what was on the back. Winfield accepted it so casually that, moved by wrathful impulse, Fred told him just what he thought of him. Fred was at an age to take his privileges. He was fond of such words, too, as boob, blighter, mutt, scamp, hound and scoundrel, and he sent his complete stock of epithets at the close-cropped light head, like a hot hose over a defenseless window pane.

At first the victim merely stuck the bit of cardboard back in his hip pocket and said he could afford to lose one; Mary had her picture taken fifteen or twenty times a year and his top trunk tray was full of her. But as epithet followed epithet, his temper was struck.

"Say, suppose you attend to your own business, old mush-face," he requested with offense. "Your own business. Your own ——"

"I will," declared Fred, the top of his bald head purple. "I'll report you for being late three mornings this week. I'd just as soon see you fired. Then, maybe ——"

"Listen, grandpa," said Winfield Tell pityingly: "with my build and shoulders if I couldn't in two hours get another twenty-eight-dollar packing job in this town I'd come back and eat that brown-felt hat you've worn six years if you've worn it one. You better hie to some rural community and let the dew on the hay soak off verdigris."

"I'll put you on the list to work overtime tonight!" shouted Fred. "There's forty gross of outing hats that ought anyway to be packed for rush delivery."

"Much obliged," said the other with perfect amiability. "I wanted a good excuse to let Ella down tonight. That girl is getting too sure of me."

"Oh—she is?" Fred looked blank.

"Yeh. Thinks I'm always waiting round to take her some place. And sometimes I don't like the places she's keen on. Tomorrow night she won't be so fresh."

"She'd have to go far to be as fresh as her company," sighed Fred.

"She goes far," said Winfield, changing his lengthy order of Dakota straw tams for Joe Gutter's more easily packed straw sailors. "And I've sort of fallen, in a way, for her disposition. But I don't want her to know it."

"It wouldn't do her much good to know it on your income," suggested Joe Gutter, who was by nature pessimistic and the father of three young children. "How'd the two of you live?"

"She's living. And I'm living. In separate rooming houses. Both of us can keep on living, can't we?"

"There's such things as children comes to married folks," severely said Henry McCrench, who expected any day to become a grandfather.

"I'm not a chap to cross a bridge that hasn't yet been built," returned the young man. "Hand me along that rack of trimmed hemps, one of you old stiff-knees, if you want me to help shove along that New Orleans order."

Five minutes later he met Ella Humesly in an outer corridor, talked to her confidentially a short while, and came back to inform Fred Ingraham that he would work till 9:30 that night, but no later.

For at that genial arc-lighted hour Ella was expecting him to take in, at her side, the orchestral-and-lettuce-sandwich opening of a new salesgirls' recreation club in the downtown district. Ella had been quite upset at his having any other engagement for the evening.

Afterward an entire and thoughtful establishment recalled, word by word and act by act, various bits of sidelight all unwittingly furnished by Winfield Tell on the character and pursuits of Miss Ella Humesly. It reproached itself separately and as a whole for not having united these bits into one wick for an illuminating torch. But at the time, everybody had been busy and rather bored by the young man's daily and innocent garrulity concerning Ella. No one had listened particularly when he related repeatedly, with some reservation of manner, that undoubtedly she was a clever and observant young woman. Remarkably observant indeed, and given to courageous action at times.

At a dance hall one evening she had complained to a manager because the dancing space was interfered with by too many refreshment tables whose refreshments were priced too high for their quality. At another she had smartly informed the man in charge that she expected to report him to the authorities for selling lukewarm ice cream at ice-cold price. At a certain employed young women's recreation club she had annoyedly haled the manageress to one side for criticism of the dues charged and the nature of the recreation.

"Do you really think two hundred of us want to pay fifty-five cents to hear your sister-in-law play poor blues on a department store banjo?" she had demanded.

And she had told the matron of a coöperative employes' gymnasium that she saw no real reason for giving her entire biography, race, religion, parents' Christian names, favorite virtue, flower, vice, quotation, color and poem in order to play basketball at forty cents an hour.

HEINZ
Spaghetti
Ready cooked ready to serve

EVERYONE likes spaghetti—if it is prepared right. Everyone likes Heinz Spaghetti, for it is prepared *just* right.

The dry spaghetti is made in the Heinz spotless kitchens. So is the famous Tomato Sauce. The cheese is a special selection. The recipe by which it is cooked is that of a famous Italian chef.

It comes to you in a can ready to heat and eat. No work or fuss on your part. Keep a supply of this delicious food on hand. Serve it often—for guests and for every-day meals.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

ALL HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

It is true that Henry McCrench observed Ella's chubby rouged profile as it passed the door of the shipping room one day, and he was startled by a half thought. Only a half. He had been poring over Schultzburg advertising posters and catalogues all his noon hour and he was not unbefuddled, he decided. Anyway, Mrs. McCrench told him every week that he needed another pair of glasses.

Miss Carson could have supplemented Winfield's account of Ella's power of persiflage. Being late two mornings Ella had told a tableful of girls what she thought of getting out of bed too early, to sew two baskets of rosettes before noon on silk-braid turbans for such places as Joplin and Springfield, Missouri, while this wide world held better pursuits for young women.

But she could sew rosettes steadily and well enough if not too steadily, it is true, nor too well—and in a long forewoman career Lizzie Carson had learned not to waste too much intensive thought on certain young women under her rule. Season by season these of a certain kind fluttered into workrooms, singly or in horde, like the buttercups in a spring wood, and many were as inconsequential as the yellow flowers.

Lizzie set her shell-rimmed glasses on straighter, and said she pitied Ella's parents and she pitied the man Ella married, and as soon as the mid-season peak of rush was over she was going to lay Ella off with thirty-eight others, and that was as far as she was interested in Ella.

Besides, the Schultzburg forewomen, like the salesmen, older packers and teamsters, were engrossed in more vital matters than one mediocre heart affair. In the first place, after its protracted illness and lassitude following its knock-down in a great world mêlee in which it got neither glory nor share, the wholesale millinery business of the Middle West, South and East was able this year to sit up and take something besides liquid nourishment. That of itself was enough to engage the entire attention of thoughtful people. In the second place, in spite of the good turn of business tide, old Herman Schultzburg, on whose good will many pay envelopes and tempers depended, had returned from a prolonged trip to New York in a very bad humor. He was not often in very good humor, owing to arterial, digestive or financial condition. It was now reported that he was having some kind of family trouble.

The establishment in general agreed that he would be a better employer if he did not visit the sins of his arteries, his home and his party upon his wholesale aisles, and nearly everybody became a little nervous whenever his short fat person trundled unexpectedly into sales and shipping rooms, or his bulbous nose and cold lashless eyes appeared disconcertingly here and there, obviously searching too hard for an employer's regular troubles.

But he did not know that anyone was nervous, or did not care. And being who and what he was, Herman Schultzburg certainly would not have cared that, proceeding from cause to effect, one shipping room found one of its younger members cumulatively offensive

"I don't mind some weeks hearing you talk an hour straight about Ella having a real soft voice and a jolly disposition, but lay off for a while," nastily begged Sam Geinson the day his employer's suddenly rumbling-at-hand voice caused him to drop a rack of white-chiffon turbans to the floor, thus incurring rebuke for Sam.

"I bet my father would like to have his hired men in the same state of mind that old geezer's got you folks," observed Winfield, with envy for his father's sake "Why, even Ella don't seem to care to meet him face to face, and streaks down a side stairs whenever she hears him coming"

"She's wise," said Sam spitefully "I heard he was thinking about firing all the bobbed heads"

Winfield said that was all right. He didn't care much for hoity-toity bobbedness himself, and he intended to request Ella to allow hers to grow.

Whether he made the request or not was never known. It was about this time that Harold Craneham injected himself into an already three-cornered situation.

At first young Craneham was not recognized, even from Winfield's flowery description of his glossy black mustache—a very tiny chic mustache—or his large emerald ring That is, you could say the description was flowery, observed Joe Gutter, if you were a person to call a turnip a flower. Joe from the first, with others, rejoiced at Winfield's annoyance over Harold Craneham. Mary's letters had continued to come in a little mute stream. They bore humble testimony against Ella's up-to-date bobbed hair and aplomb-filled voice.

Because the men had seen Mary's picture, too, her oval, wistful-eyed face seemed to accompany each missive. It seemed indeed to waver, shadowlike, about the shipping room, testifying silently, gently, to the unhappiness of another woman in the world. No one could justify her predilection for Winfield Tell, except for his youth and good looks; but since she wanted him, in the sorrowful, mysterious, unreasonable way of a woman, everyone angrily felt that she ought to have him, and he ought to be well kicked for not giving himself to her, shoulders, conceit and all.

Perhaps this was because pretty, gentle Mary Anderson's letters had not been the only plaintive white stream to flow into the Schultzburg shipping room. Other little unhappy missives in continuing line, wistful wraith streams of love, as it were, had preceded hers. In the past for certain young men there had been letters from Iowa, from Nebraska, from Minnesota and other states. And there was the thin stream in foreign handwriting for eight months after Joe Gutter's brother got back from a French hospital.

Winfield opened Mary's letters casually, sometimes carelessly read them clear through, sometimes with a shrug stuck them, half read, in his pocket

"I don't like you, Tell," Fred Ingraham was finally compelled to say with feeling. "I'll say so right out. You think you're a family pet and a prince rolled in one. But I'm older than you ——"

"Oh, no!" with vast sarcasm. "Oh, would you say so?"

"—— and I hate to think of what life can teach a fellow like you. It's pitiful, this sweet girl continuing to care for you ——"

"That's what it is," severely said Henry McCrench, pausing balefully over a packing case half filled with tulle mushrooms for Los Angeles. "That's just what it is."

"Go back to your father's farm and marry her, even if she is a trifle behind the style and doesn't roll her hose, and you'll live life right," urged Fred with feeling.

"You've surely learned by this time what price fresh vegetables that ain't so fresh get here in season," said Joe Gutter warningly. "I know fellers making sixty dollars a week who can't ——"

"Why don't some of you join Billy Sunday's advance crew and get rid of the exhortation in your system?" inquired Winfield Tell disdainfully. "Say, my life is my own, isn't it? Am I asking any of you old sticks-in-the-mud to steer me straight down the river of existence?"

Then he paused to stare at Sam Geinson, who was worriedly sucking a thumb which had just been torn on a piece of chemically treated green lilac-stem wire.

"Say, you make as much fuss as one of our hired men did when the threshing machine took off his arm above the elbow."

Sam explosively wanted to know if he ever heard of arsenic poisoning.

Winfield said "Sure. When old man Brown in the next township went off so suddenly, leaving eighteen thousand dollars' life insurance to the young woman he'd married a year before in Sioux City ——"

But Sam and several others had turned their backs.

Winfield unconcernedly tore Mary Anderson's last letter in small pieces, cast the pieces into a waste box, and brushed off his new gray-felt hat preparatory to punching the time clock before the other men; he was taking Ella Humesly to supper and thence to a toddlers' contest which she had expressed a desire to enter if possible.

Toward a Schultzburg elevator, he tucked an arm within that pretty insouciant person's arm—she had already attended to her time clock—in a fashion bordering on the affectionate; and even, one may remark, more than merely bordering. And Ella had allowed her arm to curl to his willingly enough From needle-pricked hand she was bare almost to a cheap satin-banded shoulder. Lizzie Carson said it got worse every year—the way they acted and dressed. She hated to think of what the world would be wearing in 1976.

But it was the next day that the young man shared considerable dudgeon with anyone who cared to pause and listen.

"Funny thing," he said with displeasure "way some men act There's a fellow Ella says is a broker hanging around after her. He saw her here down in front of the place one night when we quit work. I was right behind her, because, as Ella says, we might as well eat supper most nights at the same cafeteria as go to separate places, and it saves time and street-car fare going some place after supper. And he certainly fell for her.

"He nearly fell out of his bright-green car. High-priced make. He didn't see me at her elbow, and round he turned that car in the middle of the block—breaking a city ordinance, too, turning a car around that way; we won't allow that even in our hick county seat—and he followed us two blocks, winding in and out of the traffic to get at last to the curbing right beside us. I wanted to push his face back to the spot they hit steers to kill 'em quick, but Ella"—a trifle sulkily—"wouldn't let me."

"I suppose he said she vamped him?" yawned Sam.

"No, he didn't. He pretended he knew her and she said—sometimes I tell Ella she's too talkative at times—she said, making it snappy, 'I don't care whether you think you know who I am or not. Beat it, or you'll be the sorriest man that ever walked a Chicago street in Chicago-born feet.' He gasped, red in the face, 'Such language!' I don't always myself like the way Ella talks But it was none of his business what language she wants to use. And he had the nerve to say that anyway he'd see her again, later, somewhere, sometime; and that she couldn't help herself."

Winfield added in noncommittal voice that Ella had insistently bidden him leave the fellow to her. She did not care to be mixed up in any street row, and she could take care of him and herself.

Whether she could do this or not, several persons connected with the Schultzburg establishment beheld for several successive days, at the hours of twelve and 5:30, a well-groomed, well-shaven, well-to-do young man, one indeed of the genus known in America and in other places as better class, riding slowly up and down the mercantile street which harbored the Schultzburg and several similar establishments. He cast assiduous sharp glances at every group of short-skirted girls emerging from various mercantile doors. He had a small glossy-black mustache, a great square-cut emerald ring, keen brown eyes and a bad temper. Twice he was heard to swear because other cars blocked his immediate way.

The first noon someone half recognized him. He was positively identified two days later. He was a wealthy young man about town, and he owned considerable stock in the Schultzburg establishment. During the war he had often accompanied Herman Schultzburg and other prominent Chicagoans on drives and other work. His picture had been several times in the newspapers—when he gave checks, when he sailed for France with his company, when he returned. Once he had pledged the value of his great conspicuous emerald, which he said belonged to his grandfather, to start off contributions for fags. And one or two persons recalled having seen him once with Miss Schultzburg herself on one of her infrequent school vacations and a consequent visit at the wholesale house. She had been a little creature, swathed to her pearl earrings in a squirrel dolman.

"But if men like him didn't have their habits I don't know what the movies would do for reels," said Fred Ingraham anent the attentions to Ella Humesly, this without too much concern over a self-possessed young woman's ability to take care of herself; and Fred casually whistled The Sheik while he checked off misses' and children's trimmed white Milans for a large Des Moines firm.

Winfield Tell also happened to be whistling The Sheik, low and somehow thoughtfully, it seemed. But different men whistle to different pressures of mood.

Ella Humesly was not at work for four days. Winfield said that she thought she had been working too hard: she was headachy days, although feeling well enough to meet him evenings—at her rooming-house door—for a little diversion.

But when at last she returned to her table and Miss Carson rebuked her tartly for absence, explaining that Nebraska was calling imperatively for two kinds of quilled tams by the gross, and not long back the mossy grass had threatened to grow for a decade before Nebraska could be heard calling for two kinds of quilled tams in one month, Ella gave a different reason.

As if pure gayety of living bubbled over in her and made her irrational, Ella said gravely, and with an inflection of perfect sincerity, that she had lost the check book which her father had given her last Christmas and she had stayed away from work to search for it, fearing someone might find it and use up all the checks.

Whereat Lizzie Carson sighed, with three pencils in her thin hair and forty-two gross of hemp hats, on carbon, in her hands, and silently told Ella Humesly what she thought of her silly impudence.

"I never waste time saying much out loud," she confided to Sam Geinson when he came in search of a dozen finished pogo caps to complete a rush order to Miami. "After you've handled girls for twenty-eight years you conserve your energy."

And Lizzie Carson, for one, was too busy even to assume interest when she heard that at 12:30 of that same day Winfield Tell, returning strong and rejuvenated from a dairy lunch, had met Harold Craneham in front of the establishment and so maltreated him, taking him by surprise, that the small glossy mustache and the emerald finger ring simultaneously were pressed into the pavement.

Craneham struggled immediately to his feet and, if looks or words were effective murderous instruments, would have forthwith made dead a member of the Schultzburg shipping force. However, more than looks or words were required to cause that young man to pass into another and less bodily plane of existence. The two clenched, went at each other with two excellent pairs of fists.

Such an encounter could not, of course, endure long on a crowded Loop street at the hectic noon hour. But, strange to relate, when a policeman had hastily got to the scene and had separated the two and was willing to act lawfully and punish a man who in broad and public midday had knocked another man down without warning, the man knocked down hurriedly objected, even while he was replacing hat on glossy black hair, and even slipped the officer something which was suspiciously green and folded.

As if recognizing the slipper, and understanding that a well-to-do young man about town might have the best of reasons for avoiding a police blotter and the city press in connection with a regrettable physical incident, the policeman obligingly, if a trifle doubtfully, touched his helmet and stood by without interference while one man got into his green car and rode off and the other proceeded into his place of employment.

Joe Gutter and two salesmen happened to see the incident. It cannot be said that their report of it increased anyone's liking for Winfield Tell. But he did not incur disrespect, either; although a good many older men were rather bored after an hour or so that afternoon; he bragged at length of his deftness in knocking any man down.

And then, at 5:30, which to many folks on this good earth is the most spiritual moment of the twenty-four hours, Winfield Tell wore a haughtily noncommittal expression. This while he stood on the pavement in front of the wholesale house which was emitting its end-of-day crowd, and watched Ella Humesly, who did not see Winfield behind her, step into young Craneham's glossy-green car and ride off—somewhere.

It was a balmy end of day, such as often falls on cities great and cities small. A breeze which hinted of spring floated over the crowded, hurrying street.

Back to the ears of many of her fellow employes floated the words of Ella Humesly getting into the green car. They were not the most complimentary to the car's driver. But still she had got in the car.

"Say, Mr. Harold Craneham, you've got your nerve, and for a cotton violet I would —— Oh, all right! If you're bound to make a fuss! I'm hungry, and when I'm hungry I can eat with one person just as well as with another. But if you think I like the way you've been tagging me for days past —— I suppose, though, you're the kind that would tag a wife till the poor thing wished she was ——"

The general clamor of a homing Loop street at that time of day shut off further hearing of Ella Humesly's words or of young Craneham's. Several of the listening men looked curiously at the silent, listening Winfield. But there is always a certain amount of sex solidarity, even in the most unpropitious. No one gibed him or offered

Continued on Page 67

VELVET JOE: "When it comes to complexions and tobacco, any improvement on Nature ain't any improvement."

THE CHEMIST: "You're right, Joe. The smartest scientists are stumped when they try to mellow tobacco by artificial methods, instead of natural ageing in the wood."

HERE'S WHY:

DURING the slow two years ageing, the fine Kentucky Burley leaf used in Velvet, "sweats" each Spring and Fall. Fermentation, chemists call it. But it's simply Nature's way of throwing off all harsh, bitter properties. That's the reason that Velvet is better than other smoking tobaccos. There can be no rawness and bitterness after Nature has worked on the tobacco for two long years.

It costs us a lot of money to let Nature do this, but the constantly increasing sale of Velvet justifies the expense.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Velvet

the aged in the wood smoking tobacco.

Mild and Mellow

Mrs. Jones puts her ho

Some time ago I had an experience that every woman has had time and time again. We needed a number of things and I decided to spend the day shopping. I started out with $15 in my pocketbook.

On the way down town I stopped at the grocery and ordered some things. I paid for the goods and asked the grocer to deliver them. He didn't give me a receipt and I didn't think to ask for one.

I spent most
department store
in different de
Brown's gave m
thing that I boug

I bought some bread in a bakery. This was another "receipt" store. I got my change and a receipt in half a minute. I couldn't help comparing this service with that of the drug store next door.

As soon as I got home the newsboy came to collect for the paper. I opened my pocketbook to pay him and found exactly three cents. Three cents out of $15! I couldn't believe it and I sat right down to check up.

I knew exactly
that had given
amounts in pl
showed that I h
Brown's store a

One kind of National Cash Register receipt.

I LEARNED two valuable lessons that day. One
that every woman ought to keep a record of the mo
she spends. Since that day I have kept a Home Bud
book and I know exactly where our money goes. We h
saved money and we always know where we stand.

The National Cas

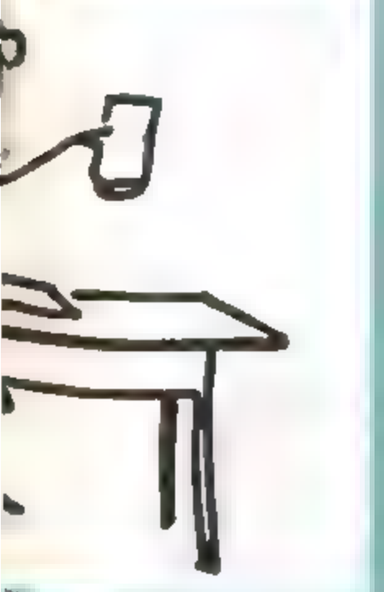
Day

on a business-like basis

horning in Brown's
t quite a few things
s. I noticed that
ed receipt for every-

I met Mrs. Smith and we went to lunch. I paid the check and on the way out bought some candy to take home. They didn't give me a receipt, either for the lunch or for the candy.

On my way home I stopped in a drug store for some cold cream. I don't remember how much it was, the jar wasn't marked, and I didn't get a receipt. But I had to wait a long time for my change.



had spent in stores
pts. There were the
ted figures. They
a total of $8.75 in
nts at Good's bakery.

But I could only guess at what I had spent where they had not given receipts. There were the groceries, the cold cream, and the candy. And of course we had had lunch. But there was nothing to show what they cost.

I was worried and I told my husband about my experience. "It seems to me," he said, "that you could avoid trouble like this by trying to do all of your buying at stores that give printed receipts."

I also learned that you cannot keep any kind of a record unless you get receipts for everything you buy. Now I always try to buy from merchants who give National Cash Register receipts. By getting receipts and keeping a Budget book we run our home on a business-like basis.

Register Company

Ohio

A Home Budget Book Free

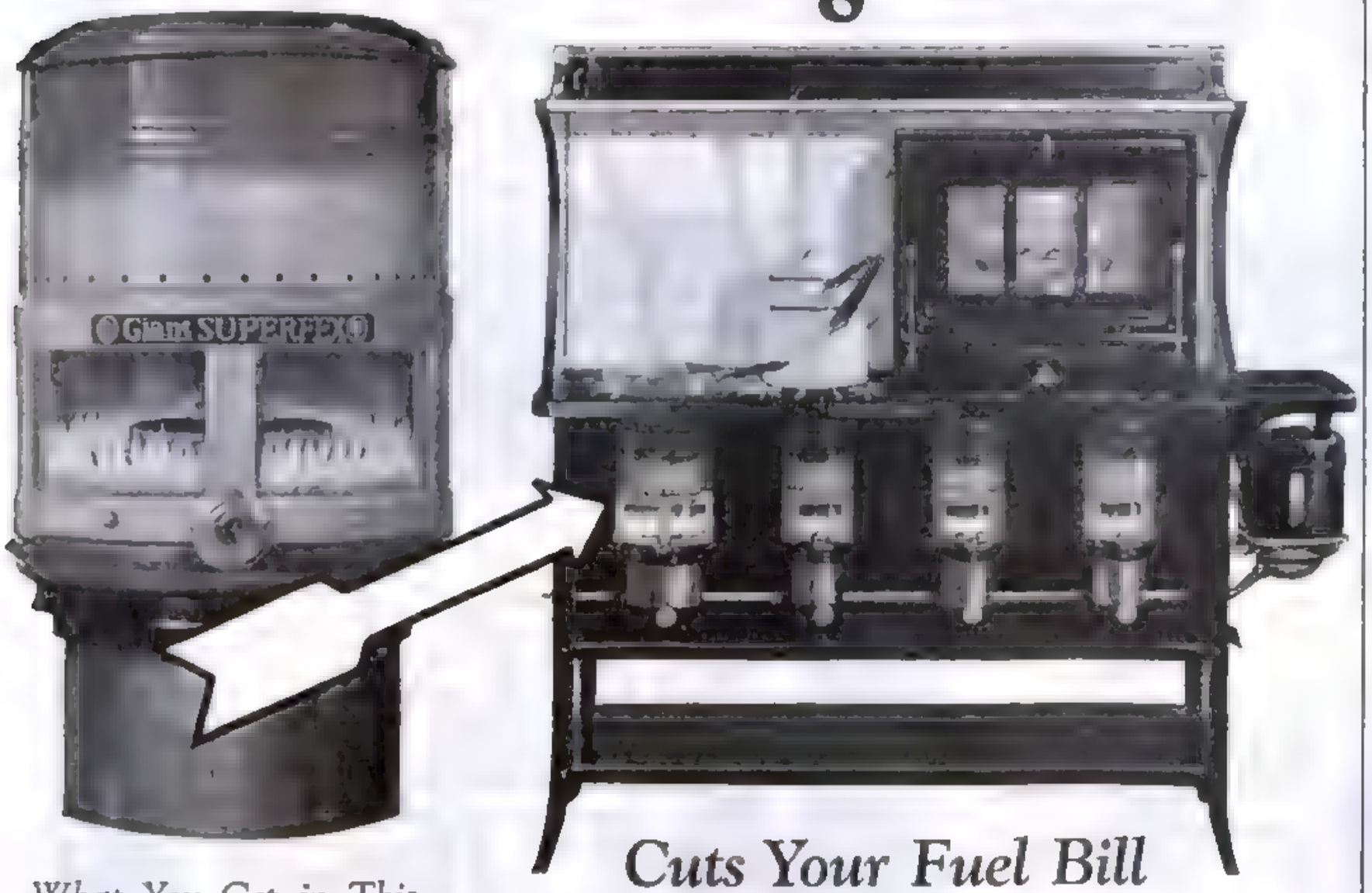
We believe that it will pay every woman to keep a record of expenses. To make this easy to do we have prepared a simple Home Budget book. We will send you a copy from Dayton or you can get one from our nearest agency. In either case the book is free. Just mail this coupon.

Name _____

Address _____

the Oil Range for City Use

A Revolutionizing Invention



Cuts Your Fuel Bill

THE fuel cost is lower than gas at 85 cents per thousand cubic feet—much cheaper than electricity.

And, in addition, this new range cooks with all the speed and satisfaction of a gas stove.

A new invention, the SUPERFEX Burner, has made possible for the first time this remarkable oil range that gives absolute satisfaction for city, suburban and farm use, the whole year 'round.

The speed and economy of this range have been tried and proved in actual kitchen use. After thorough tests, Good Housekeeping Institute has placed its seal of approval on the New Perfection with SUPERFEX Burners.

A demonstration will convince you. See your dealer now—and save money

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters
7638 PLATT AVENUE CLEVELAND, OHIO

What You Get in This New Stove

1. Cooking speed of the giant gas burner—in the Giant SUPERFEX Burner.
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2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. One Giant and three Standard SUPERFEX Burners.
4. Operating convenience, cleanliness and new time-saving features.
5. Greater economy and reliability of cooking with kerosene oil—the universal fuel.
6. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin Quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and new base shelf for utensils.
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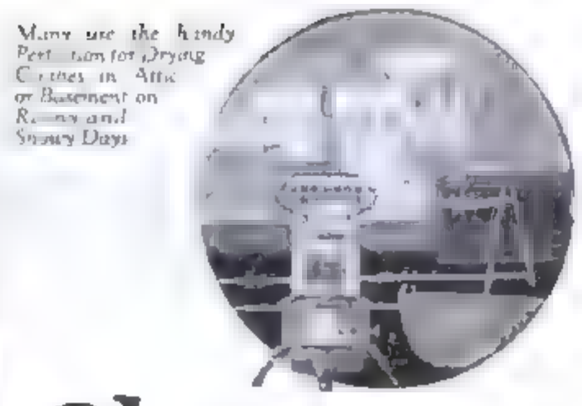
NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*



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The friendly glow of the handy Perfection Oil Heater is bringing extra cheer to young and old alike. Its cozy warmth prevents drafts and dampness and chases chill from any room on winter's coldest days.

Keep warm and keep well—with a Perfection. It's easily carried about, upstairs and down—no smoke, no odor—gives 10 hours' comfort heat on a gallon of kerosene oil.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7638 Platt Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Heat by the Roomful

(Continued from Page 62)

offensive condolence. Besides, homes and suppers were calling.

Eight-thirty of the next morning had hardly spun its busy opening-of-day course into 9:30 when that happened which had been bound to happen sometime. Ella Humesly met her elderly and gnarled employer face to face. The place of meeting was the wide cluttered corridor which ran from workrooms past the shipping room, with its always open unimpeded door, to the coat rooms. At the time, Lizzie Carson had assumed that Ella had left her chair and needle either to get a forgotten lipstick in her coat pocket or to pass unnecessarily the door of the shipping room. As either reason was inexcusable she had given brusque permission to Ella to leave her work. Afterward she regretted her unnecessary brusqueness of tone.

Ella strolled carelessly down the corridor, the kind of permission accorded to her having mattered little at all. Lizzie Carson had watched her with impatience. At sight of old Herman Schultzburg in that corridor, bearing toward her like a schooner at full speed, the girl turned as if in terror and would have run as if in panic. Joe Gutter in the shipping room was in line to notice her peculiar manner.

She did not run far; perhaps four steps. A horrified shout from her employer hypnotically stopped her while one cheap small gray-suède heel was high in the air. It seemed to remain there suspended a full minute. Joe Gutter and others, brought by the heavy and well-known Schultzburg shout, watched it in some fascination. That is not a customary action of a heel. Herman Schultzburg's questions tumbled hoarsely after his shout—and enlightened his establishment; almost stupefied that establishment, as well.

"Eleanor Schultzburg! What in the dev—— What are you doing here? Where have you been these two months past? Where did you get the kind of clothes you got on? Where did you get your hair cut?"

For a moment terror and panic almost triumphed. But it was the briefest moment ever tossed out by Father Time. The next, and half a hundred persons heard Ella Humesly's—so-called—bright young voice in impertinent reply.

"I'm working here, papa. For two months. I bought these clothes at Chicago stores. I got my hair cut at a beauty shop. And what have you got to say about it?"

"What have I got to say about it?" City workers who had never seen a Western plain except in a motion picture involuntarily thought of a bellowing buffalo. "And your mother in bed in a New York hotel! On your account! And me looking for you, searching for you ——"

"I sent you a postcard and told you I was all right."

"Me with two detective agencies to the last man hunting for you—Harold looking for you—all of us frantic!"

"Oh!"

She sighed, as for a handsome time ended. And of those looking on, a number remarkably augmented in the ten seconds just past, all listening, heads out of doorways, heads from behind hat boxes, heads between machinery and packing cases, an astute minority gasped at first. Then all except Henry McCrench, who had dropped his glasses in the excitement, began to catch it. That resemblance! They marveled that they had been obtuse. There it was exposed. Allowing for youth and dyspeptic age, taking into account lashlessness and beaded lashes, marking well one bulbous old sallow nose and one short chubby young white nose, there was a distinct line of similarity in the two profiles.

Moreover, Herman Schultzburg, having come to purple lack of breath, suddenly emphasized what he was saying by stamping his right foot. In return his daughter pettishly stamped hers. Those who heard the two sounds afterward agreed that rarely did an action by one person resemble an action by another person so meticulously. There was the same resonance of heel upon floor, the same swiftness of calf movement. That one calf was old and stiff and the other young and shapely seemed to make miraculously small difference in resultant sound.

By the arm Herman Schultzburg took his daughter and led her into the nearest office promising privacy. It happened to be the timekeeper's; that person hastily vacated it for his employer's convenience.

The door closed slammily. There then floated through a transom, for, after all, complete privacy is hard to attain in a crowded mercantile establishment, the following:

"Now, miss ——"

"Papa! If you'll let me explain ——"

"Explain! She talks about explaining when ——"

"You see, I'd told you before ——"

"Don't you dare give me any more of that sociological stuff!" An old harassed man half-wailed, half-roared this. "Think of it! All a wholesaler's got on his mind! Freight rates! Slump of trade! A teamsters' strike! The stock market—and the artificial flower makers' demands! And atop of all"—the wail gained victory over the roar—"he's got to stop and hunt for a daughter with a bee in her bonnet ——"

"I've got a right, papa." This was coming sulkily.

"Has a father got any rights?"

"If you'll let me explain ——"

"I'll teach you a better explanation than any you can hand me."

"Try to, papa"—sulkily.

"No wonder"—again a wail—"I'm an old sick man."

"Oh, if you'd take a course"—flippantly—"in mental therapy for indigestion ——"

"Don't you talk that way to me, miss!"

"I said nothing improper," she said with spirit. "And I'll talk just the way I please. My life is my own. And if I choose not to be a social idler, but devote my days to finding out how other people live ——"

"You mean," brutally shouted a harassed old parent with commendable insight, "you were bored and you wanted to try something new and strange. And at the same time annoy Harold."

His daughter stamped her foot a second time. "Oh—Harold!" Her inflection was unkind. Either the reverberation of the stamp or the inflection of voice caused a high and neatly boxed heap of fluted sailors for Fort Worth, Texas, to topple over in the corridor outside the timekeeper's office.

Joe Gutter mechanically stooped to stack them again, and in so stooping brushed against Winfield Tell, whom momentarily nearly all had forgotten in the excitement. Now, peering around to look him in the eye and find out how he was taking all that had happened, they neglected to continue to listen to the two within the small closed office. When they again hearkened, Eleanor—Ella, so-called—had become either sulkily or thoughtfully silent, and Herman had become merely an inarticulate murmur.

And by that time there had been found small satisfaction for anyone in attending to Winfield Tell. His mouth, wide at first, had closed compressively; his stupor and astonishment, so evident in the beginning, had anyone alertly observed, had been exchanged for impassivity.

Then turning on a silent heel he was the one to lead the way back to customary work.

It was Henry McCrench who, back at work before Herman Schultzburg could emerge from his timekeeper's office and catch a listening crowd, led the hemming and the hawing with Winfield as object.

There had been quick consulting and clinging and querying of many pairs of eyes. There was the beginning of a high nervous tension in the shipping-room air. It was heightened by the curious passing and repassing of many girls and other Schultzburg employes who had a strange intense desire to peer furtively in the shipping-room door for a look at the young man who had been favored by the liking and companionship of the so-called Ella Humesly.

A man you don't like is a man you don't like, there is no denying. And of course there are other shipping rooms when men are industrious. But the son-in-law of your employer is, after all, the son-in-law of your employer. No sensible person cares to change his place of employment unnecessarily. Oh, a girl's caprice!

Henry McCrench, nudged by two or three, began hesitantly: "I hope, Tell, you don't bear any malice? Just for a—a few joking words."

The young man, if he heard, made no reply. His countenance was still impassive, so that Henry's voice died away. It was deemed best not to force matters. Strange as it may seem, matters were at the same static point at noon; at end of day; and the same for two or three days to come.

Young Winfield Tell worked assiduously. The shipping room united in a peculiar silence and unusual attention to work. A huge order of assorted ready-to-wears was made ready for New Orleans in record time. Eighty gross of children's trimmed dress hats wended swift way to Seattle, and there was no need for overtime by the men.

Silence continued to remain gently, unobtrusively on one young man, and hence on those who surrounded him. This for perhaps three days and a half. At the end of that time someone saw him in converse with Herman Schultzburg's daughter again—on the main floor, with Miss Schultzburg in a neat but not bought-on-installment serge suit.

It was remarked that the two conversed without marked emotion. Winfield was calm and even cordial. Eleanor was calmly vivacious. And while they were together young Harold Craneham approached. He did not approach boldly, but humbly and courteously enough. He and Winfield shook hands, not too limply.

For a moment Miss Schultzburg's self-contained brown eyes rested on both young men as if indecisively. Winfield politely excused himself, it was seen, and took his way up to his accustomed place of employment. The observer, who was Joe Gutter, followed him and could not refrain from indiscreet question:

"Aw, Tell, don't be a clam! I know some of us didn't treat you right, but a man that can't take a joke but holds malice ——"

"A joke? Malice?" Winfield apparently was puzzled.

"If you're going to marry the old man's girl ——"

But at the direct attack Winfield put down the little creamy child's motor hood which he had been carelessly wrapping in tissue paper for its express journey.

"I don't want you to misunderstand me, men," he said as if after much thought. "I don't want you to think I'm reflecting on Ella ——"

"Reflecting on her?"

"She's a nice girl, Ella, or Eleanor, or whatever she chooses to call herself," stated Winfield Tell calmly. "She's got a nice voice and she's jolly ——"

"I'll say it took pluck for her to work as long as she did and not give herself away," said Joe with admiration. "I've been wanting to tell you, Tell ——"

"And though of course we know you'll hardly stay in the shipping room after you marry her," broke in Fred Ingraham, "we want you to feel we didn't actually dislike you."

"Marry her!" The young man seemed astonished. "Say, listen. As I said, I don't want to cast reflections on any girl. I don't want to say anything I'll regret. You see, it was a great surprise to me ——"

"To all of us," encouraged someone.

"I don't want to say anything I'll regret. But"—there came onto the face of the speaker an expression curiously cold, stern and cautious—"but I'll say the way she talked to her father didn't make any kind of a hit with me!"

"It—it d-didn't?" stuttered someone; Henry McCrench or Sam Geinson.

"I guess not. I'm not saying anything against Ella. And of course we were nothing but good friends. And I'm perfectly willing to go on being good friends with her. She's a nice girl and jolly company. But a girl who'd defy an indulgent old father—she told me once he'd give her his false teeth!—a girl who'd leave a good home and live where she pleased and want to know of her father what he thought he could do about it ——" Voice sank with absolute disapproval, even astoundment.

"You mean?" Sam Geinson's voice sank with awe. This from a fellow man!

"I mean I couldn't help wondering," mused Winfield with strong feeling, "how she'd talk to a husband when he made any unusual little demand or request."

"You m-mean," Sam stuttered into inarticulacy—"you don't m-m-mean ——"

"I mean I myself wouldn't risk it. Even if we'd been anything more than simply good friends, which we weren't." Quite attentively and matter-of-factly the speaker reached for another little creamy child's hood.

Joe Gutter bore testimony that there had been marked indecision in the young lady's attitude while she stood in converse with the two young men, Winfield and Craneham. It was cheerful enough indecision. She had put a hand on each one's arm while she talked to them. But she had seemed somewhat regretfully to stare after Winfield when finally he politely excused himself and went to his work. Whereat—his going, not her regretful look—young Craneham, who at close range seemed a singularly docile young well-to-do man about town, had brightened; as a terrier may when his master finally decides to pat him.

On top of this it was anticlimax when that same afternoon Winfield Tell received another letter from Mary Anderson, carelessly read it half through and then stuck it unfinished in his pocket.

Sam Geinson was moved to speech. Henry McCrench was surprised and annoyed. The action seemed unfitting. There had been a many-sided change of feeling in the shipping room. Old Herman Schultzburg loomed less as an employer than as a hectored old person who needed sympathy and consideration from those under him. It would have been fitting, Henry and others deemed, had Winfield seen fit to keep the atmosphere sort of exalted, as it were. But it seemed that essentially he had not changed. And then, before Sam could get ready a really effective and eloquent sentence, came another letter from Mary, marked special delivery.

Winfield carelessly tore it open, read it through with some sign of excitement. Several men of varying age stared at his suddenly triumphant expression. It was as well that he was not of a reticent nature. Curiosity unsatisfied might have gone hard with an elderly man or two.

But immediately he benevolently shared the contents of the missive, shared them with so bland, so beaming a smile that Henry McCrench took off his glasses to polish them, sure that he had not seen aright.

"Mary," said Winfield in glad tone, "has changed her mind. She is coming. She will be here tomorrow morning, Union Depot, eight o'clock. Gave in at last! Mary has!"

"Well, I call that a shame!" Sam Geinson could not refrain from saying. "She won't like it here, living in a stuffy flat and worrying over expenses."

As one man they stared.

"Who said anything about us living in this town?" demanded Winfield, carefully putting the letter in his pocket.

"Why—why—what else have you been saying for months past?" demanded Sam sharply. "I'm not hard of hearing if I am forty-six."

"I know what I said." He grinned. "Sure, I know."

"Well, now you say she is willing to come ——"

"Sure, I said it. And since Mary is willing to live wherever I want to live—why, I'm perfectly willing to go back and live where Mary wants to live and where privately I'd rather live."

He put down a batch of creamy hoods and began to roll down his sleeves.

"There's a lot of things about a city I don't like," he confided casually to all who cared to listen. "I like to look out my bedroom window at trees when I wake up mornings—instead of L tracks. And it's too noisy here. And you don't get your money's worth."

"Oh, is that so?" Two or three spoke as if dazed.

"There's quite a lot of things to annoy you on a farm," he went on, fastening his cuffs. "San José scale, and sometimes a dry summer, and a May freeze often. But I don't know as a wholesale millinery house is a bed of peace." With disgust: "Always on the verge of nervous prostration for fear the fool women in Iowa or Nebraska or Texas won't wear their usual quota of chiffon brims and cotton lilacs. Six of one and half a dozen of the other, I'll admit to pa. I give in when I lose an argument. I'm that kind of a chap. Pa warned me my income tax would never equal his."

While, generally dazed, a roomful listened to him and watched him, he added with evident relief. "Mary's certainly been slow to give in. Stubborn—that girl! I was afraid she'd never do it, and I'd be forced to marry someone else just to have company most of my life."

He beamed as he got his hat. "I don't mind telling you—Mary all along was the only kind of girl that would suit me. Guess when it came to the scratch I couldn't have had a substitute. Jolly, and a fair cook—she'll be fine when she's as old as her mother and mine—and a nice straight white nose. And the way she treats her father—she's fond of him." He paused to allow the excess of commendation to sink into the minds of his hearers.

Then he turned firmly to Fred Ingraham. "I want my pay up to the minute. Two hours over this last half day. Pa's generous, but I'll need every cent with Mary. She's used to the best grade of silk and clocked!"

A photoplay of "the mad age," depicting the consequences of the riotous life of the gilded youth of today!

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"MANSLAUGHTER"

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THOMAS MEIGHAN

Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson

From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
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An intensely modern plot

—handled in Cecil B. De Mille's greatest manner!

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Emery Shirts

CONSTITUTION BUSTERS

Continued from Page 23

every effort, if he ever reaches the Senate, will presumably be devoted to furthering unsound and thoroughly anti-Republican doctrines.

Of late years this flabbiness and lack of principle have been aggravated by organized and aggressive minorities who have discovered that when they scream loudly enough and long enough for certain things their screams are mistaken by senators and representatives for nation-wide demands.

So it happens that our legislators first frame laws to meet the desires of one organized minority, and then they frame more laws to meet the desires of another organized minority, after which they devote themselves busily to framing still more laws to appease the ear-splitting howls of every other organized minority that has a howl in its system.

Such a state of affairs is, in a way, an embryonic form of the Bolshevik uprising in Russia. The Bolsheviks were—and are—a very small but very well organized minority. They knew exactly what they wanted, and they knew exactly where they proposed to apply the ax in order to get it. Their opponents lacked leadership, vision and backbone. They knew they were going to be struck, but they never made up their minds which way to dodge or how to return the initial blow with a violent and effective wallop. As a result, one hundred and fifty million people have been overwhelmed and wrecked by an aggressive minority of little more than half a million Bolsheviks, governing by means of the most offensive centralized bureaucracy that the world has ever seen.

Asking Papa for It

The student of political science learns at an early date that bureaucracy is "the only form of government for which the philosopher can find no defense," and that "republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences."

In order that there may be no mistake as to the exact nature of bureaucracy, its definition in a standard work of reference is: "Government by bureaus; specifically, excessive multiplication of, and concentration of power in, administrative bureaus. The principle of bureaucracy tends to official interference in many of the properly private affairs of life, and to the inefficient and obstructive performance of duty through minute subdivision of functions, inflexible formality, and pride of place."

Some of the loudest and most persistent of the organized minorities that have been operating in this country for the last few years have been those who have little use for the Constitution of the United States, for states' rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, for community government or for state government, or for individual liberty and freedom.

The founders of this country had certain definite ideas, prominent among which was the idea that God helps him who helps himself. The United States did not reach its present commanding position because its early settlers and lawmakers were led tenderly over to this country and catered to by a lot of paid agents, pushed into soft jobs, and wrapped up in cotton wool when they pounded their fingers or were dissatisfied with their wages. They fought their way over here, and they fought to hold their homes when they got here. Life in America was a life of fierce competition—of competition with Nature and of competition with other men. Men who were brought up under such conditions were men of courage and men of convictions. Families were strong enough and energetic enough and proud enough to bring up their own children without any sort of government interference. The citizens of a town were mentally capable of solving their own problems without calling on the state for assistance. The state was able to meet its difficulties without bursting into tears and taking its bruises to the Great White Father at Washington to be kissed. Only the Indian was so incompetent in the gentle art of self-rule that he had to be closely supervised by the Federal Government; and the Indian isn't lasting well.

The leaders of the American people were true leaders, with vision and backbone. Organized minorities lacked the power to make them shiver with fear or even to indulge in the slightest internal quiver of alarm. If the leaders of organized minorities were murderers or inciters to murder those rude and independent leaders didn't invite them to lunch or discuss their sins with them in prolonged conferences. They stuck out their jaws, rolled up their sleeves and announced grimly that the hanging would take place at sunrise if necessary in the support of law and order. The fact that the hanging might ruin a voter or two didn't affect their judgment in the least. They were interested in principles and not in votes.

Things are different nowadays. Of late years the United States, lacking the vision and the common sense to see the inevitable results of such folly, has admitted the cheapest of Europe's immigrants by the million. Because of their training, their environment and their heredity, the bulk of these people have been incapable of grasping our principles of government. With this cheap immigration have come great quantities of cheap foreign thought that had its origin in the minds of men whose ideas and ideals were as far removed from those of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Adams and the other founders of the republic as a lemon is removed from the sun. This cheap foreign thought may be found in and behind the writings of the German socialist leaders, Marx and Engels, traced through the ravings of their apostles and successors, and located in the more recent outpourings of the Bolshevik leaders, Lenine, Lunakharsky and Madame Kollontai. It has found a fertile resting place in the minds of demagogues; in the minds of poorly balanced and half-baked youths who grow hysterical between their thirtieth and fortieth cigarettes over any worthless and untried scheme to relieve every man of his normal burden of responsibility and work; in the minds of the restless children of recent immigrants whose sole political heritage, as a result of centuries of real or fancied oppression, is the desire to destroy the existing government; and in the minds of those fanatics, faddists and visionaries who snatch up and play with ancient or renovated socialistic schemes as their less harmful brothers pick up and toy with bizarre religions or fool with quack theories for reducing weight without any of the unpleasantnesses that must go with sane weight reduction.

Having absorbed a sufficient amount of cheap foreign thought, these enthusiastic people imbue other people with their enthusiasms and form organized minorities which make concerted and often successful drives on Congress to have their fads and visions made into laws.

Well-Chosen Words From Delaware

The goal toward which these people are working—though most of them would probably deny the accusation indignantly, and firmly believe that they were justified in their denials—is a paternalistic, socialistic, communistic United States of America, in which there shall be no more government by the people through wise leaders selected by them, as provided by the Constitution, but a government by laws through an enormous number of bureaus centralized in the capital, as practiced in Soviet Russia.

Bearing in mind the two axioms that bureaucracy is the only form of government for which the philosopher can find no defense, and that republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences, let us turn for a moment to a few well-chosen words delivered in the House of Representatives on April 11, 1922, by Dr. Caleb R. Layton, the one representative from the state of Delaware.

"There are more than two hundred and fifty different commissions and bureaus of the Federal Government already in existence," says Doctor Layton. "They comprehend every sort of human activity in art, science and administrative power, including forestry, agriculture, horticulture, mechanics, chemistry, biology, the whole field of medicine, including investigations both in human and animal diseases. In fact, there is nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth that is not comprehended in the activities of some government agency. If some midnight dyspeptic idealist as he lies awake thinks he has discovered some new idealistic good which he deems to be for the betterment of mankind, he immediately proceeds to draft a bill creating a new bureau under the Federal Government for the purpose of carrying his newly discovered idea into effect. . . .

"It is inevitable that the extension of bureaucratic government will destroy the energies and therefore the liberties of the people. It is inevitable that the more bureaucratic government is extended, the less community and state government will be left. It is inevitable that the extension of national power will call for more and more taxation to support the increased number of departments and bureaus with their inevitable increase of men and women upon the pay rolls. It is inevitable that the more the Government taxes the people the less the people can tax themselves for state and community purposes. It is inevitable that the more money the Government gets from taxation the less the states can get. The fuller the National Treasury the more empty the state treasury, until all energies of government will be nationalized and the states will be too poor to pay for any of their own. When that time comes, then will come revolution as the only escape from the tyranny of Congress, just as it was the only remedy in 1776 against the tyranny of a king. Either this or national death through a slavish and decadent citizenship."

Now some people believe this and some people don't. The unfortunate part about the whole thing is that the people who believe it to be true, and who see our American forms of government swiftly being supplanted by hybrid and communistic foreign forms, cannot cast their lot with a political party which stands for the principles for which the founders of the republic stood. No such thing exists.

A New Alignment Needed

Some Democrats are hunting votes by blaming the socialistic drift on the Republican Party; and some Republicans are blaming it on the Democrats. Such men are either deliberately attempting to deceive the people or haven't the brains to see that the blame falls on both parties. In either event they are not fit to be elected to the positions which they are after.

Doctor Layton, of Delaware, continuing his speech of April 11, 1922, in the House of Representatives, said: "Today both parties, within and outside of Congress, are mere bidders at the auction block for the support of every organized class asking for legislation that if enacted would destroy every vestige of the constitutional government we have inherited. . . . We need two political parties differing in principles and not over spoils, an open, honest and frank constitutional party, and an equally open and frank communistic party, so that the sheep of constitutional government can be separated from the three breeds of wolves of socialism, paternalism and communism."

Doctor Layton is an optimist if he expects that those who advocate socialistic and communistic legislation will be willing to brand themselves as communists. At times they call themselves liberals, and at other times they call themselves progressives. They speak of legislation which they advocate as public-welfare legislation, and not as communistic legislation. The label which they invariably attach to the person who opposes them is either "reactionary" or "standpatter"—evidently figuring that it is less shameful and more liberal to stand pat on the moldy and rancid theories compiled by Heinrich Karl Marx, of Treves, than the sound and well-preserved principles of Washington, Madison, Jefferson, *et al.*

The writings of Marx are popular with many semi or freshly baked persons who call themselves progressives without being able to grasp the fact that their progressive Marxian doctrines are ones that Marx stole from every advocate of socialistic theories from the time of the ancient Greeks down to his own time. There is plenty of room for argument as to whether they are as progressive as they think they are.

A charming feature of our small determined groups is their keen desire to set the nation's thought in the belief that people can go further and fare better by trailing the brilliant and up-to-the-minute Lenine and his gang than by following in the footsteps of such archaic old fuddyduddies as the senile dodderers who wrote the Constitution of the United States—that tiresome,

(Continued on Page 73)

IT RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

The HE pen

With Oversize Ink Capacity and a point as Super-smooth as a polished jewel bearing

Guaranteed 25 Years

Let a he-man get his hand on Parker's big business-like Duofold and he'd rather let go of seven dollars than the pen. Yes, America is standing in line, as it were, to get this lacquer-red classic with smart black tips and oversize barrel that holds a double ration of ink. It rivals the beauty of the scarlet Tanager.

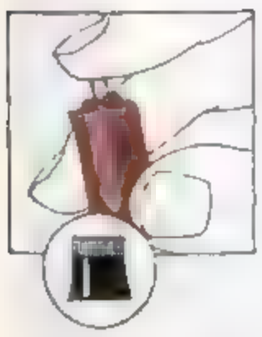
"Handsomer than gold!" is the verdict heard wherever the Duofold is seen.

So smooth is its native Iridium point that it needs no "breaking in"—so life-enduring that we guarantee its wear and mechanical perfection *25 years!* 'Hence here is the most *economical* pen you can buy as well as the most luxurious pen you can own, or give.

The Duofold was created by Geo. S. Parker, inventor of the "Safety-sealed" Press-Button filler and leakproof "Lucky-Curve" feed. Only in Parker Pens can these two epochal improvements be obtained.

Step up today—to the first pen counter, and get the "feel" of the Duofold's big, symmetrical barrel. Let its balanced swing in your hand give you your first real taste of writing urge! Try other pens beside it to see how super-smoothly the Duofold glides over any paper *with scarcely no effort at all!*

Just cut out the Free Trial Coupon now, so you can take the Duofold on 30 days' approval. Or mail it to us, giving dealer's name.



Parker's "Press-Button" Filler is safety-sealed beneath the graceful screw-cap. No pumping—no metal projection to catch on clothing and spill ink.

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE

The 25 Year Pen

OVER-SIZE **$7**

Duofold Jr. Same except for size **$5** **Lady Duofold** Handbag size with ring for chatelaine

30-Day Trial Coupon

(Have your dealer sign this when you select your pen. Or mail it to The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin, giving dealer's name.)

This certifies that the purchaser named below has paid the regular price for the Parker Duofold checked, with the understanding that he may return it to the dealer within 30 days and money will be cheerfully refunded (or in the case of a charge customer, his account will be credited). (Check the model and the point you prefer).

☐ Oversize Duofold, $7
☐ Duofold Jr., $5 ☐ Lady Duofold, $5
☐ Extra fine ☐ Fine ☐ Medium
☐ Broad ☐ Stub

Purchaser _____

Address _____

Dealer _____

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • SPOKANE

FOR HIS ART A GUILDSMAN SPURNED GREAT CATHERINE'S GOLD

THERE is a tale of an old-time guildsman who held his craft more precious than a purse of gold, more binding than the wish of any foreign monarch.

For his king this master craftsman of the eighteenth century fashioned a watch so small that it fitted into a ring.

He bore his gift to George the Third who bestowed upon the maker five hundred guineas and his thanks.

Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, had news of the unique masterpiece and offered the young artisan a purse of a thousand guineas for another like it.

But he refused. He was loath to halt his art to make a duplicate. Of the nine hundred creations from his hand each was an improvement over those before. Each was a product of a finer skill.

Such was the spirit of progress which made this man one of the most famous of eighteenth century guildsmen.

Such now is the spirit which guides the hands of the craftsmen of the modern Gruen Guild of Watchmakers. Content with naught less than perfection, they have given their years to the development of the finest timepieces of today.

Devoted to their guild and craft, these men have lent to the name Gruen a prestige unsurpassed in the annals of any age. It is to these guildsmen, therefore, that the men and women of America turn for the highest examples of the progressive art of watchmaking.

The sale of Gruen Watches is confined to the best jewelers in each community. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $4,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a genuine Verithin unless it is a Gruen

No. 91
Iridium platinum, finest diamonds, Extra Precision movement
.....$375

No. 92
Solid gold, regular adjusted.....$75
Solid gold, Precision ..... $100 to $150
Gold filled, regular adjusted.....$50
Gold filled, Precision.....$65

No. 93
18 kt. solid white gold
.....$90
14 kt. solid green gold
.....$80

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN"

(Continued from Page 70)

indefensible and reactionary document characterized by William Pitt as "the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions."

Consequently these small determined groups who propose to lead the nation toward the bright pink light of socialism think of themselves as being almost too liberal and broad to pass through an ordinary doorway; and the only party tag which they would consent to accept would be that of Liberal, which would leave everybody else shuddering under the abhorrent name of Conservative.

Fortunately the people of the country are slowly reaching a state of mind where they would be willing to travel under a far more offensive party designation than Conservative so long as it gave them the power and the leaders to clean house of such a crew as the minorities who would starve the nation into submission by strikes, and all those whose sympathies or lack of courage led them to condone or to ignore that progressive movement back to the slums of Europe. Every day more people are awaking to the fact that Europe isn't the only section of the world that needs an American Relief Administration to relieve it of distress. The United States stands badly in need of one to relieve it of the adopted paternalistic schemes of the old German Government, the offensive and worm-eaten alien theories of Marx, Engels and Proudhon, and the undesirable and destructive communistic doctrines of Lenine and Lunakharsky schemes, theories and doctrines which, if given a free hand, can wreck America as easily as they wrecked Russia.

Some of the constitution-wrecking paternalistic, socialistic, communistic legislation has been made into laws, while much more of it is still in the form of bills soon to be considered by Congress.

Fifty-Fifty Laws

Because of the manner in which, under the provisions of some of these bills, the Government gives a certain amount of money to a state provided that the state covers it with a like amount, they are known to congressmen as fifty-fifty laws. Those who object to this form of legislation, besides objecting because it is socialistic and unconstitutional, claim that it helps to make the United States into a bureaucracy instead of leaving it a Federal republic, and that the initial expense of such a scheme is the merest start. There never has been a government bureau established under the United States Government, they say, the operations of which and therefore the expenses of which have not grown with the whole-hearted enthusiasm of a St. Bernard puppy. Thus taxes will constantly increase. Because of these bills, they argue, the power of taxation is gradually being taken out of the hands of the various commonwealths of the Union and reposed in those of a majority of Congress. The result is that a collection of poor states can tax other richer states and exploit them merrily.

"In fact," said one congressman on the floor of the House not long ago, "those who are behind this socialistic program of legislation now crowding the calendars of both Houses frankly use the argument that a rich state should be taxed for the benefit of the poor states, provided the object of taxation is some good purpose. Of course this is the rankest communism. This means, when applied to the individual, that the man who hath shall be deprived of a part of what he hath for the man who hath not; that wealth must be held for the common benefit, regardless of the elements that enter into human productivity and activity – of thrift, intelligence, industry and ambition. How long would the individual work, how active would he be, what impulse to thrift would he have, what ambition in any calling, if the fruit of his labor was taken away from him by compulsion of law and given to the thriftless and the worthless, even though they were needy?"

Opponents of paternalistic legislation further complain that this country rose to greatness through individualism; whereas bills like a large number of those pending and some already passed cause the people to depend too much on the bounty of the Government, consequently weaken their strength of mind and their moral fiber, and eventually destroy individualism entirely.

These socialistic, paternalistic, bureaucratic, constitution-busting tendencies may be found in the Towner-Sterling Bill. This bill creates a Department of Education, with a Secretary of Education in the cabinet, and starts with an initial appropriation of one hundred million dollars of the taxpayer's money to extend education at a moment when education in the various states is staggering along in a highly satisfactory manner, but when the taxpayer is holding his aching head in his hands as a result of excessive and highly unsatisfactory taxes, and emitting heart-rending moans of anguish while running weakly in circles.

Great pressure in behalf of the Towner-Sterling Bill is being brought to bear on senators and on representatives by organized minorities; and Democrats and Republicans alike are being assured in no ladylike tones that those who don't vote for it will, at the next elections, be made to look like something that has passed through a meat chopper.

No matter how much the advocates of this bill may deny it, its ultimate effect must be to standardize education as it was standardized in Prussia. It must result in the loss of individualism, in the pulling down of genius to the level of the mass mind, and in the destruction of individual creation. This is the purpose and the result of the proletarian culture, or Prolet-kult, which is the basis of the educational system of Soviet Russia.

Representative John Jacob Rogers, of Massachusetts, a Republican, says of the Towner-Sterling Bill: "Federal control tends toward standardization of education. I do not believe in standardized education. I believe Massachusetts or California is a better judge of what her people should learn, and how and in what schools they should learn it, than any bureau or department chief in Washington can be. Education is inherently local in character. If we take away from the states one after another of their traditional functions, why should we retain the states themselves? . . .

"It may be argued that Federal control is not involved in the pending bill. But here the advocates are on the horns of a dilemma. Either there is or there is not Federal control. If there is not, the United States is handing over a great sum to forty-eight states to spend as they see fit. If there is control, the objections which I have suggested become operative. And in fact there is substantial control, however carefully hidden it may be in the newest draft of the bill. There are provisions that the several states must 'qualify.' The Secretary of Education in Washington will be the arbiter of what states do 'qualify.' No candid person will assert that a determined Secretary of Education could not easily utilize these and other provisions to control and even standardize education in any or all of the forty-eight states."

The Hour for Individualism

"Federal control of education is bound to be expensive, uneconomical and wasteful; it tends to bureaucracy and paternalism; it lends itself to government by propaganda. It is only a beginning fraught with danger. I believe that the Towner-Sterling Bill in its present form is not progression, but retrogression."

Senator William H. King, of Utah, a Democrat, places his finger on the same sore spot. "The Sterling-Towner Bill," says he, "aims to rob the states of reserved rights and to increase the bureaucratic power already oppressively exercised in this republic. Bismarck sought to standardize the German schools and to control the education of the German states through an autocratic bureaucracy. The result was the schools imbibed the spirit of bureaucracy and militarism. Any centralization and standardization of education will prove destructive of our public-school system and contribute to the overthrow of the states and the establishment of a consolidated government, un-Democratic, un-Republican, and outside the letter and the spirit of our institutions and the Constitution of the United States.

"There is no power in the Federal Government to tax the people of Massachusetts to educate the children of California. The Federal Government may exercise the taxing power for Federal purposes only. Education is not committed to the Federal Government, but the states reserved to themselves the exclusive control of education. Those carrying on the propaganda for a Department of Education and Federal control of education are striking at our Government, and contributing to its overthrow, and are thus foes of the Government established by our fathers.

"The hour calls for the revival of individualism and a spirit of self-government. Washington is too powerful and the heavy hand of the Federal Government is now an obstacle to democratic growth and to the development of the moral and spiritual forces essential for true progress. A Department of Education and Federal control of education would mean tens of thousands of Federal officeholders, a heavier burden of taxation and an encroachment upon the rights of the states."

Representative Caleb R. Layton, of Delaware, ever willing to deliver a hearty kick to anything that smacks of socialism or communism, treats it in the following rough but satisfying manner:

"The Department of Education would be a vast political machine operating in every schoolhouse in the land. Its political power would be incalculable by reason of its opportunity for propaganda for any purpose the department might see fit to inaugurate."

Politics in Education

"The very history of the country would be at its mercy; principles of any kind of political economy could be ingrained in the minds of the new generation, and the whole nation molded in the same universal mold which one man would fashion. It is said that the provisions in the bill specifically preclude any infringement upon the liberties of the states. How imbecile an argument! How insulting to common intelligence! Anyone knows that any man of force with one hundred million dollars at his command could have the whole school establishment of the United States eating out of his hand in less than a year, even though every word of the bill was a proclamation of state liberty and freedom. The power of the Secretary to interfere by mere suggestion; the opportunities for advancement or promotion at his command, if one were compliant; personal ambitions such as manifest themselves in all human life and such as were revealed so clearly in Germany under the same government system affecting the very highest of the distinguished professors in her universities—all would make a mere state superintendent of education, with every subordinate, compliant and submissive followers of whatever policy the august Secretary of Education, with his millions, might desire to establish."

Bill after bill of like nature was introduced in the present Congress, and organized minorities are urging a strong guerilla warfare in their behalf.

Here, for example, is one known familiarly as the Fess Amendment in order to save time. It's real title is "A Bill to amend an Act entitled 'An Act to provide for the promotion of vocational education; to provide for coöperation with the states in the promotion of such education in agriculture and the trades and industries; to provide for coöperation with the states in the preparation of teachers of vocational subjects; and to appropriate money and regulate its expenditure.'" It was introduced by Representative Simeon D. Fess, Republican, of Ohio.

The Fess Amendment, which is particularly adept at abstracting money from the taxpayer's pocket, provides that for the purpose of coöperating with the states in paying the salaries of teachers, supervisors or directors of home-economics subjects there is authorized to be appropriated for the first year the sum of five hundred thousand dollars; and in each year until 1931 an amount equal to the amount appropriated in the preceding year plus two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and three million dollars a year after 1931. Practically all this money goes for a pay roll for teachers to teach the same things that American citizens have been learning without their help for a century and a half. Instead of encouraging individualism this bill encourages the sticking of government noses into the homes and lives of Americans in a most persistent and offensive manner.

The pages of that compendium of learning and repository of wit and humor, the Congressional Record, give us an insight into these nose-sticking activities. Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, a member of the Committee on Printing, one day received a publication of the Federal Board of Vocational Education entitled, Diary of Home-Making Activities. Since

Automatically Controlled

Automatic heat control prevents the continuous waste of fuel which results from the inefficient, makeshift method of operating draft, damper or valve by hand.

In homes where the temperature is automatically controlled by the "Minneapolis" there is no overheating, no excessive use of fuel. A saving of one-fifth to one-third effected. The experience of half a million users proves it.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

Easily repays its cost in added comfort and convenience in addition to fuel saving. It takes *complete charge* of operation of draft or valve; keeps the temperature uniform, "wakes up" the fire while you sleep in the morning, greets you when you arise with warmth and comfort.

Ask your heating man about the "Minneapolis" during Heat Regulation Week which starts September 24th.

Quickly and easily installed in old or new homes, on any type of heating system, burning any kind of fuel.

Write for booklet, "The Convenience of Comfort".

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
2803 Fourth Avenue, So. Minneapolis, Minn.
Service branches in twenty principal cities

Food Mistakes

with growing children

Children have small stomachs, but large food demands. They need a complete line of body-building material. And they need vast stores of energy, for they live at concert pitch.

It is a mistake to fill such stomachs with bulky, innutritious foods. Or with incomplete foods, which in some ways leave them underfed.

Oats—the supreme food

The oat is for children the food of foods—the greatest food that grows.

It contains 16 needed elements, including the six minerals required. In energy value it is rated at 1810 calories per pound.

With milk it forms a practically complete food, rich in vitamines. A plate-full of some foods doesn't go as far as a dish of oats and milk. That is why it is so important to make the oat dish delightful.

Quaker Oats

Just the Rich, Flavory Flakes

The flavor that won the world

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of these delicious flakes.

Oat lovers of 50 nations—millions of them—send to get this flavor.

You will find it wherever oats are sold if you specify Quaker Oats.

The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago

it was in his line of business it caught his fancy and he followed it up and told the House about it:

MR. JOHNSON *(waving the diary passionately in the faces of his fellow congressmen)*. The instructions on the first page say that the home-maker is to write down just what she does through the day, and she is asked to sit down three or four times a day and make a note of everything she has been doing—even the little things that seem of no account. It particularly urges her to be careful to include the little services, for, as it says, "They seem little to you but multiplied they become large." These are to be sent to farmers' wives and the wives of mechanics, the plain people. The companion to this diary for the plain people is a diary to be kept by married women who have received college educations. It goes further than the one for farmers' wives. The college-bred wives are asked to tell what they did and why they did it. The trick is to get the mental operation. The instructions say that they need not give their names, for the following reason. I quote:

5. Since every person thinks about things which she is reluctant to mention, we have safeguarded your identity by not asking you to sign your name. But if with this safeguard there are still items which you do not list, we ask you to make a mental note of them and to indicate in the place provided on the supplementary information sheet the kinds of things you are reluctant to enter.

That is going pretty far for information. Women with college educations are asked to report what they did and why they did it. Here is printed a sample diary page:

7:30. Dressed, prepared breakfast.
9:30. Lay flat on my back and read the paper.

She gives as the reason she did that that she was tired and curious to read the news and had finished the morning routine. *(Laughter.)*

9:45. A neighbor came in to show me her new coat and gown—I admired them—we discussed clothes and husbands.

The reason was:

I knew she wanted me to. The subjects interest her.

(Laughter.)

10:15. Hunted for Italian address book.
10:45. Wrote secretary's minutes for Unitarian Alliance. Cleaned out jets in oil stove in bathroom.

The reason she did that was this:

My husband said they needed it to get full strength of gas.

Next she

Wrote a letter to a library student.
Helped our chameleon change his skin.

(Laughter.)

The reason she did that is right here in the document. She says:

I am very fond of him and enjoy cheering him up.

(Laughter.)

MR. LAYTON: Will the gentleman yield?

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: I will.

MR. LAYTON: I simply want to say that I do not think the House of Representatives ought to laugh at that, considering the fact that they recently voted for and took on the Maternity Bill. . . .

MR. WALSH: Will the gentleman yield further?

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: I yield.

MR. WALSH: What connection does this diary of, the ordinary housewife and the college-educated housewife have with the problems of vocational education?

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: That is the interesting part. These diaries were printed only to the number of five thousand. They are to be sent out through the various official channels, and it is presumed that not more than one thousand will come back. If the Vocational Board gets a thousand back it says it will do well. No return franked envelope is sent out with the diary blanks in order to get them back. My informant—the assistant over there—says if they get a thousand back as to what farm wives and workingmen's wives did during every minute of a busy day, they—the board—will be able to form a curriculum for educating young girls along the line of what the most women have to do according to these one thousand reports. They said to me, almost in these words, that if enough wives reported that they took some time to cut papa's pants down for Willie, they hoped to show the necessity for having a study on the remaking of papa's pants in the curriculum. I asked, "Suppose enough women report that they spent half an hour a week in the making of fudge, would they have to have a fudge-making class in the economics schools?" The reply was no; that they did not believe in teaching fudge making. That is where modern grammar schools beat them.

MR. WALSH: What would happen if they entered in the diary that they spanked Willie every morning? *(Laughter.)*

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: It follows that they would have to have the spanking business brought into the curricula of vocational education, and give regular instruction along that important line. *(Laughter.)*

MR. WALSH: And the Government would probably have to furnish the shingles.

And then there was another burst of gay and carefree laughter; but after the genial taxpayer has for a few years paid the increasing taxes that will be necessary to take care of the Federal bureaus that administer these paternalistic schemes he won't have a laugh in his system for either the Democratic or the Republican Party.

Some Pending Bills

But let us get on to some of the other bills that are pending. Senator Edwin F. Ladd, Republican, of North Dakota, has introduced a bill entitled the "Agricultural Prices Stabilization Act, 1922." This is a bill to promote agriculture by putting a minimum price on wheat, shelled corn, raw cotton and raw wool. It is not interested in putting a minimum price on Aroostook potatoes or Delaware grapes or Connecticut tobacco. Those crops may fail, and their growers may suffer the losses that every business man runs the risk of having in a bad season; yet they would be taxed heavily in order that the growers of wheat, corn, cotton and wool may be sure of a profit. Such class legislation seems somewhat unreasonable. If those who raise wheat, corn, cotton and wool should be protected from loss, why shouldn't those who raise cantaloupes and tomatoes and lettuce and poultry be protected from loss? Why should automobile manufacturers suffer during a bad year? Why shouldn't tailors, plumbers, safe blowers, peanut roasters, prize-fight promoters, yeggmen, walking delegates, bankers and garbage collectors be protected from all loss by a kindly and paternal Government? Why should anyone take any risks at all?

Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, a Democrat, has introduced the Federal Publicity Act, which is more accurately entitled, "A bill to provide for public education upon political questions and for the dissemination of information upon political issues and matters of a political nature of public interest by an authorized publicity pamphlet." It provides for pamphlets containing pictures of candidates for the Senate and the House of Representatives—"with or without his portrait cut of suitable size and quality," to quote the wording of the bill—and giving the reasons why the candidate should be nominated. The exact meaning of the suitable-size-and-quality phrase is not known, but it probably means that if the candidate is a cheap skate he will receive a large portrait cut of fine quality; whereas, if he is a good man he will receive a portrait cut the size of a bean on a meat-paper insert. The whole pamphlet must not exceed ninety-six pages in size—presumably so that it won't take up too much room in the home and eventually incense the woman voter and housekeeper—and any political party at all shall be entitled to at least two pages of free space in it. This will be a great help when the country is loaded down with the political parties that develop as a result of congressional blocs—the Farmers' Party, the Small Automobile Owners' Party, the Large Automobile Owners' Party, the Bootleggers' Party, the Landlords' Party, and what not.

There are many other candidates for government positions, of course, in addition to those for senator and representative, whose qualifications ought to be explained to the ignorant voters; and if the Federal Government intends to meddle in this way with state activities it might as well get out authorized publicity pamphlets on gubernatorial candidates, and candidates for state legislatures, and candidates for aldermen.

(Continued on Page 77)

THE IMPRESSIONABLE AGE AND YOUR MODERN BATHROOM

MOST of us are creatures of habit—we do various things today because we got started right in those days long ago 'when impressions were deeply engraved and habits formed.

—the age of boyhood and girlhood is the impressionable age.

* * *

Install a modern, glistening white bathroom in your home, for the young folk—spotless tiled floor, built-in "Viceroy" tub and shower, pedestal lavatory, and crisp row of linen.

Make the bathroom the most inviting room of the home for your boys and girls.

It means habits of great value to them in the years ahead and more happiness and self-respect for every member of the family today.

* * *

Perhaps yours is a home that is semi-modern, built when a bathroom was a luxury, and not a necessity as it is today—years ago when the art and science of sanitation and plumbing did not bring the home the comforts and conveniences possible today.

Tear out the old-time tub, the marble-top wash-basin and whistling plumbing.

Have more than one bathroom if you have more than two bed-chambers.

* * *

A modern bathroom can be constructed in a space as small as five by six feet—the size of an ordinary closet.

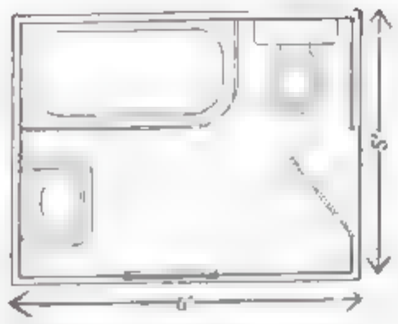
The cost is less than you realize.

And your property will be enhanced in value, far more than the cost of the installation, the moment you install a modern bathroom.

* * *

There is a Kohler plumber near you who will be glad to give you an estimate of the cost of replacing your old plumbing fixtures with glittering, snow-white Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware. Telephone him now! He can give you much valuable information about modern home sanitation.

Send for interesting, free booklet which illustrates modern kitchen and laundry fixtures as well as appointments for the bathroom. It will give you many helpful suggestions. Write today.



A modern bathroom, including a Kohler Built-in "Viceroy" tub, can be constructed in a space as small as five by six feet—the size of an ordinary closet. Note the arrangement in this diagram

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

DU PONT

For 120 years du Pont Chemical Engineers have contributed to the country's safety in times of war!

SINCE the nation's founding, War, terrible but inexorable, has *five* times visited the land—and *five* times has the du Pont Company proved a dependable source of strength in the country's time of danger—ready with sufficient explosives to meet the needs of the nation's defenders.

* * *

THE story of du Pont's service to the country is an inspiring one. For since its earliest days, the country's means of defense have been among the most important of this Company's services.

And rightly so, for since 1802, when at Thomas Jefferson's invitation, E. I. du Pont de Nemours set up on the Brandywine River the first powder mill in America, du Ponts have been powder-makers to the United States Government.

The history of the du Pont Company is a story that is inseparably interwoven with the nation's history—a story that ranges through the century from Perry's jubilant "We have met the enemy and they are ours" to Pershing's reverent "Lafayette, we are here"—a story in which "Old Zach" Taylor across the Rio Grande, Grant before Vicksburg and Dewey at Manila Bay are heroic figures—a story of work and research always with the thought in mind that when America was forced to fight she might have at her hand the best explosives and munitions science knew, and in the ever increasing quantities that she needed.

There is, indeed, no finer illustration of du Pont's service and efficiency than in the records of the last war. Starting in 1914 with a capacity of only 12,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder a year, it increased its volume until it was producing 440,000,000 pounds a year, supplying 40% of the Allies' explosives, and at the same time *voluntarily* reduced its price in the course of three years from $1 a pound to less than 50c!

* * *

YET, great as the du Pont Company's services to the country have been in times of war, those are only the occasional services, for, happily, war comes but rarely. And it is the unsung services of the du Pont organization in times of peace that are truly remarkable.

The du Pont Company has been one of the leaders in the application of chemistry to the country's industries—one of the leaders in developing the most remarkable figure of the twentieth century—the Chemical Engineer.

Since its earliest beginnings, the du Pont Company has been building upon the foundations of chemistry. Not only was E. I. du Pont de Nemours himself a chemist, who had studied with the celebrated Lavoisier in Paris, but the manufacture of explosives was then and is now one of the industries that most require the services of the chemist.

As explosives increased in complexity and called for increasing chemical knowledge, the du Pont Company, little by little gathered to itself many of the keenest minds in the science and built up one of the finest chemical staffs in America, a staff not only of research chemists, but of men who knew manufacturing as well as the science of chemistry —men who were Chemical Engineers.

Now, the Chemical Engineer is a rare mingling of abilities. He is a chemist who can take the discoveries made on the experimental scale of the laboratories and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. He is the man who has brought to the doors of industry new substances, new uses for long-used substances, uses for products that once were waste, and processes that cut the cost of manufacturing and made possible the century's wonderful strides in commerce.

And the du Pont Company's assistance in developing the Chemical Engineer and introducing him into his rightful place in American industry is not the least of the du Pont Company's services to the country.

* * *

BUT yet another service has come through the Chemical Engineer—the family of du Pont products that carry the du Pont Oval. There is Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage and bindings of books, not to mention half a hundred other uses—there is Pyralin from which toiletware for your wife's dressing table is made and many other articles—there are paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers—there are dyes—there are many chemicals that America's industries must have—seemingly non-related, yet all of them the legitimate children of a manufacturer of explosives, for the basic materials or processes that go to the making of each of them are similar to those that du Pont Chemical Engineers use in the making of explosives—and it is only through the manufacture of such products as Fabrikoid and Pyralin and dyestuffs in times of peace that the du Pont Company can be sure of being prepared for its larger service—that of insuring means for the nation's defense in times of war.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DU PONT MARK

(Continued from Page 74)

There are other things, too, that various factions and parties in this country would like to have explained. If taxpayers are to stand for the cost of an authorized publicity pamphlet they might as well stand for a government periodical setting forth the views of those living in the north and the south of Ireland, the views of the Italians and the Jugoslavs over the Fiume question, the merits of the Czech-Hungarian controversies, the Italian, French and British views of the Turkish-Greek fracas in Asia Minor, the arguments of the advocates of the Irish Free State and the Irish Republic, and various other European matters that are habitually misrepresented to the citizens of the United States.

Then the Government should arrange to put out pamphlets disseminating the opinions of the steamship lines concerning immigration, the opinions of radio experts on various brands of radio sets, the unexpurgated opinions of newspaper men on Congress, the inner thoughts of movie actresses concerning the benefits to be derived from shampoos and facial creams—the field is practically unlimited.

When Senator Owen gave the matter of publicity a little more thought he evidently began to think favorably of having the Government enter into competition with the combined daily press of the country. At any rate the newspapers don't please him, for he has introduced another bill to establish a National Bulletin. It is to have a bipartisan staff of editors, and it is going to "contain an abstract of congressional debates and all the official utterances and administrative orders of the President and all public measures passed by Congress," to say nothing of "measures introduced in Congress, even though not reported or discussed, as any two or more of the members shall request." One-fifth of the space in the Bulletin is to be set apart for editorial comment on party records, speeches and utterances of public officials, and questions at issue; and the editorial space is to be apportioned between the parties represented in Congress in proportion to their voting strength at the last congressional election. Might, and not right, is to have full sway in the Bulletin's editorial columns. This, of course, offsets the dirty work of the newspapers of the country, which are just as apt as not to use up three or four editorial columns cursing Democratic measures, even when the Democrats are in power. Such foul tactics should never be permitted.

Footing the Bills

Said Bulletin, incidentally, is to be published at the expense of the Government, which really means at the expense of the taxpayers, "and shall be sent to all public officials, national, state and local; to all post offices; to all newspapers, magazines and reading rooms, hotels, railway waiting rooms, and such other public places as Congress shall direct." Nothing is said in the bill about sending free copies of the Bulletin to taxicab drivers, factory owners, trade-unions and women's clubs, but this oversight will probably be remedied in an amendment. The price of the Bulletin is to be ten cents a quarter, or twenty-five cents a year. It is expected to be worth the price as kindling alone.

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, a Democrat, has stepped forward with a bill "to establish a National Conservatory of Music for the education of pupils in music in all its branches, vocal and instrumental, and for other purposes."

It is barely possible that the students at this National Conservatory will come down daily to the Senate and the House of Representatives and sing the members to sleep.

It would be interesting to know whether congressmen are able to think of these things offhand and without any great mental exertion, or whether they have to eat a lot of indigestible food and sit up until early in the morning with inflamed brains in order to evolve them. As soon as the National Conservatory of Music is under way in Washington our legislators can make further increases in taxes by creating a National Stenography School, a National Cooking School, a National Conservatory of Manicuring, a National Ballet School, National Hair-dressing Parlors, and so on.

Representative Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio, is not so modest as Senator Fletcher. Mr. Fess has introduced a bill to create a national university at the seat of Federal Government, said university to be known as the National University of the United States.

Senator Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona, a Democrat, has introduced a bill "to provide Federal aid in caring for indigent tubercular persons, and for other purposes." Indigent tubercular persons are, of course, worthy of all the sympathy and aid in the world. So, too, is everybody who is indigent and ill. If the Government is to undertake to help the state care for those who have tuberculosis, why shouldn't it go still further and include also those who have influenza, measles and rheumatism?

The Paternalistic Mosaic

Representative John E. Raker, Democrat, of California, has introduced a bill "to create a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb in the Department of Labor," and prescribing the duties thereof. A slight mistake was apparently made in drafting the bill. What the bill meant to say was "to create in the Department of Labor a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb." The crux of the matter is this, however: If there is to be a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb to help the United States roll gracefully from a republic to a bureaucracy there is no reason why there shouldn't also be Bureaus for the Bald, for the Lame, for the Dyspeptic, for the Absent-Minded, and so on, all at the expense of the generous and carefree taxpayer.

Having the educational bee in his bonnet Mr. Raker also evolved another idea that entails more lavish generosity on the part of the taxpayer. This is embalmed in a bill "to make accessible to all the people the valuable scientific and other research work conducted by the United States through establishment of a national school of correspondence." This bill provides that any resident can be instructed by correspondence from Washington in almost any old thing. All one will need to do will be to mark an X in the square opposite any one of fifty-seven thousand subjects, like guano collecting or feather-bed renovating, in order to be bombarded with instructions which can be easily read with the assistance of a ouija board and a technical expert. When the National Correspondence School assembles all its professors, instructors and mailing clerks in one spot Washington rents will jump thirty feet in the air and the taxpayer will be conscious of a dull shooting pain in the neighborhood of his check book.

Again Senator Owen steps to the front with two more bills which fit into this paternalistic mosaic: One a bill "to establish a Department of Health," with a Secretary of Health sitting in the cabinet; the other a bill "to create the Department of Education" with a Secretary of Education sitting in the cabinet.

Strange things happen to legislators when they get on the subject of education. It seems to go to their heads and break up their moral fiber, like bad whisky. Hon Frederick H. Gillett, Republican, of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House, has introduced by request a bill "to provide for the world-wide extension of education by the coöperation of national governments." This timid, modest, retiring little bill appropriates ten million dollars to start things going, and provides that a commission be created to extend, in coöperation with other nations, education to all mankind. Its object is "the removal of illiteracy from all mankind, instruction in the application of science and mechanics to the work of the world and the physical welfare of mankind or world health, international or world ethics promotive of just and humane government the world over."

In time, of course, a little ambition might be injected into the commission's program. It could get in contact with Mars, appropriating several billion dollars to send a party of bureau heads to that planet in order to give the Martians a little high-class instruction in world ethics or something.

Senator William S. Kenyon, Republican, of Iowa, has introduced a bill establishing a Department of Social Welfare, with a Secretary of Social Welfare sitting in the cabinet; and Senator Medill McCormick, Republican, of Illinois, not to be outdone by the senator from Iowa, has introduced a bill creating a Department of Public Welfare, with a Secretary of Public Welfare sitting in the cabinet.

Paternalism, socialism, money wasting and nose sticking can be carried to the limit under either of these bills; for they can be stretched to include every activity known to or practiced by man or woman. Under them Congress can gayly go ahead forming bureaus and commissions to look after the length of women's skirts, or to regulate the number of rugs permitted in any given room, or to make women wear standardized evening gowns and men wear standardized tin hats that can be used as stewpans at meal times, or to regulate the amount of paint that girls can wear, or to forbid children under seventeen to attend the movies, or anything whatever. And either of them, after a few years of operation, during which its expenses would swell in a way to make a sponge look nonswellable, would give the taxpayer a somewhat jaundiced and bored appearance.

High-Priced Sentimentality

Senator Park Trammell, Democrat, of Florida, has helped the good work along in his quiet and inconspicuous way by introducing a bill "providing for and establishing scholarships in each of the states as a memorial to the American soldiers, sailors and marines who gave their lives for their country, and as an expression of appreciation to the brave and loyal men who served in the military and naval forces of the United States in the late war."

This is, of course, a pretty thought, but an excellent example of the manner in which sentimentality can make dents in the judgment.

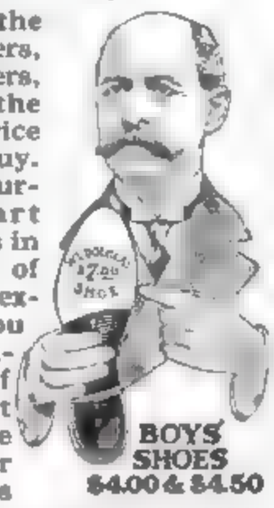
Then there is the Fess-Capper Bill, introduced in the Senate by Senator Arthur Capper, Republican, of Kansas, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Fess, "to provide for the promotion of physical education in the United States through coöperation with the states in the preparation and payment of supervisors and teachers of physical education, including health supervisors and school nurses, to appropriate money and regulate its expenditure, and for other purposes." This is the same old paternalistic stuff that has recently been and is constantly being forced on the country by organized minorities.

"If Congress passes such legislation," asks Doctor Layton, of Delaware, "how can it reasonably refuse to pass a national food bill, the object of which would be to establish a bureau for the free dispensation of food to all who are hungry everywhere in the land? Or a national clothing bill, to clothe at government expense all who are cold and clothesless? Or a national bureau for furnishing homes for the homeless? Or a bureau—an addition to the Public Health Service—for the purpose of furnishing free medicines, free nursing, free care, and provision of every sort for all the sick of the nation, as well as the indigent pregnant

(Continued on Page 80)

W. L. DOUGLAS
$5. $6. $7. & $8. SHOES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Wear W. L. Douglas Shoes and Save Money.

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices. W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country.



BEST IN QUALITY
BEST IN STYLE
BEST ALL AROUND
SHOES FOR BOYS

W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 110 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

Write for Catalog Today.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

No more Antenna

Just the Ducon in a Lamp Socket

Price $1.50

Jobber and dealer orders now being filled

Branch Offices:
San Francisco, Cal —709 Mission St
St. Louis, Mo. —Syn. Trust Bldg.
Washington, D. C. —Munsey Building
Chicago —15 East Monroe St.

DUBILIER
Condenser & Radio Corp.
48-50 West 4th St. N.Y.
Canadian Distributors
Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto, Can.

AGENTS $50.00 a week for just two orders a day. Our ALL WOOL made-to-order suits at $29.75, sell on sight. You get paid at once. We supply finest selling outfit. Big opportunity.
Write today. Dept. 401, PARK TAILORING CO., CHICAGO

NEW!

Better winter warmth and health protection in a light weight cotton underwear. Two THIN layers of knitted fabric with air space between provide better protection than a single layer many times thicker

MEN and women who prefer all-cotton or mercerized knit underwear can now secure it and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the added protection to health in fall and winter afforded by the "two-layer fabric" principle of Duofold Health Underwear.

Duofold consists of two separate, THIN layers of knitted fabric held together by a thread every half inch, and *with an air space between the two layers.*

It protects the body from cold and dampness on the same principle as the storm window, where two *thin* panes of glass with air space between keep cold out of a room far more effectively than a single pane much thicker. With Duofold you get *warmth without weight.*

Duofold, with the advantages of this two-layer principle, is now offered for men, women, children and infants, in attractive garments having *both* thin layers of fabric made with plain cotton and others with mercerized cotton; as well as in the regular Duofold where the outer layer is made with wool and the inner with cotton.

If you prefer light weight underwear without wool, by all means at least see these new Duofold garments. If you wear them you will enjoy better bodily warmth and protection from cold and dampness than you ever did with underwear made of a single layer of a similar fabric.

For those who desire the added protection of wool in underwear, Duofold still is and always will be made in garments with the *inner* layer made with soft cotton for Comfort and the *outer* layer made with wool for Warmth.

This combination is most advantageous for many people and *especially* for children and infants, because there is no fabric so protective as wool, yet in Duofold it is entirely on the *outside* and so *can not scratch the skin.*

DUO

Health Underwear

It is comparable with the cotton bed sheet that you put directly next to you for *Comfort,* and the woolen blanket that you place *over* the cotton sheet, for *Warmth.*

Furthermore, with Duofold, bodily moisture is absorbed from the inner layer by and to the outer layer, where it quickly evaporates, thus keeping both body and garment dry.

Duofold is well made and finished and of neat appearance, so that with Duofold you get *all* that could be desired in an ideal suit of underwear.

It is the doctor's prescription for the *whole family,* from infants to adults.

You can see it at most department, dry goods and men's furnishing stores.

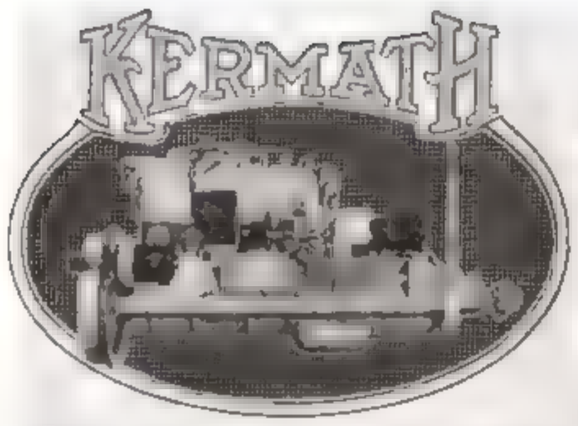
Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
Henderson & Ervin, *Sales Agents,* 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago: 234 S. Wells Street Atlanta: 601 Silvey Building Boston: 52 Chauncy Street

TO MOTHERS: A worth-while, illustrated Booklet, "Better Health for Infants and Children," will be sent free upon request. Write for it.

To which of these groups do you belong? Do you "bundle up" and feel chilly when a cold snap comes? Or do you wear Duofold and laugh at the violent weather changes of fickle winter?

fold

for Men, Women, Children and Infants



Marine Engines

Did you ever notice that all persons on a boat always wave their hands?

Did you ever stop to realize why?

It's because being on a boat makes life really worth living. It's their real gladness that is responsible for the wave, and particularly so if they are in a boat equipped with a Kermath engine.

A Kermath always runs—a statement made years ago and to this day not contradicted by any one of the many thousands of Kermath owners.

We build engines in sizes ranging from 3 h. p. to 40 h. p. 4 cycle engines only. In price from $135 to $1550.

But we are specializing this season on a 20 h. p. engine particularly adapted to the kind of boating that gives you the thrill of living.

This engine is particularly adapted to 21 to 30 foot runabouts or 28 to 32 foot cruisers.

Write for our catalog, Dept. P, and let us particularly tell you about our special guarantee.

If you don't know a responsible boat builder in your territory our service department will be glad to furnish you the name of one.

Used by 70% of the leading boat builders as standard equipment.

3 h. p. to 40 h. p. Marine Motors $135-$1550

"A Kermath Always Runs"

Kermath Manufacturing Company
5880 Commonwealth Ave.,
Detroit, Mich

A Gordon Boat Building Co. model.

Tru-pe-dic SHOE

RALSTON MADE

Tru-pe-dic Shoes for men and women are, we believe, the most perfect-fitting shoes made. *Three types (inflare, straight* and *outflare)* to correspond to the three types into which Nature has divided all human feet. Your foot will instantly tell you which type is *yours*—the most comfortable shoe you ever wore. Excellent in style. Send for catalog.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
961 Main Street
Brockton (*Campello*), Mass.

1 in 3 Fit 1 in 2 Fit 1 in 3

K&E MEASURING TAPES
ask for them at Hardware Stores
KEUFFEL & ESSER CO — NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 77)

women? If we are to open up the floodgates of legislation for such purposes, why not, as they say, 'go the whole hog' and establish a bureau for the installation of a bathtub at government expense in every home in the land that is without one? The dreaming professor of sociology could very nicely and properly use for his propaganda the old saying that cleanliness is next to godliness, and so justify his altruism.

"Again, if it is so desirable to care in a most meticulous way for human life and human ills, why not for prophylactic purposes establish a dental bureau and require every individual in the United States who possesses teeth to have them examined every six months at the Government's expense? As a preventive of diseases there would be no doubt of the value of such a measure. This was not only demonstrated but insisted on as an army and navy medical regulation during the late war."

The principle underlying these bills, says Representative A. Piatt Andrew, Republican, of Massachusetts, "is based on the wartime theory that the National Government should do these things which it was not originally intended to do. It is based on the confused notion that our American Government should abandon the heritage which has come down to us from the earliest days of our history, and that we should adopt the highly centralized methods of the Old World countries, with their military and monarchical traditions."

The more of these schemes a people adopts the more confused become its already confused notions. That is why this country needs a new line-up in place of the Democratic and the Republican parties, a line-up of Liberals on the one hand, who are willing to throw the Constitution overboard and follow this socialistic, paternalistic, bureaucratic, communistic drift to the ruin that has always accompanied it wherever it has been used; and on the other hand a line-up of Conservatives who want to go back to sanity and the safe, sound and perpetually progressive thought of the founders of the American republic.

VIKINGS OF THE NORTH

(Continued from Page 9)

And this reminds me that one of the oddest sights in the world was to see huge brawny men six or seven feet tall creep into my little cubby-hole of a cabin, hint for a drink, crouch in a corner and gulp it, scared to death the cap'n might see them. The meekness these husky giants show in presence of any kind of authority is pathetic. It makes you think of medieval serfdom, and all that.

My cubby-hole, by the way, contained just two hundred and sixteen cubic feet of air space, and in it slept two men besides myself. Also, a lamp burned all night, two infant seals—departed this life—reposed under the bunks, and there was no ventilation whatever. It only shows you what a man can stand, and still grow fat. About the infant seals: "I kip 'em dere," one of the men explained, "so dem'll soften up an' skin cleaner."

Draw the curtain.

Coming in on the Eagle the doctor didn't want to bring any drugs or medicines back to port, so he gave them all away. The men used to trickle into his cabin, inspect the shelves, and choose their tipples with all the airs of connoisseurs.

They drank the medicines straight or mixed cocktails with 'em. One man consumed so much vanilla extract that his breath smelled like a cake bakery; and in fact he acquired the nickname of Cake.

"Gi' me liniment, evvery time," one fellow confided to me. "Ain't narr thing, nowhere, dat'll stun ye like liniment!"

To be stunned seemed a consummation devoutly to be wished. Somebody page Mr. Dempsey.

They do things in direct ways, these sealers. For instance, Skipper Joe Sturge always used to sleep on his face "So de 'baccy juice won't run down me t'roat in de night." That explained the bulge in his cheek. And the carpenter used to remark that the blacker his blankets were the better he liked it. "Dem don't show de dirt so much, when dem black!" Isn't that good logic?

By the same token, the more men that washed in one basin of water the less effect it seemed to have on the water.

And as for leaks in the deck, why worry, when a bit of tarpaulin over you would shed the drip?

Great Overgrown Children

This drip always set in with a thaw. Ice, tea grounds, blood, coal, seal oil—"and much that wasn't so nice, by half"—would blend to what motorists call a very rich mixture. If you had an upper bunk, as I did, you were completely out of luck. I rigged canvas gutters and hung tobacco tins to them, to catch the most of what descended upon me; but one wild night the string of one of my tins broke over my head, and —— However, as I was saying, bathing was an impossibility. The second engineer tried it in the engine room. He got a wooden tub, filled it with warm water and got in; but the bottom fell out of the tub, so he was out of luck. It was a merry life we led.

The vikings' emotions are primitive, like their mentality. Schools are their one supreme need. The calm contentment of these men, in adversity, is primitive. Life to them is all external; they have few inner resources. When they describe an event they act it out, re-living their exploits, killing the seals all over again; or, it may be, once more shooting the water bear they shot five years ago. For the most part unable to read or write, they adore stirring deeds and lurid narratives. Unlettered, they are profoundly wise concerning everything on, in, under the sea. They argue passionately, with reddening faces, about local politics, fish, seals, ice and weather. Their method is simple: they affirm and deny, and the man with the best pair of lungs wins the point.

Their points of view, however, surprise one. An old fellow asked me, one day: "You t'ink us got much chance o' heaven, sir, wid all dis sheddin' of innocent blood? But den," he solaced himself, "dey swiles was sent down in de nit"—net "from heaven, fer de use o' men. Ain't us got de right to kill 'em?"

Another, as very special favor, volunteered to take me out on the drifting pans and round up seals for me to kill!

"Ain't Nature wonnerful, the way she pervides fer everything?" the second officer exclaimed to me, pointing out how the hole left in the sealskin by the removal of one flipper made a place for the towline. Another complained because his mate hit seals too hard with the gaff. I thought this kind-hearted, till the man explained: "You hit 'em dat hard, you break de skull; an' broken bones dulls y'r sculpin' knife."

Cap'n Kean one time confided in me that it seriously pained him to kill a certain spot of seals, adding: "Because they're so small. Why, sir, hardly worth the bother!"

That icebergs sink in southern waters is a firm article of their faith. They inform you that the only place in the world where the sun shone once, but never again, is the bottom of the Red Sea. The Miquelon Frenchmen speak French, while they themselves speak English, because of the Tower of Babel. To listen to them is like going back a century or two. A doctor aboard one of the other ships told me that whenever quarrels arose he had only to play on a little zither he had, and sing a bit of song, to have them all happy and peaceful in a very few minutes.

"Sharks ain't got no life into 'em," an oiler assured me. "Dem'll come up an' suck de swiles' blood off de ice. No life to 'em, at ahl. You catch 'em wid a hook an' whipline an' h'ist 'em on deck, an' cut 'em in pieces, an' dem'll live till night an' den perish. Dere ain't no life to 'em!"

One powerful young fellow, a full-grown man, boasted to me that he could smoke now that he was away from home, adding that his father would beat him if he tried it on shore.

Said he: "I'd like to advertise fer a woman wid lots o' money. Den I'd walk round ahl day laang wid a necktie an' a collar up to me ears. But I had money, once. I had five dollars. I put un in de bank one marnin', walked round wid me bank book stickin' out o' me pocket ahl day, an' drawed me money out at night. An' say, didn't me friends admire me! But it cost me money, sir. I had to pay two cents fer a stamp to putt on me bank book."

So far as modern ideas are concerned about labor conditions and the rights of labor, they know nothing. They disapprove very heartily of strikes, saying: "Dem only injures you'selfs," and gladly laboring any number of hours for a pittance. A more submissive race I never saw. Labor must have been like that hundreds of years ago in the Old World. Only with men like these could the seal fishery be prosecuted. Under working conditions such as Americans enforce I don't think seals could be profitably hunted at all.

The men listened with naïve interest to my explanations of how grain and corn—which they have never seen—were grown. They know nothing of the fruits of the earth and the abundance thereof. My pipe cleaners, and even a piece of sealing wax, were wonders to them. My being able to write fast gave me a sort of benefit-of-clergy prestige. And my reading aloud caused them vast pleasure.

To hear a story unreeled from a book was almost a miracle. In the stuffy little hole they would gather, smoking and chewing, spitting in a way that reminded me of the matches advertised to strike anywhere. Intently they would listen to The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, now and then ejaculating:

"Ain't him de smart 'tective, eh?" "Him git un, evvery time. Ain't narr one git cla'r o' he!" "Dar 'tis, an' can't be no tizzer!"

One day at the wheel a grizzled patriarch exclaimed to me, "It's good o' ye to help we simple folk!" How's that for medieval? He added, "If I was a gintleman in your position, sir, I'd be down in me bert' readin' a book!" They couldn't get me, at all; couldn't understand why I should leave the plentiful States and voluntarily suffer in the ice. To the end I was "One o' dem quare Amerikins. Ain't no fish in de sea, sir, half so quare as what you be!"

Quaint Superstitions

To them the States were God's country—and why? Just because they'd heard of it as land of food and ease. Just because a few of the sealers had shipped on Gloucester schooners and had tasted the delights of American sea cookery. They call our schooners good enough to eat, and long for them as for a kind of Promised Land. About American life as a whole they know nothing. A few have skirted just the roughest fringe of the States, and have loved that. Our cities, literature, art, science are to them closed books. Pathetic, to think how very little satisfies these brave and simple souls. Why, some of them would even view the cap'n's dingy little cabin as "wonnerful fine," and hardly dare to enter it; and these are pure-bred white men, splendid types of our own race.

Newfoundland is still living in the remote past. Much of her population is still—in thought, dialect, outlooks on life—what ours was two hundred years ago. Cut off from the world, this quarter million of splendid stock constitute an outpost of the English-speaking race.

Like all people living outside the pale of the present, the sealers have developed endless picturesque ideas. Fortune and misfortune lie in every triviality. If you drop your knife you drop your luck for the day. A black cat on a ship may jink it. You mustn't look at the setting sun and talk about it; bad luck! You must put your hat on when you play cards, so as to show disrespect for the Old Boy Himself—the cards being the devil's picture book. Some say it's unlucky to kill a rat. You mustn't cut tally sticks before you get seals; that will keep the seals away. Nor must you throw ballast overboard before leaving port. A bad voyage, sure. An aluminum ring will keep away rheumatism; and again, if you can slip such a ring on a woman's finger she'll have to marry you, willy-nilly. I could fill a dozen pages with such quaint lore.

Lacking a written literature, the sealers have innumerable chanteys, come-all-ye's and long narrative poems—regular sagas. The phonograph is doing its best to stamp out these epics, but many still linger. I tell you, it's something to see a Bonavista Bay man holding his quid in his hand

(Continued on Page 83)

Do you really know which kinds of candy you like best ?

HERE is a unique box which solves the problem for you. Nothing like it has been offered before.

First, it contains 22 selected varieties of the finest chocolates and other confections we have ever made in 74 years of candy making.

Secondly, the name of each piece is plainly printed on the card underneath. When you taste a piece you particularly like, you look at the card and identify it by name.

In this box comes the Johnston's Choice Book. It lists the contents of each of the most popular Johnston boxes.

If it happens that you have a sweet tooth for honey nougats, chocolate covered raisins, chocolate creams, or certain fruit centers, this Choice Book shows you how to always get exactly what you like best, instead of just saying "a box of chocolates."

It gives you the names of the boxes having a preponderance of your favorites. For example, the Choice Book tells you that Johnston's T-R-I-A-D box is equally divided between chocolate dipped cherries, chocolate creams, nut centered, and assorted centers in bitter sweet chocolate.

You should be able to get the Choice Box at any good store. But if any dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon, filling in the dealer's name

Special to Young Men

To find out which kinds the young lady likes best—give her Johnston's Choice Box, with the name underneath each piece. Make a mental note of the pieces she seems to like best. Next consult the Choice Book. Then, when you bring her candy again, pay her the supreme compliment of bringing just the kinds she prefers. It lends your gift an added charm—you know her favorites without asking her.

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Send me a one-pound Johnston Choice Box. I enclose no money but will pay the postman $1.25 when he calls.

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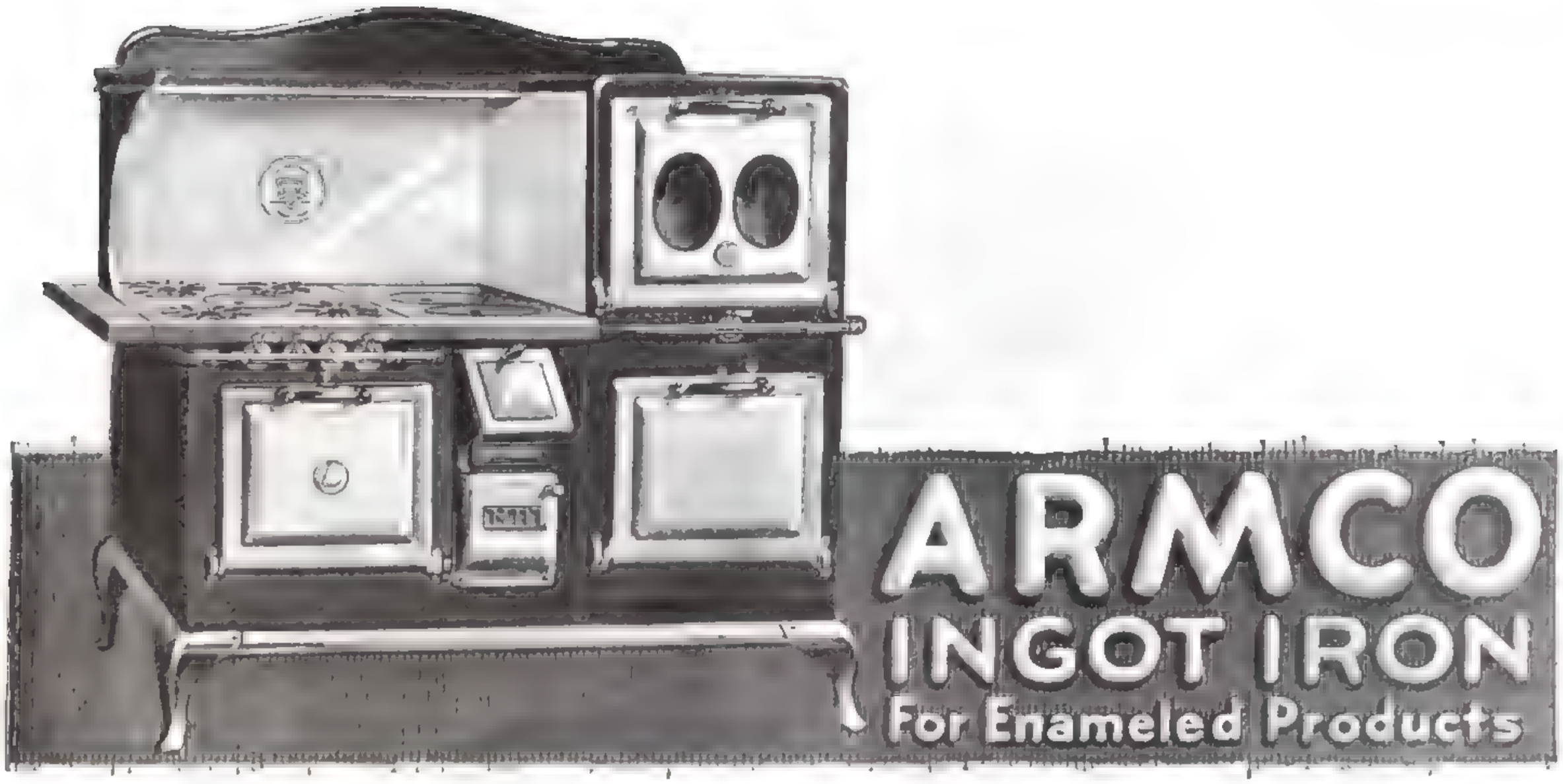

A thing of beauty

Some of the modern enameled stoves are more than mechanical apparatus with which to cook and bake.

They are, literally, beautiful pieces of household equipment as lovely in the eyes of an appreciative woman as a period dressing-table.

Such stoves are made from "Armco" Ingot Iron. With this pure iron base, the enameling has a sheer, unbroken gloss, easy to clean and keep clean, and with no tendency to chip and crack. It insures a long life for the stove.

On stoves made from "Armco" Ingot Iron the manufacturers place an Armco blue and gold label. If you buy a stove, a refrigerator, or a washing machine, ask the salesman to show you this label.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

LOOK for this blue and gold Armco label on Washing Machines, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Enamel Table Tops, and other household and commercial utilities. It carries with it the assurance of the quality and solid worth of the sheet metal parts of articles that bear it.

(Continued from Page 80)

and intoning a *chanson de geste*, while the audience shouts between verses: "Go it, Willum!" "Lane 'ard on it, b'y!" "Kip 'er swingin'!" After the song is o'er, pop goes the quid back into the tuneful mouth again. The last few syllables of every song are always spoken; that means the song is done.

Many of these bits of primitive and unwritten literature are a trifle unintelligible, due to the archaic dialect; but the songs themselves are gems. In passing, let me say the dialects vary a good deal from bay to bay. But in all, ancient Elizabethan and even Chaucerian words are still in use. It gives one an odd sensation to hear some gory-handed, black-faced giant saying, "L'ave de lassy-puncheon bide where her'm to," or affirming, "Even so, my son," or declaring, "Thee's wid me, there," meaning that you agree with him. The dialects include some highly interesting vowel changes and an enormous number of words wholly outside of American usage. For instance, try this: "Spell in a yaffle o' crunnocks, b'y!" Get it? Easy enough: "Bring in an armful of firewood, boy!" This, however, isn't an essay on dialects, so let's pass.

The Sad Fate of Johnny Burke

It was a delight to sit in the blue-painted galley by the rusted range—shrieking nights with the ice devils whacking away at the ship's ribs—and listen to a jovial songster named Tom Fillyards. To strange-minored, droning tunes with long-drawn notes here or there, he used to chant the melancholy episodes of many a wreck and drowning. The native songs, by the way, are mostly lugubrious, as befits those of a race constantly bereaved by the Atlantic. Here's a good example:

Come, ahl ye good people, I pray you draw near!
It's a sad lamentation, de troot' you shall hear.
Been of a young yout' in de 'ites of 'is bloom,
'E 'as lost 'is sweet life in a watery tomb.

'E was not yit married, ner orvis (harvest) ner time,
Ner riches ner orvis could alter 'is mind,
Till erool sad misfartune, which caused 'im to sleep
On a cold bed of sand where de water run deep.

May curse on you, Uskan, an' ahl o' your breeze (breed)!
You would not 'elp young Johnny in de time of 'is need.
You l'axed 'im to roll an' to tumble in de deep,
On a cold bed of sand where de water run deep.

As we were a-walkin' in fear (fair) Courage Bay,
To view daze fine flowers, how dey ahl faith (fade) away,
Dere birds dey l'axe deir singin' an' de flowers dey do cay,
W'iles young Johnny lies drownded in fear Courage Bay.

Dere's de day of 'is funeral, 'is true love came 'ere,
Ahl drissed in rich robes an' her scarlet so fear,
Fer to view 'is dead body goin' down to de grave,
As a due to you, young Johnny, an' dey ahl took relief.

Dere's 'is friends an' relations lamentin' in de bay,
Likewise 'is tinder mudder, lamentin' fer 'e;
De lost of 'er dear son, widout spoth er stain.
Is de flower of 'er fam-bi-ly,
Johnny Burke was 'is name!

Then there was Willy March, beginning:

De home of 'is childhood, in Nothren Bay,
'E quit it fer pleasure, much more dan fer pay.
On de ice fields 'e ventured, most youl'ful an' brave,
Whereon 'e sought death, but 'is life could not save. . . .

Poor Willy March was drowned too. So are almost all the heroes of these Newfoundland ballads. Uncle Lukey's Boat, The Bonavista Sigaree, and Come On Down, Marine! are prime favorites; likewise Betsey Brennan's Blue Hen:

Good people, attention to what I will mention
Of a little Blue Hen dat I bought in de fall.
Some villyun, 'e stole 'er to sharpen 'is molar;
A low dirty scoundrel wid plenty of gall!
Dis hen, I did pride 'er, though often she'd moider (vex),
De universe round I would roam fer 'er, then,
But some wicked habbage (savage), to grease 'is white cabbage,
Run off wid me dear little beautiful hen!

And so on, and so forth. There's no end to the Blue Hen; nor is there any end to the songs—but enough!

Some day a literary archæologist will garner all this folklore into print; preserve it before it perishes. What a treasure!

Among the sealers certain figures loom gigantic. Such a one is Cap'n Arthur Jackman, dead but never forgotten. Long before I reached Newfoundland, on the steamer from New York, I began hearing about Jackman's incredible exploits. Many people in St. John's told me about him. And at the ice the sealers were constantly recalling bits of the Jackman legend. Jackman seems almost a national hero.

It was Jackman, most famous of seal killers, who once when he had an infected thumb called for a hatchet and calmly chopped that thumb off, "standin' dere on de ship's brudge, sir, barehanded an' in a green split-tail coat." It was Jackman who once knocked a man down into the hold, jumped after him, flailed him around; whereupon the man sank all his teeth in Jackman's leg and went raving crazy.

The sealers tell you how Jackman was never drunk at sea or sober on land; how he used to trick all the other sealing captains and clean up the patch before they could reach it; how one time, though short of coal himself, he dumped twenty tons on the ice for a rival captain to pick up; how another time, when his funnel was ripped off by a blizzard, he built a wooden funnel and carried on to success.

"Roughest man in de world, sir, but inside of him a real man! Seven foot high he was, wid a hand like a bucket. Big-boned, sir, an' hard as de divil's 'id. Only one man ever licked 'im—dat was a Scotch engineer he locked into de cabin to give a beatin' to. De engineer hammered him stiff, an' Jackman loved him fer it.

"Honest as de sun he was, an' true as steel! He had prayers evvery night, sir, an' yit he had a calendar printed widout no Sundays on un, at ahl, so dere wouldn't be no Sundayin' abird. He'd putt de Sunday men on de ice, an' keep 'em dere ahl day.

"Very polite he could be too. One time he says to a man he was fightin' wid, 'Please don't come a-nigh me or I'll have to split ye wid dis hatchet!' Oh, Jackman was 'id of 'em ahl! He made up to seven t'ousand dollars a year"—fabulous wealth, for Newfoundland—"an' died clean broke. Give away evvery cent, he did. His funeral procession was de laangest ever seen in St. John's. Oh, dere never was narr un like Cap'n Jackman!"

The Jackman epic is interminable. Jackman is by way of becoming a Newfoundland solar myth.

Pictures Not Yet Painted

The reference to Sunday men requires explanation. Before the Sabbath law went into effect certain men refused to kill seals on Sunday; and these were Sunday men. Today, seal killing is taboo on Sunday. One day in seven no drop of blood must be spilled. Even though the ships toil through ice and storm for six days, finding nothing, and then on Sunday run into a wondrous spot of fat, the seals are safe. By Monday they may all be gone again; no matter. The law holds like iron.

The day of rest is observed by merely towing in sculps—often over miles of rough ice—by tallying down, shifting coal, dumping ballast, and in general doing harder work than would kill the average American. Saturday night there's a general clean-up, which means little more than a shave. A rare sight that is, by the smoky light of lanterns in the castles, the 'tween-decks and the dungeon. The preacher—every ship carries one—shaves many. He strops his razor deftly on the leg of his Esquimau skin boot, lathers all from one cracked cup, rakes off terrific stubble, while the men, seated on their blue sea chests, hold a tiny mirror and squint at themselves with an approving eye. Just the shave suffices. The rest of the person doesn't matter. That clean sweep of the chin, letting the ruddy skin glow through the black, is startling.

Ah, to have been able to paint some of those scenes on shipboard, as well as those of crimson slaughter! No Sorolla, no Vereshchagin ever flung more color on canvas than a sealing vessel has to offer. I feel irritated that painters flock to Provincetown or Gloucester and waste pigment on foolish little dories, lobster traps and fish sheds, or that Winslow Homer should have achieved fame with Banks codders and skippers, when the North is glowing, burning, with scenes that utterly defy words, that simply ache to be painted.

One of these days some painter will brave the ice fields and will leap to instant fame by catching a tithe of what the sealers have to offer. But note well, he must carry buckets of red paint and must know how to slap it on thick. He must know how to limn black interiors, where lamp gleams hint at coal-faced, crimson-handed men. He must catch the play of grotesque shadows, the drift of pipe smoke, the glint of bold eyes, the flash of teeth, the atmosphere of lurking tragedy, the mystery and vastness, the elemental, gorgeous barbarism of it all.

He must interpret the spirit as well as the letter. The North is waiting for its all-revealing genius. Who will he be?

The Simple Church Service

One of the finest scenes, I think, is worship in the ice; the church service of these simple, devoutly pious men. Something profoundly touching stirs your heart as you stand on the reeking deck where coal dust and seal oil ooze up from between the rough planks; and out of the dim-glowing forward companion hear full-throated hymns—There is an Anchor That Keeps the Soul, or Nearer, my God, to Thee—roll in the night far across the vague white gloom. The ship is motionless in the ice, her engines muted for the service. She lies there, a ghost ship in a world of ghostliness; or, it may be, with yards and rig aglitter with ice under the white blaze of a moon, the hard gleam of stars such as we know not here. And from her depths the voice of man ascends in praise and prayer, in those far places of that frozen world.

It is a thing unforgetable, to crouch down into the 'tween-decks, to sit obscurely in a corner on a sea chest, to watch these vikings of the North at worship. But yesterday they seemed gory butchers. This night they bow with a sincerity that thrills you to the Power they feel very near; while through the hatch the pole star coldly peers, and not far off the surges thunder all along a drifting berg.

Dim-seen, hang oilskins, sou'westers, sea boots, gaffs, knives, towlines. On smoky beams stand pots and pans—the crude ware from which these men feed in gangs, huddled about their chests. Tin lamps on stanchions blur yellow blotches in the darkness. Sitting on floor, boxes, bunks, the sealers listen with profound attention to the reading, painfully halting, of the Word.

Now they all stand, and with immense vigor join in I Need Thee Every Hour, led by Preacher Levi Butt—weekdays he's crimson-handed as the rest—who lines out the hymn, stanza by stanza. None sing bass; all carry the air. The very timbers of green-heart oak quiver with the intensity of their fervor. With soul-stirring quavers and quick uprisings the hymn bursts forth. One mighty voice dominates the rest; but where it comes from, out of what cavernous black corner, you cannot tell. The bogey—the cracked little stove—flings red light on uncouth figures. Yes, this should be painted, truly, for all the world to see.

In all their religion, as in all their lives, death ever obtrudes. These men think often of death; to them it is an ever-present thing, not something far off and problematical, for every family has met sea losses. Death is no rare visitor, as with us more sheltered folk. They're not at all afraid of death, but—death is always there, just round the corner. God is spoken to with fervent familiarity, almost as if He were a well-known neighbor; appealed to for the saving of "dis ship's company, w'iles on de boosum of de deep." There are constant references to home, to family. The sealers talk glibly of mansions in the sky—they, who have never seen any mansion whatsoever, or any sky but a chilling one. Their religion is absolutely a *cri du cœur*. These are child-men—but men! Modern exegesis, what could it have to do with such as they? They know not even its name; and better so, because it seems to me that without such faith as they bear they could not possibly suffer what they

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have to suffer or do those quite incredible things they have to do.

And right now I want to bear witness that, rough-and-tumble though they be, these vikings are clean-mouthed men. They look like pirates, have the hearts of children, and keep their tongues from foulness and from taking the name of the Lord in vain. Between the current talk among "better-class" men in an average steamer's smoking room and the talk aboard a sealer, the comparison lies all to the advantage of the sealer.

A good race, an iron-hard race, and a clean one!

If to labor is to pray, then the sealers are praying all the time. Their one standard of value is a man's capacity for work. Captains and common hands share this alike. Their heart is in the kill, not for money but for prestige. To be high-liner is the ambition of the whole ship, from highest to lowest. You never saw such rivalry, such consultations, reading of code messages, speculation on what other ships are doing, plottings to outwit all others as go on aboard a sealer. All the men share this tension. Every batsman wants to drag in the greatest number of tows. Every gunner burns to shoot the most seals. You can't imagine the pride they feel in commendation, the misery in disapproval. To be admired by their fellows is their goal.

The men are unmerciful to a failure, a slacker. They guy anyone half to death if he misses his quarry. It's a case of cheers if you succeed, jeers if you fail. Thus is developed that wonderful special sense, or instinct, that enables these supermen to travel where we would perish, to navigate blind, icebound and snow-driven courses and come back—even after days—exactly to the same marker left there. Evolution, stimulated by a keen love of praise, has produced a specialized type of working machine, the sealer. It has made him love exhausting toil, endowed him with superhuman powers, given to him work as his gospel.

What supermen, indeed, to battle thus with the North, to endure unspeakable misery with indomitable cheerfulness! Knowing nothing of ease, comfort, good food, books, plays, soft beds, the amenities of modern life, they glorify labor, have but few primitive emotions, live hard and die swiftly, often in the arms of their Great Mother, the sea.

The Discipline of Shame

What chance has a weakling among such giants? Let me tell you what happened to one. Of a violent night Cap'n Kean was highly wroth. Reports had come to him of a certain young fellow slindging—loafing.

A master watch had reported, "Dat feller Jonas, he lay in de bunk playin' cards. He's useless on y'earth. He do not one tap, dat feller."

"He'll get cut"—fined—"then!" exclaimed the cap'n. "If ever a man was cut he'll be. He must be the most useless man that ever burdened this world! Call him aft!"

Aft came the unfortunate Jonas, cringing into the cabin, twisting his cap in both hands.

"You, Jonas," declaimed the cap'n, "you big useless! Why don't you work? Answer me!"

"I be's wake" weak—"sir. Sick."

"Sick, eh? Let me tell you, you'll get cut! The doctor says you're ahl rate. I won't kick you or swear at you, but I'll cut you!"

"I be's wake, sir. I knows me own feelin's."

"Feelin's! You slindgin', and they workin' their heads off! If you slindge you'll get mighty few dollars out o' the bite. This is enough to make a saint swear! It's got to be putt a stop to. I'd fix you if I had any guts! You slindge, from now out, and I'll 'armer"—hammer—"you! Now get forrard!"

Mark you, now. As a result of having been shamed before others this man Jonas became the most reckless daredevil of the lot. From that day on he took wild chances on the ice, killed like a madman, towed like a horse, sculped like a maniac. I have seen him leap from the moving ship to slush ice, race over swaying pans, catch a seal, kick it on the head, stun it, drag it in barehanded amid wild cheers and shrieks of joy from the assembled crew. Jonas became a bright particular star. Whether he was really "wake" or not didn't matter. He made abundantly good. He, too, passionately adhered to the gospel of toil, submission, the giving of his all for a mere nothing—save praise.

Strange, simple-hearted men!

And yet, under sufficient provocation, these simple and kindly men will run suddenly amuck and do extraordinarily violent deeds. Little as they know of modern labor conditions, much as they denounce strikes, they can—if put to it—strike with zeal and vigor. Not very long ago a mob of them struck for a higher share in St. John's, rove a cable to a sealing steamer, and with two thousand men on the cable held her from sailing. They probably would have pulled the ship right up into the town if somebody aboard hadn't chopped the cable and let the ship escape.

Political opponents are sometimes liable to rough handling in the outports. One candidate, voicing unpopular views, was chased to his train, and just barely escaped alive. Another was hustled to a wharf and given the high dive into old Atlantic. Strangers trying to dance with outport girls usually face a fight that ends in a knock-out. And even mutiny isn't unknown. As witness this:

Last spring the Diana got jammed in the ice and broke her propeller. She began to leak. The leak wasn't serious, but the men grew ugly. They were missing their spring. After a while they hauled up the side sticks and piled their gaffs in a heap on deck, the formal signs of going manus—which is to say, mutinying.

The Blue Putties in the War

"Send out an S O S!" they commanded the captain. "Us wants to be took ashore."

"Never!" replied the captain.

"You send dat wireless in one hour," they retorted, "or us'll t'row you and de Marconi man overboard!"

The S O S went.

The Sagona bucked the ice, reached the Diana, took the men and their chests off. The Diana was still afloat and could easily have been kept so by a small engine-room crew; could have been towed to port after the ice had broken. But no; the sealers put the torch to her, burned her and sank her with four thousand seals aboard. If they couldn't have dem swiles, nobody else should. Strange men!

Their temper, when it shows, seems like the tantrums of a usually placid child. Primitive natures are liable to such emotional flare-ups; and when the sealers run amuck, I'm told that no appeal, no argument, nothing short of annihilation will stop them.

The Germans found that out to their cost in the Great War. The Blue Putties, as the Newfoundland regiments were called, raised particular hob with the boche. Those regiments included many young sealers, who struck cold dread to German hearts. The Blue Putties won all kinds of decorations and V. C.'s. The bravest of the brave. Their losses were withering; but God help the Germans they got up against! I think, myself, if a regiment entirely composed of sealers had been turned loose on the German Army with gaff, towline and sculping knife, they would not only have licked the Huns but also brought back their pelts, put up flags on them, and waited for some steamer to come along and pick up the trip o' fat. They're great boys, those sealers.

Vikings of the North indeed! Yes, that is what I call them. It's a title of admiration, of homage. I never saw such absolutely brave men in all my life, such hardy, hospitable, forthright, kindly, daring, unbeatable, tireless and wonderful hemen. Shy as children, till you come to know them, you presently discover that they have big hearts, warm affections, deep piety, a frank and stirringly bold outlook on life—an outlook that shames all petty and cowardly conventions.

Splendid types of manhood, these, the northernmost fringe of English-speaking people in this hemisphere. Honest to a fault, trustworthy—until aroused, and then look out!—loyal unto death to a friend, but terrible to a foe, these supermen sail frozen seas less for gain than for the sheer joy of the hunt, the battle with ice, frost, blizzard, everything the Arctic solitudes have to give.

Great men and true, in many ways the finest breed in the whole round world indeed they are, these vikings of the North—"gentlemen unafraid!"

Who Makes Your Underwear and Hose

When you are in a Pullman or at the Country Club what a satisfaction it is to know that your underwear and hosiery measure up to your other wearing apparel.

Representative men are as keen for style and quality in their undergarments as in clothes, shirts and shoes.

So any *lack of uniform standards* in their Underwear and Hosiery must be the fault of the *merchandise* offered them in their dealer's stores.

* * *

This is probably a new thought to you—the establishing of a *definite standard* for both Underwear and Hosiery.

Standards of fit, wearing service, comfort, money's worth—and that *trim style* that is the prerogative of every man who knows how to wear his clothes.

There is one concern that has done it. Its sign is the *Master Brand of Allen A.*

You find this Master Brand on the *genuine* Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Knit Underwear. For Men and Boys. All weights, for every season of the year.

You find it also on *genuine* Black Cat Hosiery for Men, for Women, and for Children. In Silk, in Lisle, in Wool, in Cotton.

This Master Brand is the *personal pledge* of the makers of these two celebrated lines.

Wherever you find it, whenever you find it, it is your assurance of the *highest attainable standards* in Underwear or Hosiery, or *both.*

THE ALLEN A COMPANY—KENOSHA, WIS.

Clean-Clear-and Heavier-bodied

THE skilful care used in refining Texaco Motor Oils to that clear golden color also gives them their heavier body.

That heavier body puts life and endurance in your motor.

Texaco Motor Oil is made in *four grades*—light, medium, heavy and extra heavy—All of them are *right* and stay right for complete lubrication. Watch it as it's poured into your crank case. You can see for yourself that it's free from hard carbon-forming impurities.

For a clean smooth-running engine, use clean clear Texaco Motor Oil.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

Run it with Texaco Gasoline — TEXACO — *Save it with Texaco Motor Oil*

TEXACO
MOTOR OILS

THE BOOTLEGGERS

(Continued from Page 30)

a public service. In addition to those who argue thus there is the vast number of potential crooks who are in major and minor situations where they are charged with the enforcement of the law. These men, in the lower grades, are not only willing to be bribed but eager to be, and, as the vernacular has it, are out for the stuff.

The measure of this phase of the human equation was early taken by the men who engaged in this business, most of whom have had similar experiences in other lines, and a system of facilitation developed that was expanded as its requirements grew, until now it comprehends officials of all sorts. The two things that have been proved in greatest degree since the passage of the prohibition law are that whatever a demand may be, whether legal or illegal, men will take the risk of supplying that demand for a profit; and that the maxim that every man has his price is of wide and general application.

However, despite the large sums paid out for protection and the great measure of protection secured, the men who engage in this business are subject to many annoyances and harassments from the officials. These may be classified broadly as of two characters: First, arrests, seizures, prosecutions, and other interferences by law officers, which come about because there still remain in office many men who are not to be reached by bribery, and who do their sworn duty under the law as far as they are able; and second, arrests, seizures, and so on, caused by officials who either have taken bribes and act under the law nevertheless, who have not been bribed and seek to be, or who use these methods for making good their demands for increased payments to them—blackmail, in other words.

The position of the men in this business is that in a strictly legal sense their business is illicit, however well it may be supported by a part of the people; and they have small recourse except to submit to this blackmail, which is now becoming onerous, as they have no appeal, save that of force, which is often resorted to in the way of elimination of those persons who prey on them.

Still, the situation is not without a remedy that frequently can be utilized. The government officials charged with enforcing the law are working under a handicap of small congressional appropriations, and are unable to employ a sufficient number of investigators and other enforcement officials to cope with the situation. Hence it is not infrequently the case—universally indeed—that when a raid is made in any locality the raiders, who, it may be, do their work sufficiently well, cannot remain to bring the accused to trial, but must work elsewhere and leave their records with a district attorney. Sometimes this district attorney can be, and is, reached, but in case he cannot, when he gets ready to try his cases the witnesses have scattered, perhaps owing to payment to induce them to scatter, and convictions are hard to get, even if the indictments seem to be in order.

But in the event the case is well made up, then, by methods that have become systematized and effective, delay is sought, and there is ample excuse for laxity and postponement in the clogging of the courts that this new business has brought about. This business has developed a novel and efficacious practice. The bootleggers are in ample funds, so that they have in their employ lawyers of ability who know how to scramble these preparations.

The situation in the Federal courts works to the exceeding advantage of the bootlegger. The Post Office Department alone, at the time of this report, has four hundred and eighty-four fraud order cases on the dockets, and these cases if tried by one judge would take eighty years, and if tried by all judges would demand the exclusive attention of the Federal courts for at least one year. In addition to these is a vast number of prohibition cases, revenue cases, tax cases, and so on; and skilful lawyers take advantage of this situation for delay that often can be brought to mean dismissal.

Also, the large sums in the possession of the men in this business render cash bail bonds of small importance, and the forfeiting of these by the removal of the accused from the jurisdiction of the courts is a good investment inasmuch as it saves those higher up in the business from prosecution to a certain degree, owing to the sequestrating of witnesses against their employes who have been arrested, and the bail jumping of the accused themselves. It has been demonstrated frequently, and cheaply, considering the interests involved, that the machinery of the law can be utilized for the protection and immunities of those who are engaged in this business.

It is inevitable that a conflict of this magnitude between the Government on the one hand and the bootlegging industry on the other should breed numerous broods of stool pigeons, spies, *agents provocateurs*, informers, and similar base characters, who not only spy and inform on one another but often are in the employ of both sides. This situation is helpful, because the character of the men who give themselves to this employment is such that there is more likelihood of the bootleggers, so called, obtaining a larger percentage of correct information, because the bootleggers pay more liberally than the Government. There is much misinformation detailed to each side, but, all in all, the bootleggers profit by their spies and stool pigeons to a greater degree than the Government, for this reason: The Government is put to the necessity of not only watching those in the bootlegging business but of watching the Government's own operatives as well, which fact has built up a clumsy and reduplicated and slow-moving spy system that in itself offers easy manipulation by those who approach it with sufficient monetary inducement to get its favor; whereas the bootlegging business is mobile and quick-moving, and coast lines are long and highway systems extensive.

XIV

THIS brief résumé of the difficulties, rewards and *modus operandi* of the bootlegging business, so called, is presented with the idea of informing you of its principal features and not of its detail. There is a vast mass of instance, information and incident, with costs and experiences, relating to each point made, which is available; but in general these are the points to be considered. The project of welding this vast, loosely bound series of organizations, with their multitude of ramifications, into a compact, coördinated, coöperative whole is one that may well engage the highest organizing abilities. The demand for the merchandise to be dealt in is constant and increasing, but the methods of obtaining and distributing this merchandise are not only indiscriminate and disordered but enormously expensive. If it can be reduced to a systematic and efficient basis the bootlegging industry will produce revenues far greater than it now does, even though its turnover at present is in excess of three billion dollars a year, and its profits far in excess of a billion dollars annually.

I have the honor to subscribe myself,
Very truly yours,
CHARLES K. DORIAN.

XV

"BILL," said John P. Wilkes to an alert and well-turned-out man of middle age who sat with him in the Wilkes suite in the Hotel Splendide, "what do you know about the great national enterprise of bootlegging?"

"I know where I can get you some fine old bourbon for a hundred and thirty dollars a case, if that's what you mean."

"It isn't particularly, although I might use some, at that. I mean about bootlegging as an institution, a going concern, an adventure, a money-maker, a political by-product, and so on."

"I know a lot."

"Along what lines?"

"What lines are you interested in?"

"It all seems interesting, but along political lines, let's say. How far has it got in politics? You're a national politician and a party leader and all that sort of thing, and ought to know."

"A better way to put it would be: How far has politics got in it?"

"Well, put it any way you like. How far has politics got in it?"

"Quite a distance."

"How?"

"Every way. You don't think, do you, that the politicians would allow anything like this bootlegging golconda to be uncovered without declaring in on it?"

"I suppose not."

"Your supposition does you credit, coming as it does from a man who has been so busy taking other people's money away from said other people that he hasn't voted in twenty years."

"Well, tell me about it. I'm looking for information."

"You've come to headquarters. I've just been in a big conference on the present, the potential and the proper relations of the industry of bootlegging to the industry of politics, which, I may say, are not at all satisfactory at the moment."

"What's the trouble?"

"Lack of centralized operation, combined with personal rapacity on the part of most of our associates that militates seriously against the utilization of the vast and susceptible resources of the business for the purposes of campaign funds, party upkeep, and an equitable tax on the turnover for official toleration of it by political officials. Those were the words of our esteemed leader when he called our conference to order. What he meant was that most of the money politically collected thus far, or otherwise obtained, has been going into private strong boxes."

"This hold-out isn't politically ethical—is that it?"

"That's it, if you want to put it that way. Speaking in the cold-blooded politics of it, they have made a local issue and policy of it. Instead of shaking down these bootleggers with a party idea behind the processes, the shaking down has been done by individuals mostly, or at best by localities. Now, inasmuch as bootlegging is a national industry its contributions to politics should be national, or, at least, to the advantage of no smaller units than state organizations. But it has been hard to make the boys see that. The advent of a truck train of contraband booze in a county, on its way to a center of population, seems to the officials of that county a purely and fortunately local occurrence and the particular treasure-trove of those who are in position either to expedite or retard the progress of it through that county.

"They are not concerned in what will happen to it after it crosses the county line or what it will contribute when it gets to its destination. What they are concerned in is what they can get on the spot, and what they do get is held to be their peculiar and persona. perquisite and reward for having served their party loyally and long enough to have attained official recognition; which official recognition does not carry with it, by the way, much financial emolument. It is pickings, findings, money that is thrown at their heads by the institution of prohibition with the right hand and the opulent enterprise of bootlegging with the left hand.

"Broadly and politically speaking, this situation, now local in its demonstrations, should be national in its scope. There has been small cooperation with state political organizations by local toll takers, and even less coöperation by state organizations with national political organizations. It has been a scramble to get the money wherever and whenever possible, and while the getting was good; and getting has been keeping in most instances. Now if you take the classes that have by virtue of their positions the official opportunity to shake down the bootleggers you will find that they are almost entirely political. Almost all of them have political obligations and are political creatures.

"Back of them is some sort of political organization or combination or power that is responsible for them, and this is especially true of those who have closest and most productive touch with the bootlegging business, because these officials are, mostly, appointive and appointed by politics. Hence, though action may be individual the power to act is politically conferred, and that's where the politicians, who hold no offices but run the politics, should come in."

"And do, I imagine," said Wilkes.

"To some extent."

"How does it work, actually, at the present time?" asked Wilkes.

"Just as I have told you. It has been, up to now, every man for himself, except in some of the larger cities where the local political organizations have cut in, and not for genera. political purposes. Easy money is hard to distribute. The tendency of a man who gets a sum of this bootleg money is to sink it somewhere for personal use, because he knows that his companions, who politically are entitled to a share, have no grounds save those of politics on which they can claim it, and no way they can get it unless he wants to share it with them."

XVI

"YOU see even if politics and politicians desired to keep out of this business of bootlegging it is not possible for politics and politicians to keep out for the reason that when any man of the sort who goes to bootlegging, whether he is of high station as a bootlegger or the lowest, gets into trouble, his first thought is to secure political influence to get him out. He knows how things work in this country. He knows that it is far more useful for a man who is in the net of the law to have a political pull than it is for him to be innocent. It is a sad commentary on our affairs of this sort that such is the case, but such the case undeniably is.

"If you, for example, were arrested in your home city you wouldn't ask the police captain who had you in charge to let you off, or the judge, or the district attorney, but you would ask someone who, politically, had a leverage on the official who could help you—and there are few officials on whom there isn't some sort of political leverage to be exerted, no matter what is said to the contrary—to help you.

"Hence, when bootlegging started and men began to get into trouble, they turned to the politicians. The politicians asked: 'How come?' They discovered that the veriest sort of tyro in bootlegging could make large sums of money, and they could see no reason why they shouldn't get some of it inasmuch as they were dragged in as helpers in the enterprise. So they began getting it.

"Also, the bootleggers soon developed the conclusion that if money could get them out of trouble after they were in trouble the same sort of money, properly applied, would keep them from getting into trouble, and from that conclusion has, in turn, developed all this vast system of monetary influence on all sorts of officials, both by direct application and by indirect application through politicians who can politically influence those officials, that now prevails.

"Political revenues from bootlegging now reach an incredible sum for these two reasons: First, directly through and to politicians and the creations of politicians who are in positions to confer bootlegging favors, immunities, tolerations and protections; and second, indirectly through politicians who are in position to demand favors, immunities, tolerations and protections for the bootleggers from the officials."

XVII

"IS EVERYBODY in it?" asked Wilkes.

"No, not everybody. There is a lot of politics in this country, and many politicians, that do not reach in the right directions. A local leader can't do much with a Federal employe. It takes a state or a national leader to reach him. Conversely, a state or a national leader has small influence with a police force. And by the same token there are plenty of politicians who do not cover with their influence either Federal appointees of this character or local constabulary. For example, in any city there is about one prohibition-enforcement officer to a hundred local policemen.

"Take a place I know about, where a local political leader has the official trucking privilege—that is, the police are told to lay off his trucks when they are transporting liquor about, but to watch out for the trucks of any other concern. The prohibition-enforcement officers might—might, I say—collar a few of these trucks, but the police could collar them all. They do not. Whisky in those trucks is safe and unmolested. Why? Because the man who owns the trucks is a political leader and because he splits the big money he gets for trucking booze—the most valuable freight there is, and charged for accordingly—with some of the other political leaders of his party.

"The ramifications and extent of this sort of thing are astounding. When I tell you that a hundred thousand cases of liquor are smuggled into this country every day, and that the seizures do not amount to 5 per cent of that, you will admit that there must be some collusion along the lines of distribution somewhere, especially as the

(Continued on Page 92)

Proving its

—from cold to full load in less than one minute.

—turn off the oil and in seconds it is still.

—fuel is used only when power is needed—and in proportion to its load.

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power savings

Side by side you find them

In tests in service, in power plant after power plant, where results in economy and reliability are recorded day by day for a long period of time, you find the highest endorsement for the Fulton Diesel. Side by side you find them —performance of one leading to the purchase of another.

The Fulton Diesel is thus established by putting to practical service the wonderful fuel and labor saving principle of internal combustion with low-grade fuel oils. A typical case is the waterworks plant of one of America's most progressive cities. Two 550-horsepower Fulton Diesels were installed in 1914. They were thoroughly tested for two years. When, in 1916, the growth of the city made necessary an additional power unit, a third Fulton Diesel of the same capacity was bought. The three today are successfully performing as did the first two.

And coal has been no problem.

The Fulton Diesel—American-built stationary engine—makes good on its mechanical merit, a development of 70 years' successful experience in engine building. It is a self-contained power plant, eliminating auxiliaries, feeding its own fuel, automatically controlled and having no waste to remove. One engineer runs it. It saves two-thirds the fuel required to produce equal power with steam.

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To Executives and Engineers:

Upon request, we will gladly mail you our latest illustrated book telling the whole story of the Fulton Diesel. Our staff of experienced engineers is at your service for consultation on any power problem, anywhere and at any time—without obligation or cost to you. Fulton supervising engineers make regular visits to each Fulton installation to advise upon the most efficient methods of Diesel practice. Plant engineers interested in Fulton Diesel operation are cordially invited to St. Louis to visit our shops.

DIESEL

(Continued from Page 89)

bulk of this stuff is carted about the country in trucks or automobiles, or landed from small boats near centers of population. You cannot justly hold the prohibition-enforcement bureau responsible, because Congress, which passed this law, will not give that bureau anywhere near enough money to do 1 per cent of the enforcement work necessary, and from the very nature of the employment there are bound to be large numbers of reachable men among the enforcement officials, human nature being what it is, and money having a most potent charm for about all of us.

"All that aside, a crime is a crime, and the smuggling, manufacture, distribution and sale of liquor, under the law of this country, is just that. Therefore, when the law is violated in any particular district it is the business of all officials charged with the enforcement of the law to enforce the law, no matter what quibbling there may be over jurisdiction, and so on. Any sheriff can stop any truck with booze on it if he wants to. If he doesn't want to it will get by nine times out of ten, because prohibition-enforcement officials cannot be everywhere at the same time, and in many instances wouldn't be if they could.

"I am speaking now of the commonsense aspects of the case. You can't tell me that these vast streams of illicit booze would be flowing along our highways, and up and down our city streets, if there wasn't a reason for it aside from the thirst of the people. The reason is that the way is greased for them. The further reason is that the penalties of getting caught are too often mitigated for the distributors. The reason for it is money—easy money—booze money, and political influence and participation—at a price."

"You don't mean, do you, Bill, that such money as this would be received and used for general political purposes, such tainted money as this?" asked Wilkes.

"Politics does not inquire into the genesis of money. If it did we'd have mighty little. Politics inquires only into the authenticity of it. So far as I have been able to learn, the bootleggers circulate legal tender in most instances. Of course there have been times when they paid for contraband with counterfeit, but in a general manner of speaking all recipients of bootleggers' money are as good judges of money as the bootleggers themselves, which means there are none better."

"You surprise me," said Wilkes.

"I do not, but that is neither here nor there. As I said, we are now engaged in the very necessary and very difficult enterprise of trying to figure out a way in which the many streams running out from the inexhaustible reservoir of wealth may be turned into one sluiceway that will direct its flow into party chests."

"I should think it very difficult to do that," commented Wilkes.

"Difficult? It's impossible."

"But suppose the chief bootlegging interests of the country were combined under one competent directing head?"

"Is that what you have in mind?"

"Yes."

"If that's the case our troubles are over."

"What do you mean, Bill?"

"Why, I mean that a deal like that would be an El Dorado for the politicians such as the universe never before afforded. The bootlegging of this country combined into one organization. Wow!"

"It certainly would organize your collections for you."

"Organize them? It would endow them, entail them, guarantee them, multiply them by millions. It would be like running the mint for our especial benefit."

"But," protested Wilkes, "you wouldn't be excessive in your demands, would you?"

"Excessive? Oh, no, not excessive. Confiscatory is the word. If we could get a crack at such a game as that we'd just take it all. No more than that. Just all. Think of having the bootlegging of this country in a place where we could get at one head center and put the tweezers on. Who was the old boy who turned everything that he touched into gold? Midas? You'd be the Midas for the politicians, John."

"You couldn't take it all."

"Why not? What standing, or validity of protest, or chance whatsoever would a game of that kind have? Whom would you approach for help? Where would you get but off? If you didn't pay whatever sums were demanded we could put the whole lot of you so deep into jail it would take Gabriel's trump to get you out. Now it is scattered; one gang here and one gang there, and hard to catch up with except locally, and always shifting and changing; but with bootlegging on a corporation basis—oh, wealth untold for us!"

"You give me pause, Bill."

"Oh, I hope not, John. Much as I admire you and fond as I am of you, my deep affection for my party, and my firm conviction that the welfare of the people is better served by its control of the Government, make me eager in my wish that you will go ahead and make your combination. Go to it, John. You don't know much about politics. Here will be a chance to learn a heap."

"It looks to me," said Wilkes, "as if the education might be too expensive."

"It would come pretty high."

"And as if my best play would be to get somebody else to do the organizing, and cut in with the politicians."

"John," said the visitor as he rose to go, "your education has already begun."

XVIII

HON. AMBROSE T. QUILVERS,
Washington, D. C.

Anxious to see you on important matter. What day will be convenient? Regards.

JOHN P. WILKES.

JOHN P. WILKES,
Hotel Splendide,
New York.

Glad to see you Tuesday evening, eight o'clock. Best wishes. A. T. QUILVERS.

■■■

"AMBROSE," said Wilkes on the appointed Tuesday evening, "you know what is happening on the inside in Washington and out in the country as well as any man here."

"I hope so, John. It would be rather silly at my time of life if these folks around here were fooling me."

"Well, I'm confident you do, and I want to talk over a project of mine with you and get your advice."

"What are you going to do, John? Take some more money away from the New Yorkers?"

"Not the way you think. That game isn't interesting now. It's reduced to an algebraic formula, and x isn't even an unknown quantity any more. It used to be an adventure. Now it is a dull and routine job. I'm looking for thrills. So I am thinking of trying my hand at bootlegging."

"Bootlegging? Why, John ——"

"Not the way you think this time either. I don't mean that I am going to peddle hooch or hire peddlers to peddle it for me. I am considering going into it in a big way."

"It will have to be all of that if it equals the way some of them are in it now."

"I know it, and that's what I want to talk to you about. Briefly, there are about fifteen big organizations at the top of the bootlegging business now, from one side of the country to the other, and waste is enormous, methods are loose and unbusinesslike, expenditures are profligate, and the securing and distribution are attended by crimes of violence of all sorts. It is my idea to make a combination of these big organizations, operate as a bootlegging trust or corporation, and conduct the greatest adventure in money getting the world has ever known."

"It would be a whale, all right."

"What do you think of it?"

"Not much."

"Why?"

"Well, John, I'll tell you why. The main reason is because, secure and profitable and alluring as bootlegging may seem at present to those with the lust for money no matter how obtained, and to those with the spirit of adventure and intrigue and the delight of fighting constituted authority within them, there is coming an inevitable explosion; and when that explosion comes those who are anywhere near the blow-off will be badly hurt. I don't know when it is coming, but I do know it is coming. You may have time before it comes to get your plan to working, if it is possible to make such a combination, which may not be beyond your organizing ability; but even so, you would be right over the crater, and if it comes before you get it working the results will be just as bad—to you."

"What do you mean by an explosion?"

"I mean that this thing cannot go on in this country, although it now seems to be an established and tolerated part of our national scheme of affairs. I mean that this debauchery and corruption of officials, from high to low, this utter disregard for the law, this saturnalia of murder, bribery, smuggling, poisoning, counterfeiting, this contempt and defiance of authority, this vitiating and demoralization of our law-enforcement machinery, this vast use of money to debase our public servants, these attempts to reach the last outpost of our national securities, will be destroyed by an outraged people."

"But the people look with complacency on bootlegging, and patronize it and support it."

"Not all the people, John; only some of the people. Not a majority of the people; only a minority. Your habits of life and your contacts give you the impression that the people of the United States, as a whole, are opposed to prohibition, and are thus in favor of bootlegging as a remedy for an unjust and drastic situation foisted on them by a Government that seeks to abridge their liberties for some mysterious but puritanical reason. That isn't so, John. Far more than a majority of the people in this country are in favor of prohibition and wouldn't allow a return to the old whisky days if they had the opportunity. They are restive under this defiance of the law they think is a good law. They are slow to move, but once they get going, God help the bootleggers and all associated with them!"

"That's an astonishing statement."

"Perhaps, but it is a true statement. You must not think that the authorities in Washington do not know what is going on in this country, nor that there isn't a pretty fair gauge of public opinion here. I am no prohibitionist, nor do I believe in this present law. I have always been of the opinion that the way to settle the liquor question in this country was to settle it by local option and not by an amendment to the organic law. However, an attempt has been made to settle it by amendment to the organic law—by a constitutional enactment.

"Now the wet forces of this country have made one great error, aided by the newspapers, consciously or through a mistaken sense of news values. They have kept constantly before the people the ill effects of prohibition, in crime, bootlegging, and so on, and held it to be a farce, a derision, a medium for lowering the moral tone of an entire nation, and nothing else. At the same time there isn't a man in this country in any line of productive business who doesn't know that prohibition has decreased drunkenness among the people, has augmented savings-bank deposits, has increased efficiency, and all that; nor any woman who does not know that it has been of incalculable benefit to the women and the children of the country, notwithstanding the drinking orgies we read about and the apparently increased consumption of liquor among certain classes.

"The people know these things, and they are slowly coming to a realization that this bootlegging business means more than the supply of liquor to those who can buy it, that it means more than the mere evasion and breaking of the prohibition law by rum runners. They are slowly coming to a realization that bootlegging means bribery, debauchery of officials of all sorts, corruption to the extent of millions of dollars a day. They are beginning to find out that it means bought-and-paid-for dishonesty among the men who are appointed or elected to be their protectors under the law that was enacted for all alike and that they obey. They are getting a dim realization that bootlegging as it exists today could not exist were it not for the sufferance of low officials of all sorts; and when that idea is firmly fixed in their minds there will be an explosion that will wreck not only the bootlegging business but all who have had any part in it, either as active agents or as bribed and debauched tolerators."

XX

"IT WILL be a tremendous jolt when it comes, because it will mean a revulsion of the people against their officials. The phase of the situation that causes the gravest concern here is that when the jolt does come there may be no discrimination, as there should be, but that all officials will be lumped with the dishonest ones that are taking bootleggers' bribes.

"I can tell you, now that we are on the subject, that there has been created in this city, the seat of government, a special departmental machinery for handling and investigating informal charges against certain officials who are taking whisky money for favors to bootleggers, which has given rise to something this country never had before. Think of a situation that makes it necessary not only to watch smugglers but the officials that are supposed to apprehend them."

"It has inflammable elements," said Wilkes.

"It has, indeed. Furthermore, apart from this phase of it, which is extremely dangerous, bootlegging has drawn politics into its corrupt net, and it is now contributing, either because it is forced to or deems it expedient to do so, large sums for political purposes to individuals and organizations to secure political pressure on the law-enforcement officials of all grades. This was inevitable. Politics battens on such money, if the sources of it can be concealed and the use of it disguised; and always has.

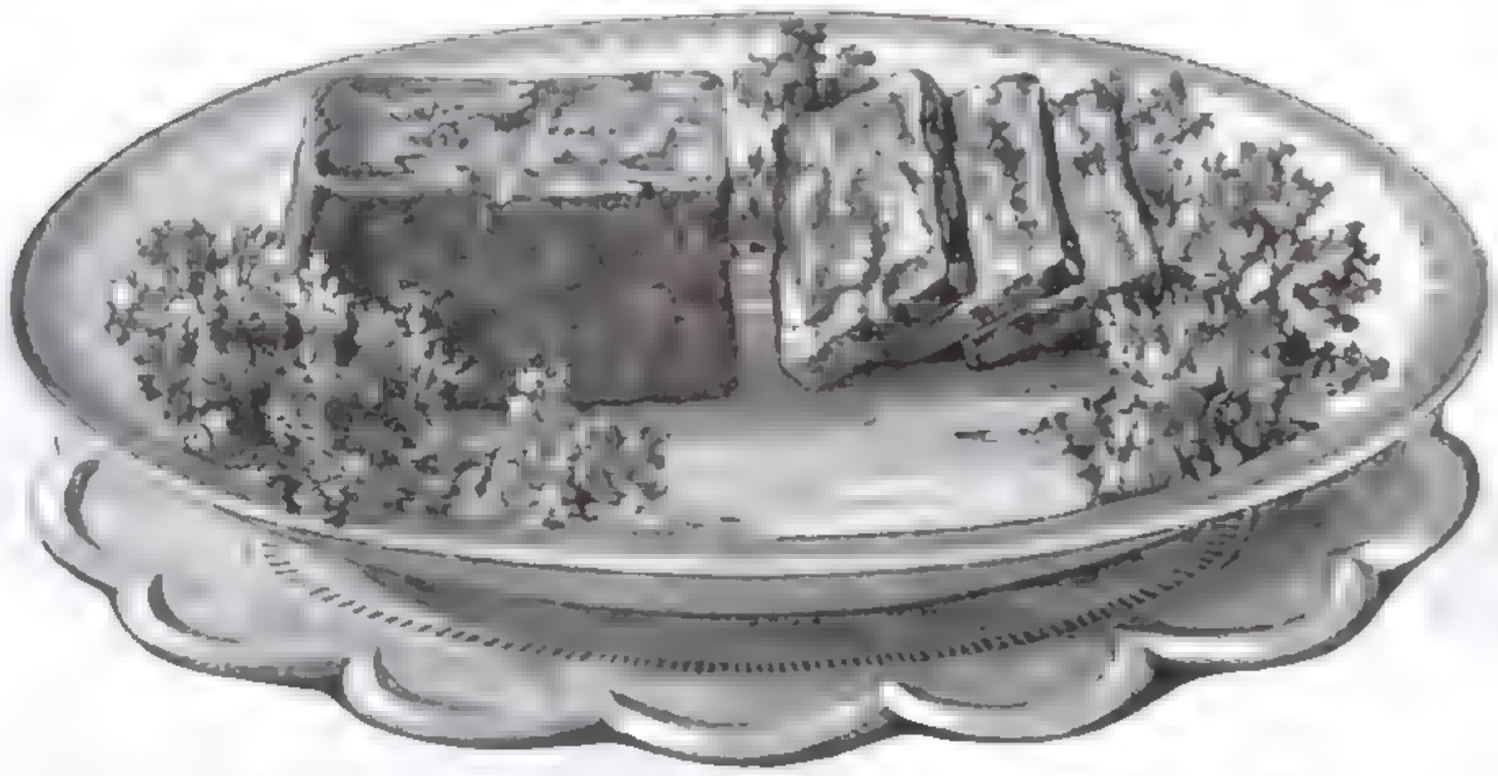
"Another phase of it is that many of the minor bootleggers and some of the big ones are foreigners or of foreign and clannish extraction. This works advantageously for the bootleggers and disadvantageously for the people who want to see the law obeyed. In the first place these people are not terrorized by the idea of going to jail, and think it no disgrace; and in the second they have a tremendous mass influence—politically, I mean. This foreign mass pressure in our larger cities is about as lively an agent for laxity and for actual defeat of

(Continued on Page 95)

Grassy Creek, Near Hendersonville, North Carolina

Booth's Sardine Loaf

Take one can Booth's Sardines (skin and backbone removed), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two cupfuls bread crumbs, pinch of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Mix all together well, turn into a mold, cover and steam one hour. When cold, cut into thin slices. This is excellent for sandwiches, or served hot or cold.



Save $4.00 Monthly With This Dinner Dish

Serve once a week—enough for four people—at 6¼c per plate

You serve four people for a quarter—a delicious meal. The same meal ordinarily costs $1.25—five times as much.

If you are an average family, the most substantial course of a hearty dinner costs around $1.25, served four times monthly—once a week—these four meals cost $5.00.

But serve this tasty fish once weekly to that family, and the four meals cost *one* dollar!

So this delightful dinner, served *but once a week*, in place of the usual, can save $4.00 every month!

Tasty Sardines

Dinner Size

This new dish—new to you who have not tried it—is known as Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size.

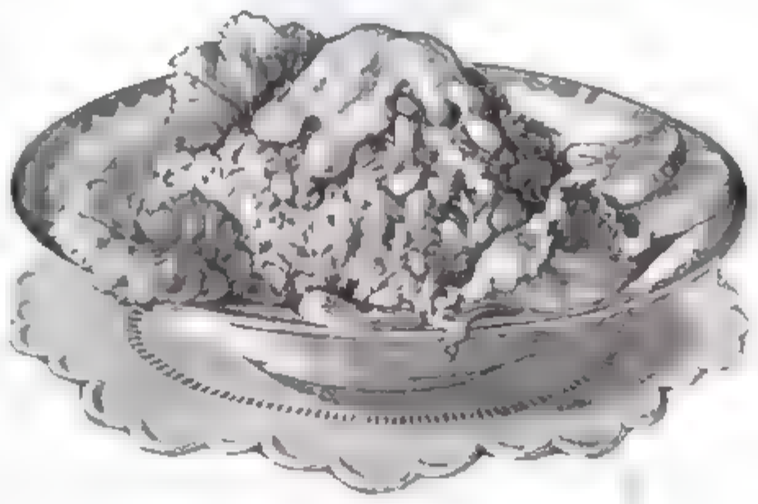
Not the small, imported, costly sardines that you know, but a larger, more nutritious fish, although a genuine sardine.

It has the sardine flavor and the same firm, tender meat.

These fish swim in large numbers in our own ocean waters; are easily secured; and because they aren't imported you pay no customs duty on them. That's why the cost is low.

Booth's Food-Sardines are rich in protein—tissue-building food. And they supply 900 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

No other food that we know combines attractive flavor and important food value with such economy. Compare with others. Decide for yourself.



One Minute Salad

One can of Booth's Sardines, several stalks of celery and half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Remove the tail, skin and backbone from the Sardine and pick the fish apart, adding the celery (cut up fine) and the mayonnaise, mixing lightly together. Season with salt and cayenne. Arrange in salad dish, pour a little mayonnaise over the top, and trim with lemon slices and lettuce leaves. This makes a delicious salad and is very easily and quickly prepared.

Compare These Costs

Go over your market bill for the past four weeks. Put down the cost of each dinner's chief item during that time. Add together and divide by the number of dinners represented.

If yours is a family of four, the chances are the figure will be at least $1.25—*probably more!*

Booth's Food-Sardines 25c

When you know them you'll need no further urging to serve them at least once a week in place of expensive foods.

There are scores of ways to use them—ready-prepared as they come right from the tin; broiled on toast; in salad; rolled and fried in bread crumbs as a breakfast dish.

The entire family will enjoy them. Try and see.

Three Sauces

For Your Choice

Booth's Food-Sardines are put up in three delicious sauces—tomato, mustard, and in vinegar and spices—so there are new surprises for each week.

Your grocer probably has Booth's Food-Sardines. If by chance he hasn't, send us one dollar, for which we will immediately send you four of the big, red, oval cans, charges prepaid.

Specify which kinds of sauce you want them packed in. We'll gladly return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

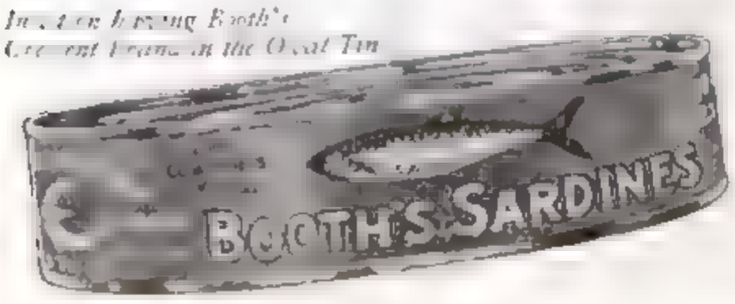
Our plants are modern and immaculate, and Booth's are highest quality sardines, so be sure to get this brand. You'll know it by the big, red, oval tin.

Mail Coupon

Every careful woman who wants to cut her food bills down should have the famous "Booth Food-Sardine Recipes." See what you can do with these sardines. Mail coupon for free book.

F. E. Booth Company, *Packers of High Grade Foods*
110 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Insist on having Booth's Crescent Brand in the Oval Tin



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Dinner Size

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Please send free book of recipes.

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Coconut Cookies

Cream three-quarters cup granulated sugar, one-half cup butter and one-quarter teaspoon salt together; add two well-beaten eggs and one-half can coconut. (If the blue can coconut is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk before using.) Sift one and one-half cups flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder and add mixture. Dust bake board with flour, roll out quite thin (one-eighth inch)—cut with cruller cutter. Brush top with well beaten egg and sprinkle with balance of coconut. Bake in hot oven ten to twelve minutes.

Coconut Clusters

A wholesome, delicious candy can be made by melting 1½ cups granulated sugar in a skillet. When melted, add piece of butter the size of a walnut and quickly pour over one cup of coconut which has been evenly spread on buttered dish. When cool, break into clusters.

Coconut Squares

Beat one egg, add one cup brown sugar, one square melted chocolate, a pinch of salt and ¼ teaspoon of soda dissolved in a tablespoon of hot water. To this add one cup coconut and 5 tablespoons sifted flour. Bake about twenty minutes in a square buttered tin in a moderate oven. When cold cut in 2 inch squares.

Coconut Cream Pie

Add beaten yolks of two eggs, one-half cup sugar, a pinch of salt and two level tablespoons cornstarch to one and one-half cups of milk. Place over slow fire and stir until thick. Add two-thirds cup of coconut and a teaspoon of vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with stiffly beaten whites of two eggs to which two tablespoons of powdered sugar have been added. Sprinkle remaining coconut on top and brown quickly in oven.

"Come back with those coconut cookies!"

THE kiddies, and the grown-ups too, will relish these home-made coconut cookies and candies. They are easy to make and are doubly wholesome and delicious when you make them yourself.

But be sure you make them of Baker's Coconut—preferably the canned coconut. It's the only ready-to-use coconut in which the natural moisture is retained. That's why it's so full of flavor—such a wholesome food.

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BAKER'S COCONUT

3 kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened; sealed up while still moist with its own wholesome, natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

(Continued from Page 92

justice, and influence with those who should see justice done, as the wholesale bribery."

XXI

"I AM not exaggerating when I say to you that within the past year there has been used in this country a billion dollars of bootleg money for the purposes of bribing, corrupting and debauching law-enforcement officials, for political contributions, for blackmail, for protection in lawbreaking. Think of what the pressure of this enormous sum of money is on low-salaried, none too scrupulous public officials. The record of seizures and arrests shows that there are many honest men who cannot be reached, but honesty is subjected to tremendous temptation in these circumstances, and payments are in thousands instead of tens. Officials are only human, and the throwing of these vast sums of money at them has had a wide effect, and the morale is breaking every day.

"Consider the temptations of an official of any sort who not only needs money but sees his fellows getting money in large amounts and escaping detection; who knows there is a man waiting outside for him or his representative with a bundle of thousand-dollar bills. Human nature won't stand the strain. As I have said, this doesn't mean that all our officials are thus influenced; nor even a large percentage of them. What it does mean is that many of them are, and that there is room for doubt whether the people will discriminate when the explosion comes, which is a terrible thing to contemplate."

"How will it come?"

"I don't know. Probably some episode of bootlegging will start it: some series of arrests of big and well-regarded men; a lot of nasty murders or killings; some scandalous exposures. Any of these might start the big show. Or it may be slow in breaking, and be the cumulative influence of bits of information of what actually is happening on the inside. Anyhow I am sure it is coming one of these days."

"What form will it take?"

"One man's guess is as good as another's on that. Maybe it will create a national resentment that will sentence corrupt officials and bootleggers for extremely long terms; maybe it will reach the passive as well as the active participant, and private stocks be ruthlessly seized and drinking made a crime; maybe it will be a political revolt that will turn our politics upside down. Who can tell? Only one thing is certain, and that is this: The bootlegging business as it is at present conducted or as it might be conducted under any revision of its operations or combination of its forces cannot continue to exist indefinitely in this country, because the American people sooner or later will rise and exterminate it."

"Then, Ambrose," said Wilkes, "you wouldn't advise me to go into it?"

"I would advise you to keep out of it, John. I would advise you to stay as far away from it as possible. I would advise you to forget it, and return to your comparatively respectable business of trimming the suckers, at which you are not only expert but in which you are immune from any protest save that squeal of those you prong that is music to the pronger's ears."

XXII

HOTEL SPLENDIDE,
NEW YORK.

MY DEAR SOPHIE: I have yours of Thursday, and am glad that the business deal we arranged came out so satisfactorily.

So far as the future is concerned, and our alliance in business, I fear that must be held in abeyance for a time, if not abandoned entirely. Since seeing you I have discovered some new angles to the business and have been shown some contingencies that might not be altogether pleasant, notwithstanding my lust for financial adventure. For the present I shall return to golf and the contemplation of a peaceful countryside dotted with my blooded cows.

Sapiens qui prospicit, as we say in the Latin. He is wise who looks ahead.

With every good wish, I am,
Faithfully,
JOHN P. WILKES.

(THE END)

THIS MAN'S WAR

(Continued from Page 17)

made at Templemore that as soon as the election was over, if the country wint for a free state she'd grab a gun herself an' see to it personally that Ireland had a republic."

"Faith, I wouldn't put it past her."

"An' according to all accounts, she tould them how Ireland had been fighting for sivin hundred years now, an' if she had anything to do with it they would be fighting for sivin hundred years more until they got what they wanted."

"Faith, she didn't care what she said when she got playing ducks and drakes with the calendar, did she? Isn't it like a woman?" vouchsafed the sergeant.

"Indeed it is. I heard from somebody else that this O'Grady girl had enlisted a company of her own and sent in a requisition to headquarters for full equipment.

"I wonder where the Republican Army is this morning," soliloquized Mike after a pause. "They're late on the job. Keepin' bankers' hours, I suppose."

As he spoke something hard struck the iron rain pipe which ran perpendicularly down from the corner of the roof, and simultaneously the reverberating crack of a rifle rang out on the morning air.

"Good mornin' to ye, me bucko," bantered Con. "It must have been stormy outside last night. You're shooting low. Better rub the sand out of your eyes."

At the apex of the roof the sharpshooters had cunningly arranged the tiling so that they could observe their surroundings without being seen. Mike climbed up now to where he could reconnoiter.

"The inimy is over on the flat road this mornin'," reported the lookout. "I suppose he finds it aisier to get up an' down through the trapdoor, or perhaps he's goin' to have company. Ah, what's that? Here comes somebody! Holy smokes—it's a woman! Take the binoculars and see what you make out of it, Con."

Across the roof of the building about fifty yards to the north a gowned figure was stealthily making its way. Con focused his field glasses on her.

"Faith, you're right, Mike, it is a woman, an' she's draggin' a rifle after her. Well, well! Perhaps this is going to be a war of the petticoats."

Again he trained his glasses, and it was a moment or two before he spoke. Then he emitted a long low whistle of surprise. "Talk of the divil!—which means no disrespect to the ladies," he exclaimed—"it's her. There she is now."

"There's who?"

"Why, Nan O'Grady."

"I didn't think you knew her at all, Con."

"I niver said so, Mike."

"True for you, you didn't."

"Faith, she's getting ready to shoot now, Mike. I'll have to play a little joke on that lady. Hand up me cap an' rifle."

The sergeant placed his cap over the muzzle of his gun and rested the weapon in the gutter in such a way that the top of the cap just rested over the tile. He chuckled as he watched the opposing forces.

"You ought to see the little terror, Mike. She's dressed up like as if she was goin' to a Christmas party. High heels, satin shoes, an' all that goes wid it. She has as many flounces as a Pharisee. I suppose it never enters her little old foolish head that somebody might take a shot at her."

"Well, she's runnin' true to feminine form," rasped the pessimistic Mike.

"Ha, ha! Y'd die laughing well! Faith, if this keeps on we'll have to get new weapons entirely."

"Ah, what is she doin' now?"

"She's powderin' her nose!"

"G'wan, I can't believe that, Con."

"May I never, if it isn't the truth. Now she's resting the rifle on the ledge of the chimney. She's aiming it and going to shoot. Ah—ah—ah—wait a minute."

"Did she forget to use her lipstick?"

"I'll give you forty guesses, Mike."

"You might give me four hundred an' forty and thin I wouldn't be right."

"Mike, she's crossing herself."

"Ah, this must be what they call a holy war."

"I guess she's all set. Now she's going to go to war in earnest. I wish you could see her. She's pointing her gun, but she has her eyes shut. Faith, the muzzle is tilted in the air and she doesn't know it. Ha, ha! There she goes—blooey!"

Before the report of the shot died away Con flipped the cap from the top of his rifle, then he glued his eyes to his field glasses and watched the enemy's stronghold for further developments. He did not have long to wait, because above the edge of the chimney rose a horror-stricken girl's face with eyes staring and dilated. It was evident from her whole expression that she was quite sure her shot had taken deadly effect and put at least one combatant out of commission.

Con enjoyed her discomfiture for a moment or two, then he fixed the pasteboard cat in the clip at the muzzle of his rifle and elevated this work of art slowly until it rose above the edge of the chimney behind which he lay. When he thought it had got high enough he pulled the string and the belligerent tail wigwagged an unmistakably taunting and defiant message to the opposing forces.

A volley of shots, some of which beat a tattoo on the waterspout and chimney, greeted this latter humorous sally. Miss O'Grady's comrade in arms was evidently taking a hand in the game and resenting this voluntary insult.

"It's a good thing she doesn't know it's me myself over here," laughed Con to his companion as he rolled back to his hiding place. "Oh, I can see her now. I'll bet she's as mad as a wet hen. I think I'll have to attend to her case in the morning."

"Everybody knows their own business best," counseled Mike, "and I'm not going to tell you yours. Isn't it time we were relieved?"

"We might as well be here as any place else," retorted Con. "Sure, there's nothing to do in the way of diversion."

"There's plenty if you know where to find it."

"Yes?"

"Supposin' I told you there wuz going to be a chicken fight tonight, what would you say?"

"I'd say you were the biggest liar between here an' Halifax," gloomed Sergeant Rafferty.

"Well, Con, I'm going to make you eat your words; and what's more, I'm going to give you an invitation to the most select gathering of sports which has met together since this picnic started."

Con sat up and faced the speaker with something more than interest written on his face.

"Why is it, Mike, that you always were sich a divil for monkeying with sacred things? If you were to be tellin' the truth, I don't know what I'd say. I'd give a field full of fat pigs to see it."

"It won't cost you that much. I'm just sayin' that the Free Staters have sint a challenge to the Republicans, an' delegates from both sides are to meet at Casey's tonight. The conditions call for to show a dozen birds apiece for ten pound a battle."

"Gwan! Where did you get that? You're dramin'."

"Faith, I got it from the best authority in the country—nobody but Joe Kerrigan himself."

"How does Kerrigan know?"

"It's him that got it up. Lave it to Kerrigan."

"Yis, but how?"

"Well, sir, he found that the telephone wuz still workin' between Moran's Hotel an' the Shelburne, so he rang thim up an' issued a red-hot challenge."

"And they accepted?"

"They did so. Joe says he could hear them giving three rousing cheers over the phone."

"Ah, but where will they get the chickens?" queried the materialistic Con.

"Joe asked them that and they tould him that they'd have them on hand if there was one left in the country."

"Faith, that's no lie; and how about Joe's?"

"Oh, he'll get his. He said he'd go out to John Murphy's place in Sandy Mount an' get some of the best he had."

"You mean John, the landlord? Why, Kerrigan couldn't get a pleasant smile from him, let alone one of them chickens that he claims have pedigrees datin' back to Tara's Halls an' the Stone of Destiny."

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"Ah, lave it to Joe. He'll go out there an' talk about that old steeplechaser Rebellion that John used to own. Thin he'll sing Mother Machree, and after that he'll say a word or two 'bout patriotic duty and th' sacrifices a nation must make when they're at war. Like as not he'll tell John that if they get this trouble settled, rints will go as high as Gilderoy's kite, because every Englishman in th' world will want to come over here with a pack of hounds an' hunt all winter, and by that time John will be countin' the money he's goin' to get and eatin' out of Joe's hand."

"Supposin' John refuses?"

"Ah, that won't stop Kerrigan; he's as handy a boy as ever robbed a roost. But I'm tellin' you the truth, Con. Will you be there? The proceedin's will commence at eight o'clock sharp. It's a select party. Only ten on a side will be permitted. Can we count on you?"

"Can old John Murphy count money?"

"Well, thank God, here comes the commander to relieve us, so we'll call it a day's work. Take care of yourself until tonight. It'll be rare sport."

II

LATER along in the evening of that day, a score of warriors filed by ones and twos into the big room back of Casey's place. A conventional cockpit with canvas sides had already been laid down in the center, and about it grouped the enthusiasts. No stranger could possibly believe that within a few hours these men had been engaged in the deadly business of civil war, because they met one another without the slightest reserve and in no sense manifested untoward feeling. Strange to say, the majority of them appeared to know one another personally, and good-humored badinage, rapid-fire repartee and a certain brand of airy persiflage were the distinguishing features of the gathering.

"By cripes, if that isn't Tim Devaney!" ejaculated a Republican soldier whose only attempt at a uniform consisted of a pair of ragged canvas leggings and a well-worn service cap. "Why, Timmy, me boy, I heard you were kilt down in Clommel two weeks ago. Your name was in the papers."

"So long as they only kill me wid printer's ink I'll never grumble, Jimmy Avick. I was going to ask you how De Valera was feeding his army?"

"You were, were you?"

"Faith, I wuz, because I know of one man who'll desert the first time he gets hungry."

"Ah, what talk have you, Timmy? It's you that know I have a delicate appetite."

"Aye, so has a horse."

"Hush, boys!" admonished a third patriot. "We didn't come here to play marbles, an' we have no time to spare, because I must be back by half past ten or I'll lose my situation. Where's Joe Kerrigan? Hey there, Jockey Joe, are you going to keep your guests waitin' all night?"

Thus admonished, Joe Kerrigan, master of ceremonies, advanced to the center of the ring and raised his hand for silence.

"I suppose, gintlemen," he began impressively—"I suppose I needn't dwell on the difficulties which we had to surmount in order to bring this gathering of good sportsmen together. But it's a grand thing to know that whatever little misunderstandings we have between ourselves in Ireland, all you've got to do is to mention sport an' everything becomes as peaceful and placid as a bowl of milk. It's a beautiful thing when we realize that in Ireland ye cannot have sport without salvation, or salvation without sport."

Vociferous cheers greeted this latter sentiment, and the speaker waited with a smile of self-appreciation until the meeting had quieted down again.

"But as I was saying," he continued, "we had to encounter several difficulties, including the fact that ould John Murphy, the landlord, with a yard full of chickens, wasn't patriotic enough to come to our assistance. I pledge ye my word, gintlemen, I praised that ould knee-sprung steeplechaser of his till my tongue was hangin' a yard out of my mouth and I did everything in the world but crawl on my hands and knees to him. 'No!' sez he. 'Not a tail or a feather.'

"'Faith,' sez I, 'you'd die in the dark to save the price of a candle, so you would'; and with that I left him. But of course I didn't go very far, because I slipped around to the back and just had two in the sack when the murderin' ould divil came along with his blunderbuss. Can you blame me if I left in a hurry?"

"Indeed, we can't, Joe." This with fervent accord from the assembly.

"I don't know the details, but I understand that our Republican friends didn't have any better luck than I did, and that gets it down to where I'm forced to tell you that instead of twelve battles as originally planned there will only be two. Sherman had it right whin he said that war was hell."

"How about the rules, Joe?"

"Faith, I thought we would hear from Counselor Duffy. Well, counselor, all the rules are suspinded under the conditions, which takes it clean out of the legalities. Age, weight and everything else, and in honor of the occasion I announce that the first battle will be between Darrel Figgis, representing the Free Staters, and Rory O'Connor, representing himself. Ye know what that means. I want to remind ye, though, that we haven't all the time in the world, so wid the help of God we'll commence. Let her go, boys!"

"I lay two to one on Figgis," announced Con Rafferty, jumping on a chair. "Two to one! Two to one! Two to one! Are ye deaf, dumb and blind? Where's all the money ye got out of the banks? Don't tell me ye have spent it already. Don't be afraid I won't make good. Free State soldiers get paid every Saturday at headquarters."

"Take the frog out of your throat and make the price a little stronger, Con," shot back one of the irregulars.

"Yes, and never mind where we got the money," voiced another. "You never had any in any bank in your life, Con, so it isn't any particular affair of yours."

"Well, if I didn't, it's all the more reason why you should give a poor boy a chance," retorted the sergeant affably. "But to show you that there's no ill feeling, I'll make it two and a half. Here you are—two and a half to one that Rory O'Connor jumps the fence."

"I'll take three to one." This from a tall, solemn-visaged soldier who stood over by the window.

"You'd take the salt out of a widow's tears," bantered the erstwhile bookmaker. "But as an evidence of good faith, I'll lay you three to one. How much do you want of it?"

"I'll bet you two quid."

"Faith, it's a big heart you've got, but you're on. Now bring out the next lamb that needs shearin'."

"You talk like as if we wuz black with money, Con."

"Well, aren't ye? Still, I never saw a patriot yet with a hole in his pocket."

"Yes, but you saw many a one make a hole in somebody else's pocket."

Con threw back his head and emitted a hearty laugh. "That's not fair, boys; you're talking about absent friends."

"Give my regards to Broadway, Con," laughed a boy in his shirt sleeves.

"Faith, you'll see the long lane before I do," retorted the sergeant. "That's if they get what's left of you after we've finished the job in hand."

"Now, now, boys," warned Mr. Kerrigan, "why can't ye conduct yourselves like Christians? If we wuz to start any trouble here what do you suppose the world would think of us?"

"All right, Joe, I'll put a button on my upper lip; but sure it wuz all in fun."

"Are you all ready, boys?" inquired the master of ceremonies. "If ye are, we'll put the first brace down."

"I'll lay you two to one that Figgis will weigh more than six ounces more than O'Connor!" exclaimed one of the spectators as the handlers placed the birds.

"How could he? Didn't he lose his whiskers last week? And they were red, at that." This latter sally evoked uproarious mirth.

"Like as not there's some red pepper under his wings," suggested another.

"That's a nice suggestion to make in a place where gentlemen are gathered together for a bit of sport. Ye'd think ye were back in civil life, so ye would," laughed Kerrigan.

But further discussion was ended as the feathered champions rose simultaneously in the air and struck out viciously with spurred heels. Once, twice, thrice they returned to the assault, red-eyed with the lust of battle and utterly oblivious of the clamor by which they were surrounded.

"Good boy, Rory! Faith, you're going better than I thought you could. If you can last long enough you'll whip the big fellow, because he'll get tired. But whatever you have to do, you'll have to do it quick."

For a moment or two it seemed as though the smaller of the gladiators had a shade the better of the battling, but in the subsequent encounters weight began to tell and in a shorter space of time than it takes to tell it the representative of the Republican forces was lying on his side with a long spur driven through his middle and gasping a good-by to the world.

"The next and last fight, gentlemen," shouted Mr. Kerrigan, "ought to manufacture some history, because it will be between Brian Boru, Republican, and Julius Cæsar, Free State. I expect ye have heard of both these gentlemen, but I know you won't let your partisan feelings get the best of ye."

"No fear of that," chorused the crowd. "History an' sport never did mix."

"All right, then; it's even money and take your pick. Who wants some of it?"

"I'll take Brian Boru for ten quid," shrilled a Republican warrior. "How about ut, Con?"

"Faith, I suspected all along that we'd find the crown jewels whin the time came," retorted that worthy, "but I'll take ye. Let's hear from the next man."

Betting at this point was fast and furious. The average Irishman is no mean judge of a feathered fighter, and as the rivals were regarded as fairly well matched as to weight and general appearance, the Republican Army showed surprising strength in the financial end of the argument. Finally all was ready and the combatants were pitted. For a brief space the gamecocks watched each other with heads lowered and tense as two boxers who were studying each other for an opening or endeavoring to find a vulnerable spot. Then simultaneously they rose in the air and as their burnished breasts met with a soft thud, the keen steels with which their heels were armed were driven home. Again and again swift wings flashed and the combatants rocked back on the carpet from the force of the impact. But at the sixth fly the bird named after the Roman warrior staggered slightly as he again faced his opponent.

"Be jabers, Boru caught him that time!"

"Oh, he'll come back; he's game," combated a Free State soldier.

"If he ever does, it will be out of the pot and on to the table," exulted an adherent of the famous warrior.

"Ah, what talk have you? He's worth a dozen dead chickens yet," maintained Con stoutly. "You'd hould wake without a corpse at all, so you would."

"All right, Con, but this is not a wake—it's a funeral. Look for yourself."

Even as the speaker uttered the words the end came. Game to the core, the Free State champion made one last epic effort. It was worthy in every way of his illustrious ancestry, but the shadow of the skeleton hand was already dimming his eyes as he arose to the last assault. There was a whir of wings, a sharp click of spurred heels and he dropped limp to the floor, dead almost before he touched the carpet, because his opponent had driven the cruel spur through his brain.

As befitted a true sportsman, Sergeant Rafferty paid his losses with a smile.

"Well, boys, ye had the luck with ye, so I can't complain. It's a pity we didn't have the odd battle, but as it was—why, we quit even and nobody is hurt."

"You're all right, Con, even if ye are on the wrong side of the fence. Wet your whistle with us before ye go."

"Sorry, but I can't, boys, and much obliged to ye just the same. I have some important business to attend to, so I know you'll excuse me. We can't choose our time these days."

III

ONCE outside the scene of the cockfight Sergeant Rafferty turned sharply to the right and walked swiftly up Grafton Street until he reached the intersection of that thoroughfare and Stephen's Green. It was still almost as light as day and across the way in a little building where he made his headquarters he noticed that Commander Maginnis was standing in the doorway. Con walked over and saluted.

"Anything to report, sergeant?" queried that officer.

"I thought I might make a little raid on my own account around here, commander," returned Con. "I think there's some snipers hiding up on the roof of an empty house near the Service Club. I might surprise them."

"Hadn't you better take a couple of men along with you?" suggested Maginnis.

(Continued on Page 99

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WDT

(Continued from Page 96

"I'd like to do this job alone, commander," urged Con. "If I think I need anybody I can come back."

"Yes, yes, of course. But why not take them now?"

"I'd rather not, commander," pleaded the sergeant.

"Very good, Con; have it your own way. But remember, you must not take any foolhardy chances. We couldn't afford to lose you."

"Thank you, commander! You may be sure I'll be very careful."

He saluted again and wheeled to the right, turning the corner. The broad way along the Green was deserted and the sergeant walked swiftly down the street until he halted before a house which, to judge from the litter thrown around, had but recently been hastily vacated by its occupants.

Con paused a moment or two and reconnoitered. The front door stood partly ajar, and climbing the steps he pushed it open far enough to admit his body. Then as it swung noiselessly back on its hinges he entered its hallway and took hasty stock of his surroundings.

Save for an overturned chair and a broken vase which had fallen from the mantelpiece, together with the accumulation of several days' dust, everything was just as the owners had left it. But not a sound of a living thing disturbed a silence that was almost oppressive.

"Faith, I hope I'm not too late," soliloquized Sergeant Rafferty as he stole noiselessly up the old-fashioned staircase.

He reached the broad landing at the top and again paused to listen, but still not the faintest sound evidenced the fact that the house was inhabited. He knew that on the floor above was the attic, through which admission to the roof could be gained, and he tiptoed gingerly up the second flight of stairs. Through the open door of the room to the left he could see the ladder that led to the open trapdoor above. Con stole stealthily into the apartment and ensconcing himself in a corner, where he could command an unobstructed view of the egress, settled down again to wait.

This time, however, his pilgrimage was rewarded, for just about the time he had arrived at the conclusion that his errand was fruitless he heard the faint click of light heels on the graveled roof above.

Con grinned. "I'm in luck, after all," he muttered. "I wonder could it be that she's alone!"

Again he waited, and the sound of footsteps drew nearer until he could hear the crunch of the gravel right over his head.

Con swung his rifle in the hollow of his arm and grew tense. Presently he could tell that the enemy had reached the proximity of the trapdoor and from his coign of vantage he could see a satin slipper which was thrust through the opening, followed by a slim silken-clad ankle. She slipped, groped around a second or two in an effort to find the first rung of the ladder, then its companion in pulchritude followed. Con grinned, but did not move.

After that the flounce of a skirt became visible, then the lower part of a somewhat elaborate waist and subsequently the head of all this warlike paraphernalia appeared, because Miss Nan O'Grady, her very self, burst upon the scene—if such a term is applicable—and stood somewhat shakily clinging to the rickety railing which guarded one side of this somewhat primitive means of ascent and descent.

"Hands up!" barked Con.

Miss O'Grady emitted a shrill squeal of alarm, but, quickly recognizing her captor, regained her poise with surprising celerity.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she sneered with fine scorn. "I might have ——"

"Come down out of that, you little rebel, and keep your hands up!"

"You want to break my neck, do you?" expostulated the captured one irascibly. "I might have known ——"

"That's not here nor there," rasped the Free Stater. "Where's your companion in crime?"

"He's—he's not here."

"That's not answering my question. I asked you where he was."

"I refuse to give any information to the enemy," retorted Miss O'Grady with a heroic air.

"Oh, well, I suppose you want to stay perched up on that ladder all night, do you?"

"How dare you talk to me like that, Con Rafferty?"

"I'll ask you again where he is," persisted Con in decided tones.

"He's he -he's away, I told you," sputtered the girl

"You're taking up lots of territory, Miss O'Grady. I'll put the question to you again"

"Oh, let me down out of here, Con, can't you?" wailed the girl. "He left here about eight o'clock. He—he—he said he was going to a chicken fight. Now have you got it?"

"The prisoner can come down and be interrogated," vouchsafed Con in his best official manner. "Now then, tell me, where have you left your weapons?"

"I left them up on the roof."

"Ah, yes. You were coming back then, were you?"

"Of course I was!" snapped the girl.

"But why desert your post? Don't you know what that means?"

"I—I—I was hungry, an'—and—and I was l-lonesome," weakly confessed Miss O'Grady, now almost on the verge of tears. "Wh-why don't you stop torturing me like this? Why should you ——"

"You will be good enough to follow me," ordered Sergeant Rafferty. "If you behave yourself I won't handcuff you. Come along. Don't you think that I'm going to grant you any privileges other than those laid down by the regulations for prisoners of war."

He turned on his heel and tramped down the stairs, followed by a somewhat subdued captive, never halting until he reached Commander Maginnis' quarters.

That latter worthy was still standing in the doorway and viewed Con's advent with a quizzical smile. The commander had heard a good deal about Miss O'Grady's activities, and had seen her on several occasions.

Con halted and saluted stiffly.

"Prisoner of war, commander," he announced briefly. "Come for orders as to disposal."

"A very important capture, sergeant! I congratulate you," returned Maginnis with a somewhat feeble effort to restrain his mirth. "Are there any more like her in the enemy's camp, do you suppose? Where do you live, little girl?"

"Don't you dare call me a little girl!" stormed the prisoner.

"She's living with her aunt at the Shelburne Hotel," broke in Con, "an' she says she's hungry."

"Ah, that being the case," smiled the good-natured Maginnis, "I should think you wouldn't have to come here for orders, sergeant; but if you want them I'll say to you that the best disposal you can make of the prisoner, according to my notion, is to take her back to where she belongs and give her a good dinner."

"An' after that, what?"

"Oh, faith, after that," grinned the commander—"after that, Con, faith, I couldn't tell what to do with her. You might—ah, you might —— Oh, how can I tell you what to do with her? There's nothing in the regulations. Do the best you can, Con, and God bless you! Perhaps you might make a Christian out of her, but it's too hard for me."

Con escorted his prisoner down to the hotel in silence. Miss O'Grady started to speak several times, but evidently changed her mind, and her captor evinced no desire to renew verbal hostilities. When they reached the big entrance, however, he turned to her.

"You are paroled for half an hour, Miss O'Grady," he announced. "If you wish you can go upstairs and see your aunt, besides removing the stains of the awful carnage you have been so recently engaged in. After that you will come downstairs again and we will do our best to get a decent dinner."

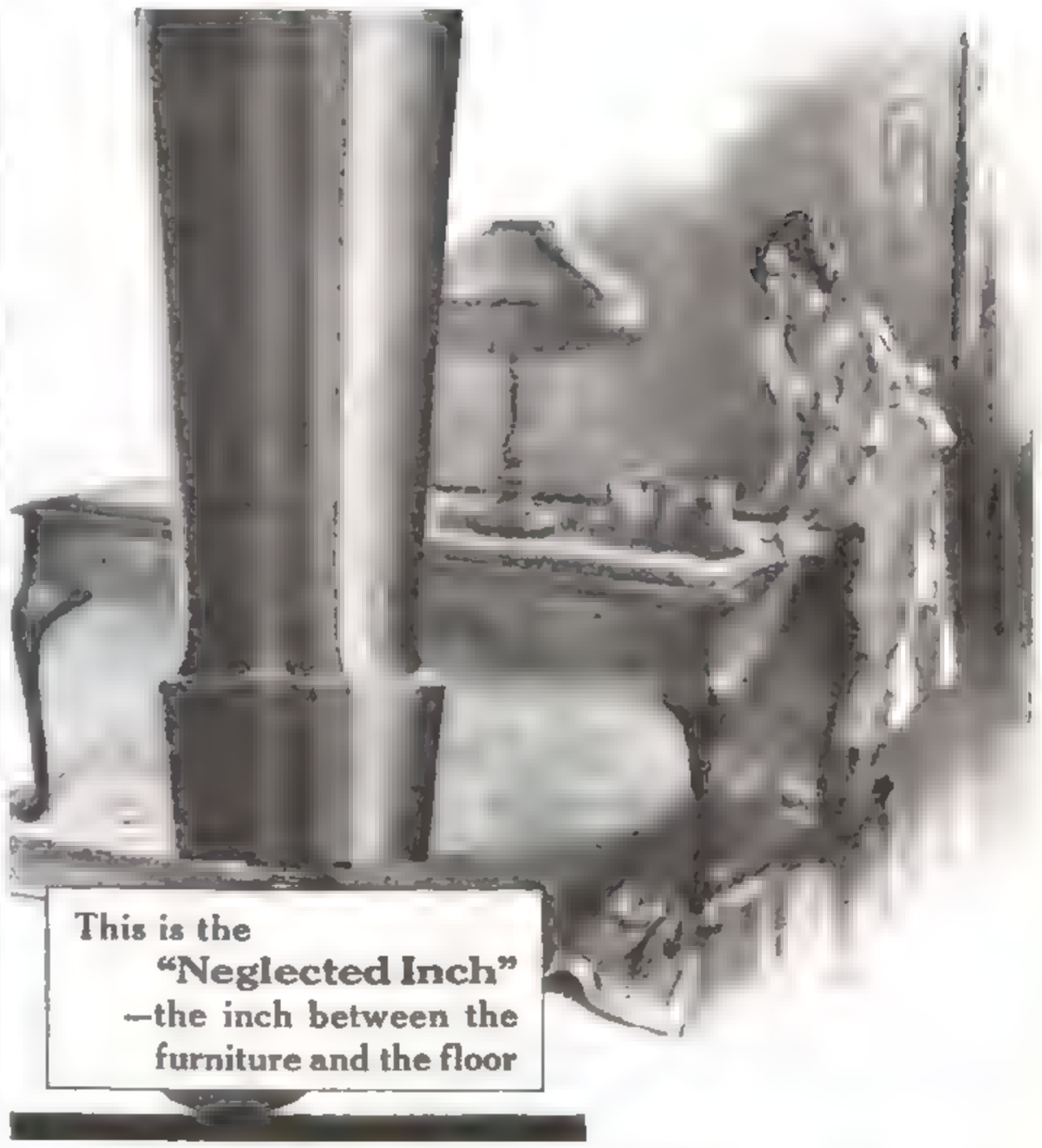
The girl bowed simply and entered the elevator without speaking, while her erstwhile custodian turned towards the lounge, where several Free State soldiers were gathered.

Promptly at the appointed time Miss O'Grady reappeared. She had changed her gown to a more elaborate dinner frock, and Con's heart beat a rapid tattoo as he noted her rare beauty.

"She's a first-class vamp," he told himself, "that and nothing more; but it's now or never. Faint heart never won fair lady—or a fight either."

In the dining room and at the table he had already reserved, Miss O'Grady moved over to take the seat nearest the door, but Con raised a protesting hand.

(Continued on Page 101)



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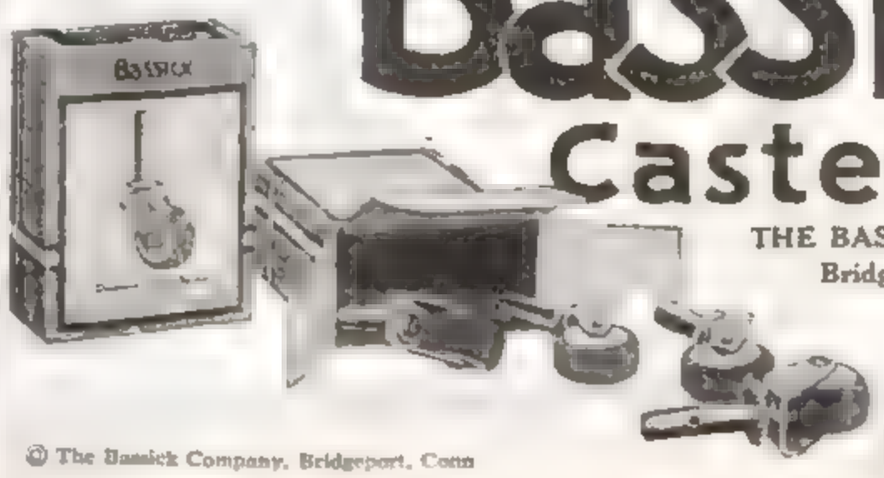

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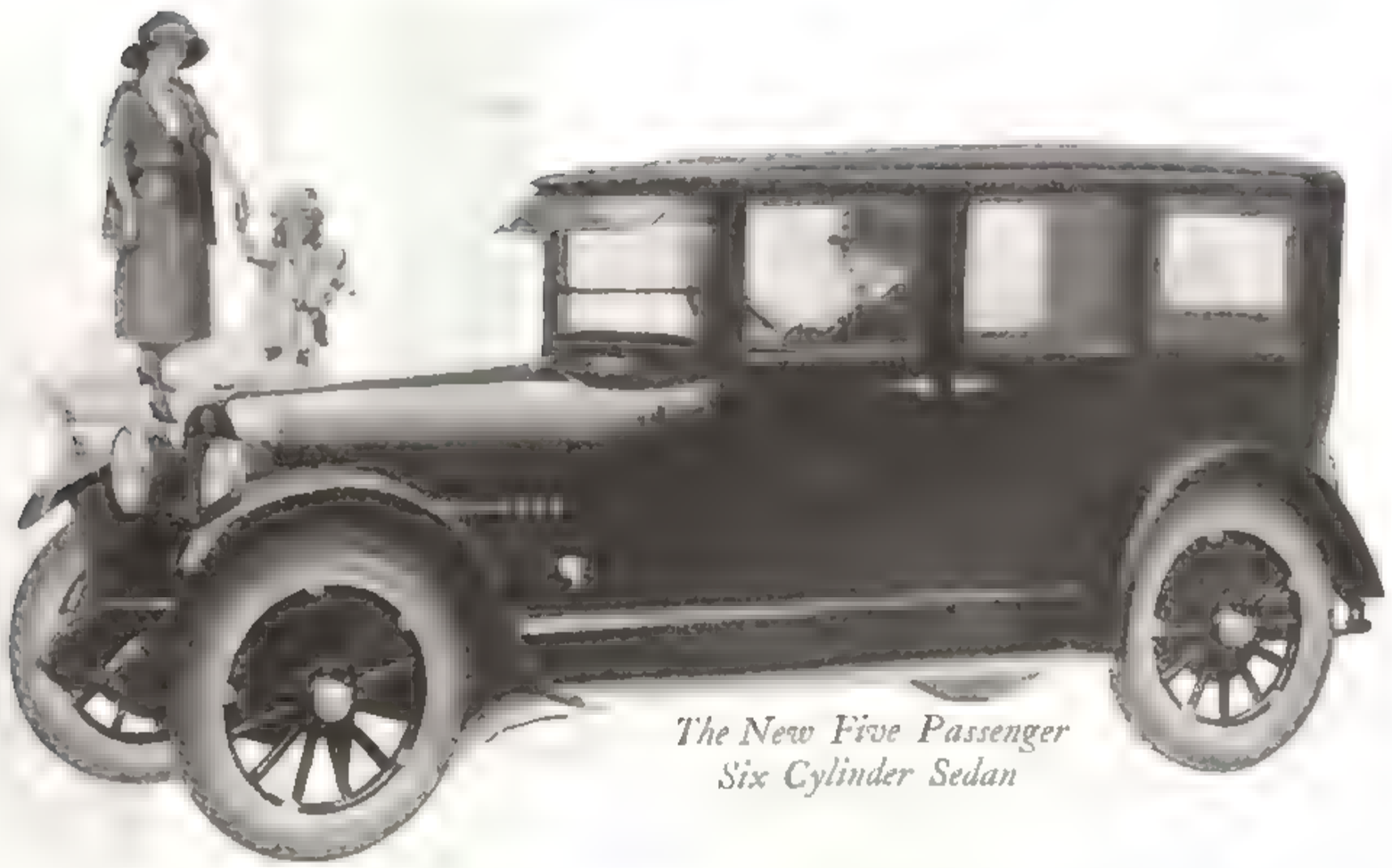

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(Continued from Page 99

"The prisoner will take the chair in the corner," directed Sergeant Rafferty as he headed the captive off by a flank movement.

"But the light will be in my eyes. I can't abide the glare!"

"Can't be helped," retorted her captor. "The regulations say that—that ——"

"What do I care about regulations?" blazed the girl.

"Faith, it's me that know you don't," soothed the sergeant, "but then ——"

"I never saw such a -such a ——" began the young lady with increasing warmth.

"Well," cut in Con affably, "you never were a prisoner of war before, an' the game is played different from what it is in the storybooks. But you'll get used to it after a while, Miss O'Grady. Still, war is a terrible thing."

He might have continued his homily on the consequences of carnage, but at this juncture Private Kerrigan made his appearance and advanced with fixed bayonet until he reached a point about two feet from the table at which they sat.

"Come to report, sergeant," he barked out as he clicked his heels together and saluted.

"You will stand guard until the hunger of the enemy has been satisfied, Private Kerrigan," returned his superior.

Kerrigan saluted again but did not move from the position he occupied. Con looked up sharply, but the soldier's face was a blank.

"The guard will retreat ten paces toward the door and await further orders," rapped out the commander irascibly. "I didn't intend that you should take a seat in the middle of the table, Private Kerrigan. About face, march!"

"You're sure you won't need me for anything, sergeant?" persisted the guard insinuatingly as he reluctantly prepared to execute the order.

Con did not deign to answer, but turned to his companion.

"As I was saying, war is a terrible thing, Miss O'Grady. Might I be so bould as to ask would the enemy like a cocktail? Of course it's airly in the morning, but ——"

"You know well, I don't drink!" blazed the girl.

"Av course, av course," agreed the sergeant; "not in your private capacity, I know you don't. But most soldiers are such swashbucklers an' dissipated gossoons it's hard to separate them. But I forgot something. Oh, by the way, Private Kerrigan, will you ask the waiter to come over here and remove this heavy water pitcher. It's no ornament anyway."

"The water pitcher, sergeant? Why——"

"That's what I said, Private Kerrigan. Order 71144 of the Regulations clearly states that immediately after capturing an enemy it is important to remove all weapons from the person of said prisoner or any that may be within his or her reach."

The sergeant had drawn a torn pamphlet from the breast pocket of his tunic and intoned the foregoing with solemn emphasis.

The prisoner regarded her captor with a contemptuous glance passing all understanding.

"As I was saying, Miss O'Grady," resumed Con, "I was remarking that war has its drawbacks, but it also has its rewards."

His face had now lost the sternness he had previously affected and he was gazing at her across the table with an open-eyed admiration that he could not conceal.

"You think so, do you?" vouchsafed Miss O'Grady icily.

"Say, Nan, did you ever meet Tim Delaney?" queried Con somewhat irrelevantly. "He's a queer fish, he is."

"Of course I know Tim," responded Miss O'Grady, who prided herself on her knowledge of sport. "Tim used to have some fine greyhounds, and he's a good Republican."

"Faith, an' I know that," responded the other, "but I had the honor of taking him prisoner the other day and you'd have laughed your head off."

"Oh, I would, would I?" queried Miss O'Grady with some return of her old aggressive manner.

"Indeed you would, Nan."

"My name is Miss O'Grady."

"Isn't that the truth? And a fine ould Irish name it is, Nan. But I'm tellin' you no lie. You would have laughed till your sides were sore at that fool boy."

"Yes?"

"'God be praised, Con,' says he, as he was handing me his rifle, 'God be praised, I've been looking for you everywhere since this trouble started.'

"'For what?' says I.

"'To tell you a joke,' says he.

"'Aye,' says I; 'it must be a good one.'

"'It is,' says he. 'It's hot off of the stove, as you might say.'

"I started to move away, but he grabbed me by the coat collar. 'Con,' says he, 'I've got to tell you this one if I get kilt the next minute.'

"'Well, go ahead,' says I. 'You can tell it to me on the way over to Beggar's Bush Barricks.'

"'There was a temperance lecturer down at Cork a little while ago,' says he, 'and he was the kind that didn't care what he said when he got talkin'. Curse and swear, so he would, and damn all the people that were listenin' to him, so he would. "Ah," says he, "I know what's at the bottom of all the villainy in this country," says he. "It's whisky, ye divils, so it is," says he. "What makes your children go hungry and in rags?" says he. "It's whisky, you divils, and well ye know it! Yis," says he, "and what makes ye load up a blunderbuss to take a shot at a poor innocent landlord?" says he. "It's whisky, ye divils; nothin' else in the world. Aye, aye! And what makes ye miss them if ye ever do take a shot at them? Nothin' in the wide world but whisky, ye rapscallions, and well ye know I'm tellin' ye the God's truth."'"

Despite a strenuous effort to control her features it must be recorded in this place that Miss O'Grady's countenance broke into a smile.

"Isn't it like them, Con?" she purred. "Isn't it like them? No matter what you do to them you can't spoil their sense of humor."

"It's the salvation of the country," agreed her companion; "and you know, Nan, it seems to me that you and I have had our own share of it in the last day or two. I was just wonderin' as we were comin' down here this evenin' how it would all read in print. Didn't it strike you that it had its funny side?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I do. And I never think of this war that I don't recall what the biggest man Ireland ever had said about it."

"Who's that, and what did he say?"

"It was nobody but Dan O'Connell, the Liberator. He said time and time again that no political reform was worth the shedding of one drop of blood. Perhaps you think he didn't know what he was talkin' about."

"Did O'Connell say that?"

"He didn't say that once, but he said it forty times."

"You're right, Con, when you say that O'Connell was the biggest man Ireland ever had," breathed the girl fervently.

"Well now, Nan," continued Sergeant Rafferty, "we're gettin' right down to what they call the milk of the coconut. Here's the two of us and we were good friends—indeed I was going to say more than that—before all this disturbance started. And here we are in the middle of it and it doesn't look to me that there's any way out, unless the Irish people get sense and make peace amongst themselves. There's no foreign enemy bothering us now, and are we goin' to let the rest of them say that we can't govern ourselves and that nobody can trust us? Fair and square, will you answer me that?"

The girl hung her head but did not reply.

"We're ruining our own country," resumed Con. "We're losing all the love we ought to have for it, and sometimes I think we have already lost all the love we have for each other. So there you are, Nan. I want your answer here and now. I want to know if you are going to do your share to put an end to this war. Tell me, alana?"

The girl's hand lay on the table and Sergeant Rafferty stretched out and possessed himself of it.

"Tell me, Nan, tell me now! I won't wait! This will be the last time. I have everything ready down to a special license to be married, and there are two or three priests in the house. One of them is a bishop. Tell me, Nan."

There was a long pause and Sergeant Rafferty leaned over expectantly.

"Gwan, Nan, dear, won't you tell me? It's such a little that you'll have to say, Nan, and you can tell it while you are thinking about it. Hurry up, honey!"

"I'm beginning to think you are right after all, Con dear," whispered Miss Nan O'Grady, late of the Republican Army.

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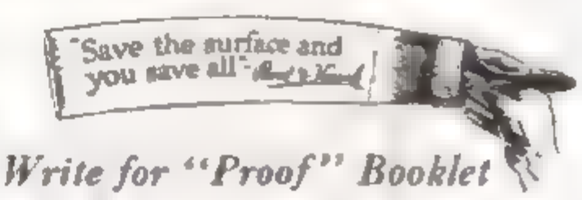

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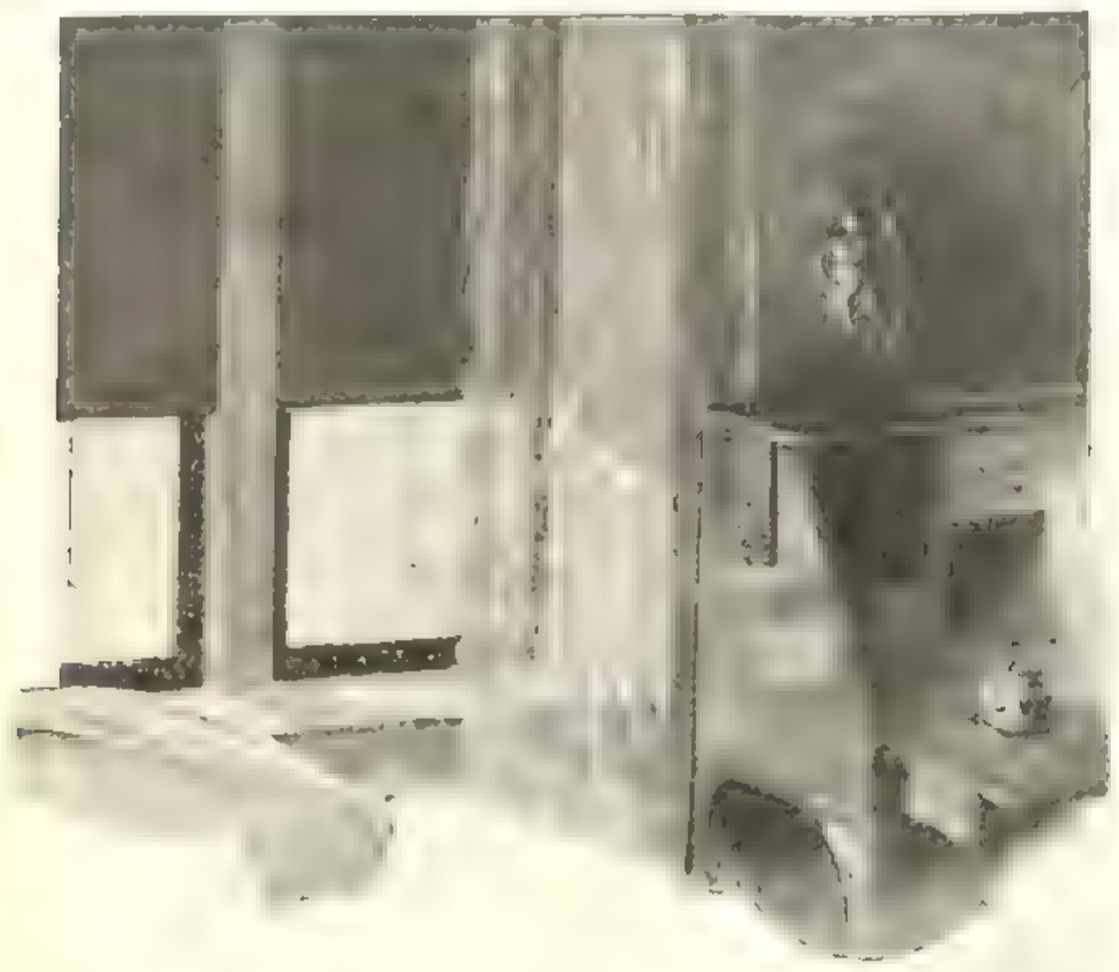

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Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling.

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THE name Brenlin on the edge of window shade material means *long wear*—two or three times the wear of ordinary shades. Look for it when you buy.

Brenlin wears and *wears* because it is made from finer, stronger material—like linen in texture.

And because this closely woven fabric has in it none of the chalk or clay "filling" that crumbles, causing cracks and pinholes in ordinary shades. Brenlin needs no "filling."

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Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

TAR AND FEATHERS

(Continued from Page 5)

lawyer in Staple County, if not in the whole state! Yes, as smart as they made 'em. What he couldn't do with a jury wasn't worth trying. Look how he had got Joe Bass off that time, and Lee Terry, and the Tarwater boys! Why, Harkrider was as good as a free man already, but McLemore would sure shake him down. There wouldn't be much left of the Harkrider black-land farms when McLemore got through with Jeff; he was smart, sure enough.

What a bomb Charity could have thrown into all this welter of gossip! How she could have made their eyes pop, and to what a pinnacle of glory she might have won at a jump! Her mouth watered over the chance; the temptation was almost more than flesh and blood could bear. But never once did she weaken to utter the slightest hint. She gathered all the gory details she could, but of what she had heard of the tragedy from an eyewitness of it not one syllable. However, she kept Uncle Daniel carefully under cover, not yet persuaded of his discretion.

To her disappointment the judge did not speak of the case when he came home for dinner, and she got nothing for her trouble of hanging about within earshot. He and Mrs. Gudger went upstairs right after they had eaten, and probably talked it over there. And at supper the only references he made to the murder concerned features with which the cook was already familiar. Like everybody else, he thought Harkrider would get off; but unlike the vast majority, he thought he ought not to. Although refraining from any opinions in her hearing, the cook could tell that the judge had his own ideas about the killing and did not believe what was popularly supposed to be Harkrider's story of defense.

He gave her a momentary fright as she was putting the milk bottles out for the night.

"Charity," he said, "was the garage locked last night?"

"Yassuh. I done locked it my own self."

"I found some burned matches on the floor of the car this morning. I wonder how they came there—I don't smoke."

"Good lan'! Matches?" murmured the cook. "Well, what d'you know about that!"

"Do you reckon somebody got in and stole something?" interjected Mrs. Gudger, much perturbed.

"Everything seems to be in its place. Have you missed anything, Charity?"

"Nossuh, not a thing; but I ain't looked. I'll go make sure right now."

"And be careful to lock up too. I don't like to think there're thieves about. We've never had one in twenty years."

As the cook gave uncle his supper she delivered an impassioned lecture on carelessness in smoking that ol' pipe of hisn, and he contritely assured her he would be more careful in future. There was no difficulty about feeding him; she already surreptitiously supplied several kinsfolk from the Gudger larder, and hers were generous employers—real quality—not disposed to pry into the fate of a knuckle of ham or raise a question about the remains of the fried chicken from supper or get mean about a paltry bowl of beans. But she had to exercise caution about keeping him out of sight until the judge and Miz Gudger had gone to bed. As for getting out before dawn, uncle assured her he had been accustomed to do that all his life.

The murder proved a nine days' wonder. Harkrider enjoyed his liberty on trifling bail, and the preliminaries to trial moved along about as they always do. He simply entered a plea of not guilty, and Hunter McLemore kept in reserve the sort of defense he would make.

"Charity," said the judge at breakfast one morning, "how's Mr. Thompson?" By that name the cook always referred to a fifty-year-old beau she sometimes entertained.

"All right, I reckon. I ain't saw him lately, judge." And Charity exploded into coy laughter.

"Surely you haven't got a lover, then—at your age?"

The cook regarded him with bulging eyes, fearful of what was coming.

"I thought I saw somebody sneaking off down the lane about daylight."

"That Stella woman next do', maybe," suggested Charity with dry lips.

The judge eyed her strangely, but did not press the matter. To uncle, when he arrived for breakfast, the cook burst out, "Now you done it! Didn't I tell you to git movin' before the light come? We got to think up somethin' mighty fast."

"I'll just up and move along, gal. If I stay here it's like to make you a heap of trouble."

"Oh, shut your mouf and leave me think!" snapped the cook, her nerves on edge. "I'll tell you what we'll do: When Miz Gudger comes out this evenin' to mess raound her rose bed you happen to be on hand and help her. That'll fix it."

So it was arranged. Straightening from a rosebush around whose roots she had been digging, Mrs. Gudger was surprised to see an old darky grinning at her from ear to ear.

"Well! Where did you come from, uncle?"

"I just happened by, ma'am. I thought might be you would need a yardman?"

She glanced at his puckered face and shriveled limbs and smiled.

"No, we don't. And I'm afraid you're rather old for that sort of work, aren't you?"

"No'm, I can work good. Just let me dig that there bed for you and you'll see. These niggers nowadays, they don't know nothin', just no 'count—that's what they is."

Charity had joined them and stood watching in silence.

"All right. Let's see how you do it. But take care not to tire yourself out. Charity, go and show him where the fork is."

The long, lank cook led off toward the garage, and as she went muttered to Uncle Daniel out of the side of her mouth, "Didn't I told you I'd fix it?"

Mrs. Gudger talked to uncle while he worked. He went at the job with surprising vigor and no inconsiderable knowledge of rose culture, but would pause every few minutes to give her a chance to applaud. Within a quarter of an hour she had made up her mind.

"Charity, uncle says he has no place to stay. The idea! Isn't the yardman's house all cleared out and clean?"

"Yassum."

"Then get somebody to help you and go fetch a bed down from the attic. We've got plenty of bedding, and he can sleep there." Turning to Uncle Daniel she added, "You come right along and live here, uncle. Charity will give you your meals."

"I'll earn 'em, ma'am. I kin work."

Again she smiled.

"Well, you can watch the puppy and see he doesn't run off; and you can help me with the rose bed, of course. You're really wonderful with roses, uncle."

"Yassum. I reckon there ain't a man in the county knows more 'bout roses than what I do," replied Uncle Daniel, swelling up importantly.

By the time the judge arrived home the business was settled. On first hearing of the proposal he put his foot down hard against it—he wouldn't have a lazy old nigger idling round his place—but after looking uncle over, after listening to his gentle old voice, the judge experienced a change of heart.

"Poor old fellow!" he said to his wife. "That man Lemmon treated him like a dog. I tell you, Miriam, some of these landlords are nothing but bloodsuckers. Of course we'll let him stay! Charity, you feed him up, and mind you treat him right too."

"Yassuh," assented the cook; but such was the depth of her guile that she grumbled audibly on her way out to the kitchen, "I didn't hire to cook for every stray nigger what comes along."

A night's reflection seemed to give the judge another angle on the arrangement, for he remarked with a slow grin at breakfast, "Charity, you ol' rascal, I believe you had this whole thing framed up the day you adopted that pup."

"No, suh! Cross my heart!" cried Charity, then broke into peals of laughter. The judge joined in. They understood each other thoroughly.

In such fashion did Uncle Daniel become a pensioner of the judge's. He settled down to a fine, lazy life, for the weather grew very hot and Mrs. Gudger would not permit him to work. He had everything he

(Continued on Page 105)

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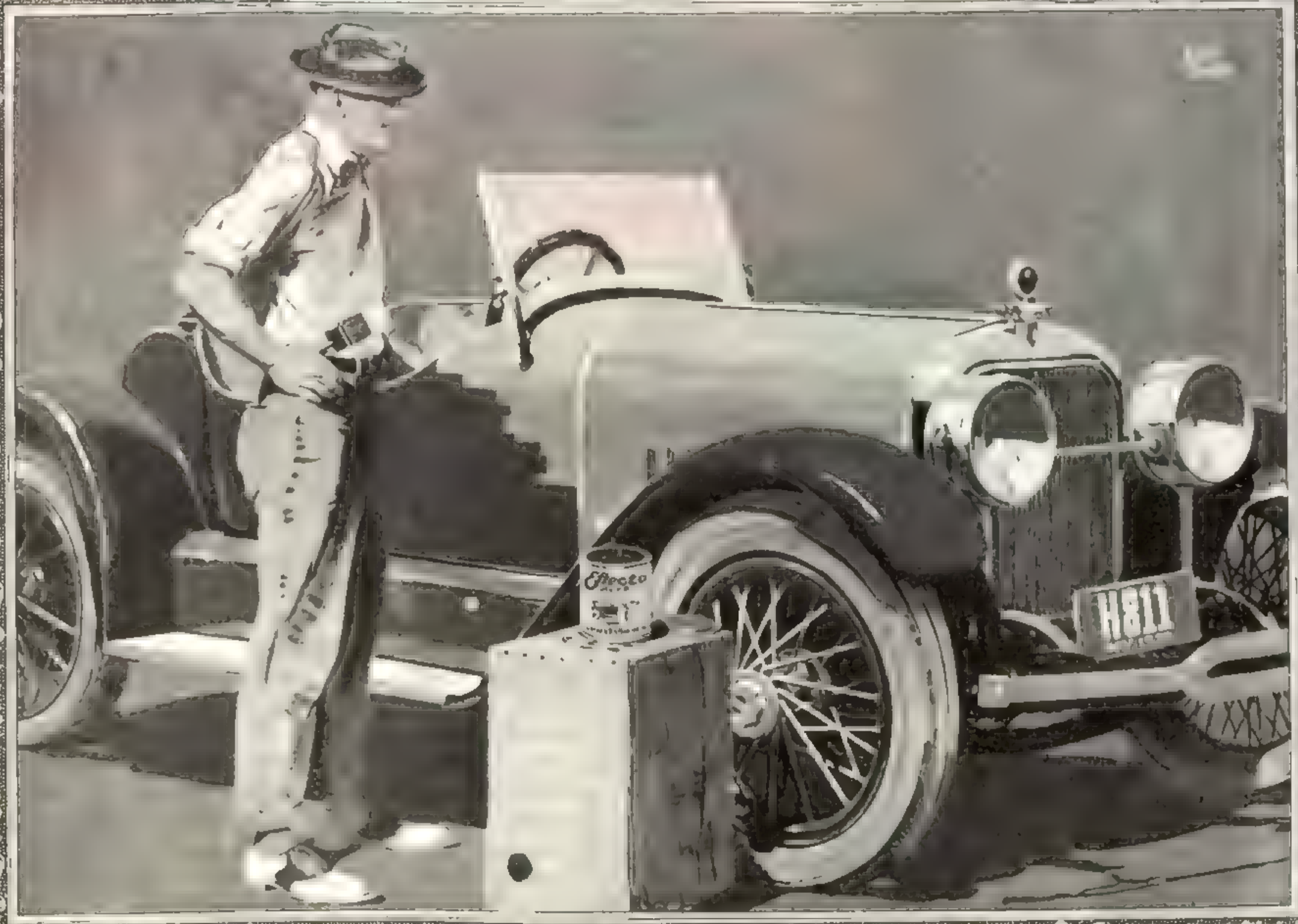

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(Continued from Page 102)

wanted to eat, could doze in the shade whensoever he felt like it, and often the judge and his wife had him up on the back porch to tell them about slave days. In return he made an admirable guest; never gave them the least trouble, and took excellent care of the pup, who adored him. On only one point was he stubborn, but on that he would not budge an inch. He refused point-blank to give the brindle a bath. No pup had ever had a bath in his day and it was all foolishness to like to give him distemper and a misery—so the job fell to Charity.

At supper one night the judge remarked to his wife, "Reese Kemp was in to see me today."

"What did he want?"

"Asked me to join the Ku-Klux."

Mrs. Gudger put down her fork, her face a picture of astonishment.

"The idea! So it's true they've got a Klan here then? I heard they had, but I wouldn't believe it. Seems so childish. But, of course, Reese—he's just a natural-born joiner. What did you tell him?"

"Told him I'd think it over."

Charity, who usually managed to overhear important scraps of conversation, ejaculated, "Good lan'!"

"That will do, Charity," said her mistress. "You can stay in the kitchen. We've got everything we need."

The cook departed reluctantly. She hadn't a high opinion of her sex anyhow, and this confirmed her judgment.

"What do you mean by you would think it over, Jim?" demanded his wife when the swing door had ceased to sway. "Surely you wouldn't dream of joining the Ku-Klux! Why, I've heard you say a hundred times how dangerous they were, and how they were tearing down law and order and setting man against man!"

The judge fidgeted uneasily under her eye.

"Yes, that's true—to some extent. But they do a lot of good too. They're putting fear into the niggers and teaching 'em where they belong. And about time. Some of the niggers round this neck of the woods were getting mighty uppity."

"Well, I never expected to hear you talk like that, Jim Gudger!"

"And they're putting a stop to a lot of crime too."

"We've got police and courts and everything for that."

"Yes, but the courts and police don't reach 'em. Look at the bootleggers! Look at the gambling going on right in this town! And there're crimes it's hard for the law to get at—men chasing after young girls and other men's wives, and all that."

"You mean that Bascom case over in Windy City?" replied his wife. "But nobody's sure even now he did anything wrong. They done tarred and feathered him and ran him out of town, but the only evidence I ever heard against him was the word of that Tom Jenks, and everybody knows what he's like. They say he and Bascom have been enemies for years."

The judge fretfully pushed his plate away.

"I suppose they didn't do a good job when they took the Tarwater boys out and gave 'em a whipping, hey? Maybe you'll claim they made a mistake there!"

"Those two boys who beat up and robbed old Mr. Rosenberg, and Hunter McLemore got them off?"

Her husband nodded.

"Then why don't they take that Hunter McLemore out and whip him?" demanded Mrs. Gudger. "They'd have gone to prison, where they belong, only for him and his jury."

"Why, he's a lawyer!" exclaimed the judge in horror. "You talk like you're crazy, woman."

"Maybe I do, but let me tell you this, Jim Gudger: You don't join the Ku-Klux as long as I'm above the sod!"

At this juncture the argument was cut short by Charity, who entered with a plate of hot biscuits. The kitchen acoustics were poor, and she simply couldn't stand the suspense any longer. They waited until she had gone, then the judge said, "Would you like to take a walk downtown tonight?"

His manner roused her suspicion.

"What's going on?"

"Well, tomorrow's election day, and there'll probably be some fun."

The sidewalks were filled when they reached the square just at twilight, and the crowds grew denser every minute. Many country people mingled with the townspeople, and everywhere they encountered an atmosphere of expectancy.

"What does it mean?" inquired Mrs. Gudger as they tried to worm through.

"They expect something to happen, I reckon," answered her husband guardedly.

The crowd moved slowly up and down, alert and eager, yet singularly subdued for a preelection gathering. It grew dark, but still they lingered, ignoring the movie theaters which generally drew them. At half past nine all the street and shop lights went out and a sudden hush came over the square.

"They're coming!" ran the whisper, and everybody strained forward to stare in the direction of the opera house.

In its doorway blazed the fiery cross, and as they watched a ghostly procession debouched into the square, the Ku-Klux emblem at its head and drooping beside it the Stars and Stripes. Silently they came, six hundred and fifty sheeted, hooded men, and through silent ranks of thousands they moved, the only sounds the muffled thud and soft dragging of feet on pavement. In the middle of the parade flared a couple of torches, lighting up banners carried back of them. These banners bore such mottoes as "Supremacy of the White Race," "Criminals and Degenerates Must Go," "Protect Our Womanhood."

Some few applauded, but they were instantly hushed, and the Klan continued its silent circuit of the square. At the opera-house corner they turned down the street instead of reentering the building, and marched into Nigger Town. Most of the spectators followed.

The district appeared to be deserted. Every shack was dark. A group of colored children gaped through the pickets of a fence, but scurried into hiding before the head of the parade reached them. The attendant throngs were disappointed and some of them yelled warnings at the darkened houses, but no sound came from the Klansmen's ranks except the steady tramp of feet. They marched along under the live oaks and cottonwoods, right through the heart of the district, then about-faced and marched back. Having reached the square again, they disappeared into the opera house and were seen no more that night.

In the revealing light of day it would have looked like a burlesque troupe advertising their night's performance. Darkness made it eerie, tingling, impressive; one felt the sinister power back of those voiceless ranks. And next day not one colored citizen of Liveoak cast a vote.

Mrs. Gudger watched it all without a word. When the last sheeted form had vanished she gave a slight shudder. The judge at her side drew a deep breath. In spite of his good common sense, he had been impressed.

"They're stronger than I thought," he said in a low voice.

People were discussing it excitedly on every hand, yet there was no loud talk. An odd, uncanny restraint marked the comment; men eyed their neighbors cautiously when they spoke; it was plain that nobody cared to take chances.

"What did you think of it?" whispered the judge.

Mrs. Gudger made an effort to shake off the spell it had cast.

"It was all right until I saw their feet, and then they looked ridiculous. Didn't you recognize Reb Hardin?"

"I didn't recognize anybody. Neither could you."

"Nonsense! I'd know his feet anywhere. He helped carry one of those banners."

"Well, what about it?"

"You surely don't expect me to take anything seriously when Reb belongs to it, do you? If that's the kind of organization it is, the sheriff ought to put the whole crowd in jail."

The judge replied quietly: "I'm afraid it wouldn't hold them. And no matter what you say, Miriam, there're some mighty good men in it. Some of our closest friends belong. Some of the very best citizens of this town are high officers, so it won't do to talk about the Klan at all."

"Well, anyhow, you're not going to join." They had entered their own street now, dark and deserted, and could speak with freedom.

"They've done a lot of good," he insisted.

"How?"

"They've given to the hospital and quite a lot to charity—you remember that widow woman, Miz Jester, and Charlie Moss, when he was sick last winter?"

"Sure! That's all a part of the game. Tammany Hall started that; I've heard you say so yourself."

This unfortunate reference nettled the judge; it was so like a woman to turn some forgotten utterance of the past against you.

"But there's a real need of an organization like this just now, Miriam," he continued earnestly. "This crime wave is serious. Where it will end nobody knows. Something must be done to stop it, and these men mean to do it."

"We've got courts."

"But the courts don't punish as they ought. You know yourself how the very worst class of criminals—murderers and highjackers—get off every day."

"Yes, and whose fault is it?" she countered hotly. "You're a lawyer—whose fault is it?"

There was no use trying to reason with a woman and the judge gave up in disgust. As they prepared for bed she took a final shot at him.

"Men make me tired," she mumbled through a mouthful of hairpins; "always wanting to join something. If they can wear an apron or a sash and a dinky little sword they're in the seventh heaven. And give 'em a bed sheet and a mask and—why, they just come a-runnin' like a pack of small boys to play Indian!"

Every married man will know by this that Judge Gudger did not join the Ku-Klux. He was tempted, but soon perceived which way his duty lay; and after coming to a decision it was not long before he reverted to his original opinion of the peril which the organization constituted.

Events drove him in this direction. Encouraged by their strength and success in gaining new members—it was reported that the sheriff and all the peace officers belonged, and Bob Upham came out openly as a Klansman in his race for Congress—the Klan acted vigorously. One night a party of them in seven automobiles took out two colored bell boys from the Hotel Alamo, drove to a secluded spot, and there tied them to trees and whipped them. What the darkies had done to bring down this punishment was never made public, but various rumors went round.

Their next victim was a white man, the manager of the local flour mill. Him they enticed onto his front porch by sending a stranger to his door to inquire for a house number, then kidnaped him under the eyes of his wife and daughter, who made a great outcry, carried him to Red River Bridge, and there administered a coat of tar and feathers, after the leader of the party had delivered a rambling lecture on morality. What the specific charge was did not transpire, so the reporter for the Liveoak Booster, who accompanied them on invitation, stated in his story. They dumped the unfortunate wretch out into the middle of the square just as the moving-picture theaters were disgorging their audiences, and drove off. All were hooded. Next day the mill manager left town, taking his family with him. He assured the Booster editor that he wasn't afraid and had done nothing wrong, but he could not face the disgrace.

"I don't know anything about him," cried Mrs. Gudger. "But if he did wrong, why didn't they bring him to trial? And his wife and daughter are just as nice as they can be. They simply idolize him too. What was the trouble, Jim?"

"Oh, I've heard a lot, but it may be nothing but gossip. Best not talk about it, Miriam."

"Indeed, I will, whenever I feel like it! They may have you scared, but not me."

Old Colonel Allen came stumping up the stairs into Gudger's office one morning and, taking a chair without a word of greeting, tossed a letter in front of the judge.

"Read that!" he said. "My boy received it last night. Is it genuine, do you think?"

The judge scrutinized the missive carefully.

"Hard to say, but it looks like it to me."

"Then I know what to do!" declared the veteran, with his chin whisker thrust out.

"I wouldn't do anything violent, colonel," cautioned the judge. "What's the trouble about your boy anyhow?"

"No trouble," snapped his client. "I know that boy inside out. So should you, Gudger. He's never done a thing but talk; but he will say what he thinks, in spite of hell, and he's been talking mighty strong against that bunch."

"Where're you going now?" asked Gudger as the colonel rose with the help of his stick.

"Over to Bob Upham's office."

"What for?"

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"Well, I don't know exactly who belongs to this here Klan and who doesn't, but I know Bob does, because he come out flat-footed and said so. And I aim to tell Bob this"—the colonel's voice grated: "If anybody harms that boy, or so much as lifts a finger against him, I won't bother to hunt down the men who did it. What I'll do is kill on sight the members of the Klan I happen to know, regardless of whether they were in on this particular job. And I'll start with Bob Upham and Hunter McLemore, who's the Imperial Gizzard, or Head Beagle, or whatever they call him."

He went out and down the stairs, and he told Bob Upham just that. The colonel had a reputation for having been quick on the trigger in his youth. They never came for young Allen.

Meanwhile the Klan was winning sympathy in various ways. They offered to build a hospital for babies, and they put up the money; they attended Clem Maddox's funeral in a body, in full regalia, and pensioned his widow; their existence induced a renewed attitude of respect in the negro population toward the whites; and undoubtedly they put the quietus on a lot of evils with which Liveoak had become infested since the war—gambling and loose road houses and a number of shady characters who saw the handwriting on the wall and drifted.

"All the same, they ought to be suppressed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gudger. "Are we going to have our lives regulated by a bunch of men who meet in secret and hide behind sheets? This town isn't a bit the same since they started. Everybody's suspicious of everybody else, and afraid of they don't know what. Why, what's to prevent them coming some night and taking you out and giving you a coat of tar and feathers?"

"Nothing but my good behavior," answered the judge with a smile.

"But supposing somebody in the Klan's got a grudge against you, and makes up a lot of lies. That could happen. You might not even get a chance to find out what they were."

"Ye-es," admitted her husband, "that's the bad feature of it, of course. It's not likely to happen, but it could."

In the autumn the Harkrider case came to trial, relegating other sensations to the background. Its result was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Hadn't he simply protected his home? And what man worthy of the name would not? Besides, the South has an abiding aversion to hanging white men, and Hunter McLemore was defending Harkrider—a smart lawyer—the smartest criminal lawyer in the county. McLemore would get him off; yes, sir; he would have the jury crying like babies in no time. Nobody could do things with a jury that Hunter McLemore did. They chuckled over his smartness.

The trial dragged along several days, but that was only because McLemore wanted a chance to display his talents. So far as the result was concerned, it could have been wound up in a forenoon so everybody could go to the ball game. The prosecuting attorney did not extend himself—the dead man was very dead, his murderer had numerous and powerful friends and the sympathy of the great mass of the public—the prosecuting attorney intended to run for office again the following year. Well?

Mrs. Harkrider took the stand and admitted misconduct with Dawes. Her appearance made a profound impression and evoked no little pity. Never once did she raise her eyes, and she gave her evidence in a low voice, frequently broken by sobs. Toward the end of her story she broke down utterly and buried her face in her hands, her body racked.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" she cried wildly.

The jury displayed emotion and the court room began to buzz. Some of the spectators shed tears.

McLemore hurried to her with a glass of water and whispered in her ear. She straightened and went on with her story. The incident proved favorable for the defense, as showing that she was not lost to all sense of shame, but had simply yielded to a man she loved deeply. By implication, of course, he must have been a sorry rascal to have taken advantage of such a woman, and McLemore made the most of this later.

The prosecuting attorney addressed the jury half-heartedly. Had he asked for acquittal his wish could hardly have been plainer. Then Hunter McLemore got slowly to his feet and began. He started quietly, temperately, as a finished orator should; but gradually the deep, vibrant voice for which he was famous began to thrill with passion. He soared to oratorical flights. He shook his fist; he trembled; he pounded the table and tossed back his leonine mane from his eyes; he adjured the jury to consider the facts as husbands and fathers and render a verdict which would enable them to go out from that courthouse and look God in the face; he painted Mrs. Harkrider in such warm colors as a poor, deluded, trusting woman that the audience cried openly; he pictured to them the wrongs and terrible mental anguish of the confiding, deceived husband, his desire to protect his wife's honor at all costs and preserve an unsullied name and happy home for those little helpless children; he wept.

Never had McLemore been in better form. It was masterly, wonderful, overwhelming—if you happened to be such an ignorant saphead that you were moved by that sort of claptrap.

The jury was out eleven minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty. Everybody crowded about the Harkriders to shake their hands and pat them on the shoulder. McLemore, too, was the center of an admiring throng. The couple left the court together, Harkrider's arm round her waist as the last dramatic touch. Once in their car, she shook it off and did not speak to him all the way home. Two days later she went to her mother's in Windy City, taking the children with her, and Harkrider flitted for parts unknown. He was never seen again in Liveoak.

"And he done shot that gen'l'man in his own house?" demanded Uncle Daniel as he and the cook were discussing the trial over their supper.

"That's what he done."

They exchanged glances and went on with the meal. If the white folks wished it that way, well and good; it never paid to monkey with their business.

The riffraff of Liveoak were now making efforts to join the Klan, perhaps as a precautionary measure. To what extent they succeeded was not generally known, but rumor had it that a number of the more prominent members, who had enrolled with the idea that the organization was needed as an emergency weapon, did not relish some of the company they found themselves in. They were becoming dissatisfied and fearful, and only awaited a favorable opportunity to withdraw.

And unscrupulous individuals outside the Klan did not hesitate to utilize the terror its name inspired to work out their private grudges. At least a score of warnings to leave town were sent to citizens and signed with the Klan's name, whose authorship the Klan publicly repudiated.

"What's this I hear about you and the parson, Charity?" queried the judge at dinner one day.

"Suh?"

"The rev'end says he got a letter signed by the Ku-Klux warning him to get out, and he says you wrote it."

"What!" blared Charity. "That no-'count rascal done said that?"

"He sure did! What's more, the Klan wrote a letter to the Booster today, saying they had nothing to do with this warning. Some people thought perhaps they wanted to get rid of the church in that neighborhood, but I don't see why; there's no whites within half a mile."

"He says I wrote that letter?" The cook's indignation seemed to the judge a trifle overdone.

"He did. What's more, I say so."

"No, suh! Cross my heart!"

"You can't look me in the eye, you old schemer, you! Now listen to me, Charity! The rev'end showed me that letter, and it was pounded out on that old typewriter of mine upstairs. I'd know those *e*'s anywhere."

"Why, judge, suh, you do me wrong! You do, sure enough!"

Gudger laughed and his wife watched Charity with delight.

"What's the matter between you and the rev'end, anyhow?" she queried. "I thought you were a pillar of the church."

"And so I is," insisted the cook stoutly. "But that ol' robber done come raound here two weeks back and claimed I ain't paid my building dues. Why, Miz Gudger, I had the receipt, only I couldn't lay my hands on it right then. So I up and run him offn the place. I sure did!"

"Well, you be careful or the Ku-Klux will get you."

Continued on Page 109

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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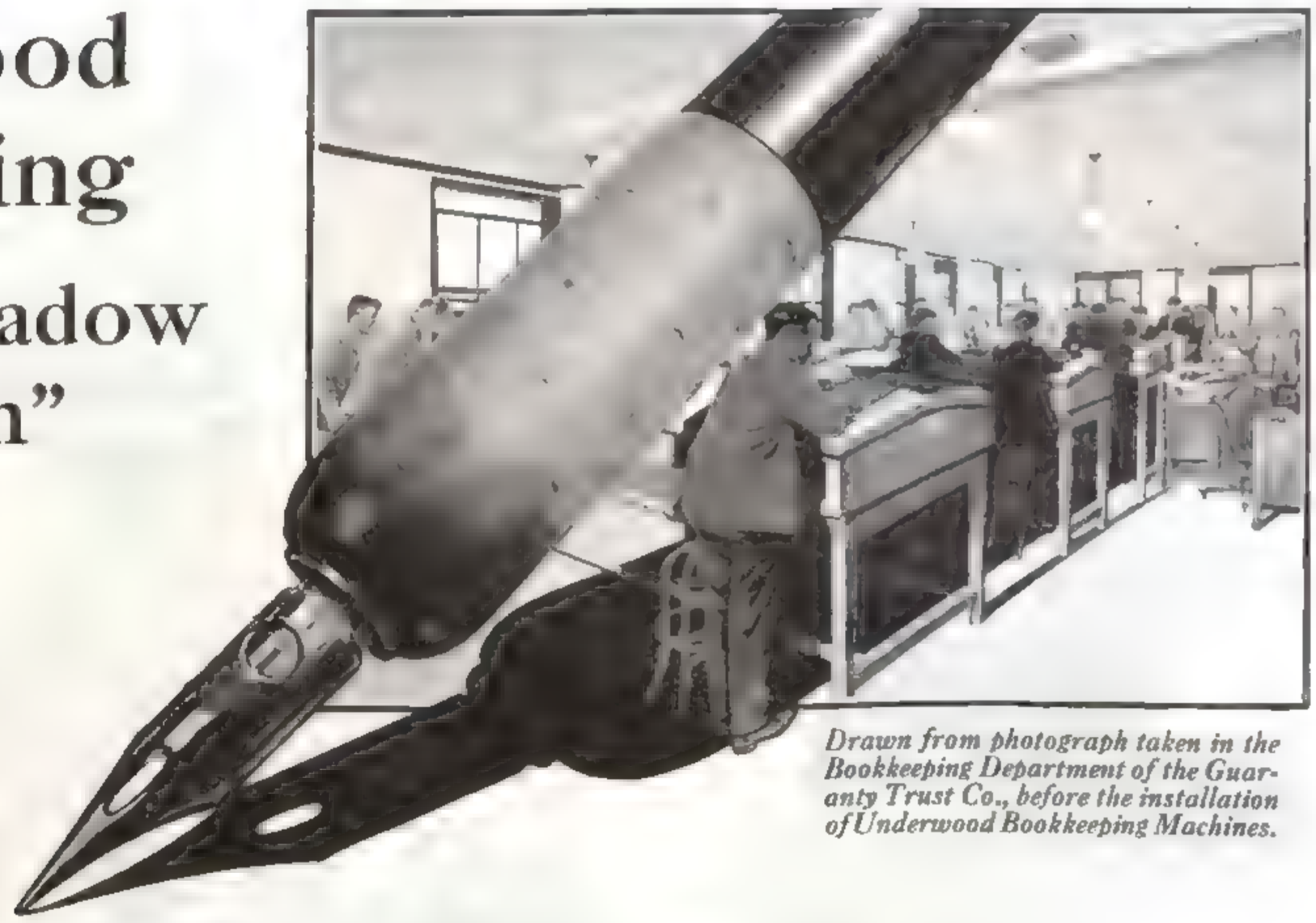

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(Continued from Page 106

Charity came as near turning pale as her hue would permit.

"So he said that, did he? Well, I intends to git even with the rev'end."

She hurried through the dishwashing and vanished for the remainder of the afternoon. It was half past five when she returned, and she was breathing fire, but triumphant.

"Where've you been?" asked Mrs. Gudger. "And what've you been up to?"

"I done went down to see the rev'end, ma'am, and I made him take back every word of it. Yes'm; I made him admit he was a liar, right to his own face."

"Charity! You ought to be more careful."

"I was, ma'am. But he was sure enough scared. His conscience must of smote him, Miz Gudger. It's the troof."

When the judge came home he brought some news. "Whatever have you done to that parson of yours now, Charity?"

"Suh?"

"What happened today? His wife took a razor to the rev'end about two hours ago and cut him up bad."

"She did? Sure enough?" exclaimed the cook with unholy glee. "Well, I declare!"

"Come on, now, what did you do to him?"

"I ain't done nothin', judge, suh. Cross my heart!"

"Well, what did you say, then?"

"Why, all I said was how come the automobile the congregation give him for Christmas was kep' standin' in the lane back of that Cora woman's house most every evenin'? That's every word I said."

"Did his wife hear you?"

"Maybe she was listenin'," admitted Charity. "You cain't never tell."

Two days later the town was electrified by news of an attack on a ten-year-old girl at the Gracey farm southwest of Liveoak. Suspicion fastened on a young negro by the name of Blair, who had formerly worked on the place. A search for him began, but he had flown.

The news ran like a prairie fire, and everywhere men dropped what they were doing to pile into automobiles and join in the man hunt. Within a few hours practically every male resident of the county was engaged in tracking down the fugitive—in cars, on horses, afoot, with dogs—all armed, every man of them desperately resolved to catch the fiend. Rumor had it that he had been seen on the outskirts of Liveoak, but this chance was scouted by the local police officers. They were of opinion Blair would hardly run his neck into the noose in that fashion, but would likely strike into the wild country along Red River near the boundary, and hide out there until the pursuit grew cold.

Uncle Daniel ate very sparingly that night and Charity remarked it. He seemed worried and restless. Yet when she returned from a trip to the dining room most of the food was gone from his plate.

"Where at has all that beef went?" she inquired.

"I done et it."

She opened her mouth to say something, but changed her mind. For a long minute they stared into each other's eyes. Then Charity went on with her work and uncle retired to his shack.

The judge did not reach home until nearly ten o'clock, and then he was so worn-out and depressed that he went immediately to bed.

"Did they catch him?" asked Mrs. Gudger.

"No, but of course they will."

"Why don't the Ku-Klux run him down? They're always so anxious to show off."

"Maybe they will."

Shortly after midnight the couple were wakened by the noise of automobiles in front of the house. Some men alighted, and led by one carrying a searchlight went straight to the servants' quarters in the rear.

"What is it, men?" demanded the judge. "What do you want on my premises?"

"You stay indoors and mind your own business, Gudger. It'll save you trouble."

His gorge rising, the judge went padding in his bare feet to get his gun. Nobody could invade his home in this fashion. His wife threw herself in his way, and by twining herself about him and clinging to his arms prevented the accomplishment of his foolhardy purpose. She begged him to be sensible.

The judge heard violent knocking on the door of the yardman's house, then somebody kicked it in. A shout, cries of exultation and Uncle Daniel's high-pitched tones raised in piteous entreaty. Before Gudger could break free and descend the party returned along the driveway to the waiting automobiles, half dragging, half carrying two figures with them.

"You turn me loose right now, Miriam!" said her husband in a deadly quiet voice.

"I won't! I won't! You'll go and get yourself killed!"

"If you don't take your hands off me this minute I'll strike you, so help me!"

At that she fell away from him, gazing at him in horror. What was this beast she had roused in her man? Was he like all the others—like those out there in the road? She could hear their cars starting.

A window opposite went up and a voice shouted "What is it, boys? Got him?"

"You bet we got him!" And then the boom of the motors as the procession raced toward the square.

The judge, very pale, went to the bureau drawer, drew out his revolver and started to dress.

"I promise you nothing will happen so long as they don't harm that old man," he said before descending the stairs. His wife did not reply—merely gazed at him with wide eyes, the tragedy outside dwarfed now by her own.

A glance into uncle's shack revealed that it was empty, and the judge walked out into the street. Men were hurrying from every direction; doors flew open, letting out broad shafts of light and running figures; all headed toward the square. Voices cried to know whether they had caught the nigger; others answered jubilantly. Women leaned from bedroom windows to watch the excitement; they talked from house to house, some of them joined the rush. Scores of boys, racing to be first on the scene, passed the judge.

"Have they caught Blair?" he cried after a fleeing urchin.

"Sure!" replied the boy over his shoulder, not recognizing the judge. "They done run him down in ol' Gudger's yardman's house. He was hidin' aout there."

The posse was returning from Nigger Town when the judge reached the square. They had driven all through that quarter to exhibit the prisoner. Every car had its lights burning full; some of the occupants carried torches.

Where was uncle? The judge could not discover him in any of the cars; but, try as he would, it was impossible to get near them. The crowd was so dense, and surged and barged so wildly as they pressed to get a view of the prisoner that he had all he could do to keep his feet. Nobody had time to look at whom he was shoving, nobody paid any attention to queries. They pushed and shouldered, bellowing into one another's flushed faces without recognition, heedless of everything but the terrible business in hand.

He persisted in his efforts. Man after man he asked about Uncle Daniel; had he seen a very old nigger in any of the cars? At last he won close to a man in a hood. To him he put the question also.

"What business is it of yours?" was the answer. Then the fellow turned to look at him, and seeing who it was, edged closer and tapped the judge on the chest.

"We've had about all we want to hear from you, Gudger," he said with deliberate emphasis. "If you're looking for trouble you can get it right now! I choose you!"

The crowd swept them apart. Realizing the futility of coping with this horde of men gone mad, this flood of human passions let loose, the judge went home. Thereby he escaped the sight of the dreadful ceremonies which followed.

The little girl who had been attacked was led up in front and asked to identify him. The child stared at the negro in horror and then said she couldn't say—he might be, but she wasn't sure.

"He's the man!" yelled somebody, and word went round that it was her father who had said it. On the strength of this they proceeded with the lynching.

When it was all over, somebody dragged Uncle Daniel out of the tonneau of an automobile and flung him to the ground.

"This ol' nigger hid him!" he shouted.

With that they tied uncle to the courthouse fence, took off his shirt and lashed him across his bare back until the old man hung senseless. Then they cut his bonds, placed his limp form in a car and drove to the Gudger home. Arrived there, they dumped him out onto the lawn and sped away.

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PRACTICALLY every self-filling fountain pen carries its ink in a small reservoir or rubber sac. The glass above at the left shows the average capacity of a rubber sac pen.

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THE DUNN-PEN COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK

CAMEL "TATTLER"
Strong, sturdy transparent barrel shows ink supply at a glance.

The mob broke up and dispersed to their homes. Some went in high excitement, filled with a species of elation; others hurried off, almost in panic, as though just waking to what they had done, and terrified by it. Soon the square was empty, and when the sun broke fiery red through the mists of dawn Liveoak seemed at peace.

Hearing a low moaning from the lawn after the car had departed, the judge went out to investigate. He found Uncle Daniel huddled on the grass, whimpering like a child. His back was covered with welts and blood; he could not stand on his feet. Summoning Charity, he carried the old man to his room and then telephoned for a doctor.

"Did you hide him, uncle?" he asked gently.

"I won't lie to you—yes, suh."

"What for?"

"Well, he come sneakin' in here just after dark—and he is my gran'son. What could I do?"

A short silence, then "Did they –did they kill him, judge, suh?"

The judge nodded. Uncle Daniel broke into weird, wailing cries. "Oh, he never done it!" he cried, rocking to and fro on the bed. "He never done it! I just know he never done it!"

Within twelve hours his conviction was proved correct. The Gracey child happened to meet in the road a half-breed Indian horse trader who was working the county, and instantly identified him as her assailant. He was arrested and, under a severe grilling, confessed. The prisoner had a large amount of money on him and claimed to own several farms in another state. He engaged Hunter McLemore to defend him and McLemore obtained his speedy removal to a city a hundred miles distant, in order to escape possible mob action.

The precaution was unnecessary. Popular rage had exhausted itself in the night's lynching, and there was not even a demonstration, although some loose talk was heard.

"The doctor says you'll git well in no time a-tall, uncle," Charity announced as she brought him a bowl of chicken soup.

"I don't care whether I do, gal," was the dispirited reply. "I'm all broke up—and he's dead—my gran'son."

"Shucks, you'll soon be steppin' raound as lively as ever! Here, eat some of this!"

As Uncle Daniel made a feeble effort to do so she added: "The judge, he says as you're one of the fam'ly after this, Uncle Dan'l. And when your time comes to die he says yours'll be the biggest funeral what ever was in Liveoak. Yassuh, he told me it would be a mile long, if he had to hire every automobile in the county."

Uncle Daniel looked up eagerly from his soup.

"A mile long?" he mumbled. "You mean that, gal?"

"Yassuh, that's what he done said. And if the judge says a mile, it'll more like be two miles long. He don' promise much, but when he do he generally always does more'n what he promised."

Uncle closed his eyes and lay back with a happy sigh. A funeral two miles long!

"And I been payin' dues to the Daughters of the Mornin' Star fifteen year," continued Charity, not without chagrin; "and mine won't be half a dozen cars hardly."

The old man grinned up at her with a sort of triumph. In his mind's eye he could see the long line of automobiles wending toward the cemetery, the flower-bedecked hearse, the staring spectators on the sidewalks asking who it was—and himself providing the reason for it all. Perhaps they might even have a band. His poor, bruised body relaxed. The negro's haunting dread that he may die friendless and fill an unmarked grave dropped from him. He sank to sleep, waking once to murmur "Two miles long!"

Next morning he was so much improved that he betrayed traces of impatience with the soup.

"You done heard the judge say as I could have all the liver and onions I wanted from now on, didn't you?" he remonstrated.

"I sure did!"

"Then you cook me up some tomorrow, gal. I feel like I could eat it right now," he commanded in a stern tone.

And the autocrat of the Gudger household replied humbly, "All right, Uncle Dan'l. I will."

The judge was extremely busy at this time. From one office to another, from one store to another, he went, and often he was closeted with the president of the First National Bank and Doctor Ashcraft and Rufus Page and other citizens of their caliber. In small towns there is always an element which forms the backbone of the community. They may not bulk large in the sensations of the day or be much heard of when the big bass drum is thumped, but in any crisis it is to them that the town turns. And the judge was now rallying these stalwarts.

The result of his labors was a mass meeting in the old town hall, which was packed with the sober element of Liveoak. An overflow meeting adjourned to the baseball park. Many speeches were delivered and some tall spellbinding was done, but it remained for Judge Gudger to deliver the talk that counted.

"Men," he said, "there is no profit in blinking facts. We stand disgraced in the eyes of the world. We have put a stain on the name of this state. But there is no use going into that now. What is done cannot be undone.

"Tragedies like this have happened before; they are liable to happen again. They are peculiarly liable to happen so long as we have in our midst an organization whose purpose is to terrorize behind mask and shroud."

Some of the audience began to stir uneasily. The Ku-Klux had publicly denied any official connection with the lynching, and some hissing broke out.

"You all know what organization I mean," continued the judge, taking a step forward and raising his tones. "The Ku-Klux Klan! Some of you may belong. Many honest, God-fearing men are enrolled in its membership. I have friends among them. But I say to you that these men have made a great, a tragic mistake. They have been blinded to the perils by their hopes of achieving good. The Klan may do some good—I don't deny it—but consider the menace they constitute.

"Not one of you outside this organization knows when it may become his turn to be dragged from his home and whipped and degraded without so much as learning what his fault has been. There is no longer any sense of security. There is whispering and dread.

"A power calling itself the Invisible Empire skulks behind sheet and mask. It would usurp the authority and powers which belong to government. It would substitute its dictum, its night riders, its whip, for the legally constituted courts of our country. Are you going to allow that?

"Let me tell you, men"—his voice rose like a clarion, shaking with passion—"let me tell you, that any group of citizens who band together behind masks, for any purpose—any purpose, mark you—strike at the very roots of our government and free institutions. And they must go!

"You may say that the Ku-Klux fills a need; that our courts fail to deter crime by too lenient treatment of criminals. The latter contention I freely admit. There have been numberless failures of justice. Men have killed in cold blood and come clear. They have robbed and pillaged the helpless and the ignorant, and have been allowed to escape with the spoils. An offender who possessed sufficient money has been able to take advantage of the law's delays and technicalities, and to laugh at prison. These things have made justice a byword among us, so that the criminal stalks boldly about his work, sure of immunity, or at most a trifling punishment.

"Why? Why this state of things? I am a lawyer. Coming from me, what I have to say may surprise you, but it is the truth. More than half the troubles that have brought our courts into disrepute, that have made the administration of justice in portions of this country a farce, that have taught our people the contempt for law which my own profession has been so loud in deploring—more than half these troubles can be laid at the doors of the legal profession.

"The lawyer who saves clients from prison when they deserve to go there; the lawyer who takes advantage of every technicality to thwart justice; the lawyer who manages by appeals to false and maudlin sentiment to turn aside from a criminal the punishment that is his due; the lawyer who quibbles and twists and packs juries and keeps his own talesmen available for emergencies, who exhausts every resource of the law so long as there is money in it for

(Continued on Page 113)

Stopping to Make Time

on wet, skiddy, hard-surfaced roads

The motorist who puts on Tire Chains whenever roads are wet is stopping to save time.

Always it is necessary to drive carefully when pavements are wet.

It is to the credit of the driver with chainless tires to crawl along. But even then he is taking chances. A sudden stop in traffic, an enforced quick turn may cause his chainless tires to skid dangerously.

The new Tire Chains, so easy to attach, enable the careful driver to make time safely on wet roads. They are the

Weed De Luxe Tire Chains

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The Reinforcing Link firmly grips each main cross chain, enabling it to withstand the heaviest strains so that the cross chains can be hardened to a much greater depth and thus withstand the abrasive action of hard-surfaced roads.

Furthermore, the Reinforcing Link gives four points of road contact instead of two, thus increasing traction for prevention of skidding on wet hard-surfaced roads and greatly lengthening the life of the chain.

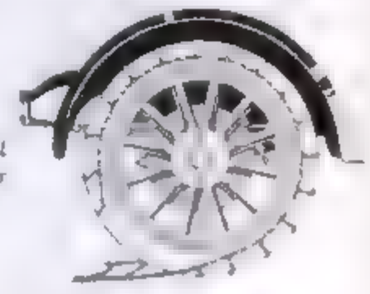
The new Lever Locking Connecting Hook makes it so easy to draw the side chains together, is locked with a slight pressure of the thumb, and remains locked under all conditions. The tension of the chain has nothing to do with the locking action of the Hook! This is very important because chains must be attached loose enough to "creep" around freely, otherwise they injure tires.

Look for the red enameled Connecting Hooks, the name "WEED" on the hooks of the brass plated cross chains, the galvanized Twin-Loc Side Chains. Packed in a Blue-Gray Bag, plainly marked with the size of cord and fabric tires, the pair of WEED De Luxe Chains will fit. The size and name "WEED" are also stamped on the Connecting Hooks.

Instructions for Attaching

You lay chains over wheel, with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front of wheel.

You start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Then you easily and quickly draw the side chains together with the Lever Locking Connecting Hook as illustrated below

Engaging the chain with Lever Locking Connecting Hook

Drawing it in

Locked

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

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Model F-89. Patent vamp, beige top.

The Latest Styles

Two-tone effects in boots, straps or oxfords, as you prefer, besides many other new and attractive styles, are ready in Buster Brown Shoes.

And each model embodies the principles of the Brown Shaping Lasts, which insure the health-building features in these famous shoes.

Buster Brown Shoes excel in style, in service and in health-protection—because their inside construction is designed to keep the growing feet shapely, strong and sturdy, while their outside appearance conforms to the dictates of fashion.

Ask your dealer to show you the new models in Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00 and up, according to size and style. They are manufactured by Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A., also makers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women, and are sold by good stores everywhere.

The Brown Shaping Lasts provide proper space for each pliable bone and tender muscle of the growing feet, with gradual changes from size to size to insure the natural, healthy development of the feet.

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

(Continued from Page 110)

him—he it is who has undermined respect for law in this country. And he must go!"

A moment of startled surprise, then a clamor of applause cut in on him.

"We must see to that. The day is coming when these parasites will be relegated to the limbo in which they belong, when all the petty technicalities and hair splitting will be swept aside by the courts, and only the simple justice of the matter considered. Too long we have given paramount consideration to the rights of the accused; the time has come to consider the rights of the injured and the public.

"You all can help. You can do your duty as citizens by faithfully serving on juries instead of dodging that duty. We must set aside appeals to mawkish sentiment; we must steadfastly steel ourselves against pity for the man who has earned punishment. For I tell you, men, until you have hanged a few of these killers and jailed evildoers wheresoever caught or whosoever they may be, there will never be respect for law. Try it! Hang a few white men who have been guilty of murder and see how quickly this country returns to law and order.

"But we can never have real law and order while a strong organization exists which is destructive of every principle on which law and order are based. The Ku-Klux must go. I have done!"

He sat down. There was a ripple of applause, but the audience seemed at first to waver. A few continued the clapping; it grew and grew, swelled to a roar, until the old town hall rocked with the plaudits. Here was one who talked out like a man: no sob stuff or windjamming or flag waving; just talked plain sense. And he was the first man in Liveoak who had dared to attack the Klan publicly.

"Good boy, Gudger!" they yelled.

When he could make himself heard, Rufus Page stood up beside the judge and announced he had resigned from the Ku-Klux. He had joined, he said, because he had felt that such an organization could do a lot of good. There had certainly been need of drastic action, but at joining he had failed to see the possible uses to which the Klan's power might be put. He felt no hostility against its members as individuals, but he hoped many others like himself, whose expectations had been disappointed, would follow his example.

Doctor Pierce, the dentist, followed him and said practically the same thing. Solid men of public spirit, both, who enjoyed the respect of the community. So, one after the other, ex-members of the Klan rose in their places and came out openly against the continued existence of the order.

Somebody proposed a resolution condemning the Klan, and it was greeted with a whoop. But the judge stayed the enthusiasm with uplifted hands.

"Men," he cried, "I don't think that will accomplish anything. It is plain that the sense of this meeting is overwhelmingly against the existence of the Klan. Let it go at that. Why stir them up and provoke a fight? That's what this resolution would do—it is a challenge to battle. And no manly man takes a challenge lying down.

"Let every man within sound of my voice who may belong to the order think over what he has heard tonight, and go to his Klan's meeting and there resign. Then he acts as a free agent, and not under coercion. Let him talk to his comrades and persuade them they have been mistaken, as we are profoundly convinced they have been."

Much quiet work was done in the way of canvassing during the following week, so nobody was surprised when a rumor went round that the Liveoak Klan would disband. With nearly all the leading citizens withdrawing, the element which clung to the organization grew uneasy. They were fearful of how continued membership might affect their businesses and jobs. The same considerations that had driven them to join now drove them to desert it. One of the first to get out was Hunter McLemore.

A gathering of the Klan took place on Saturday night, and on Monday the Booster published a formal notification that the Klan had disbanded.

However, that there were still some in Liveoak who clung to hooded operations was proved a few nights later, when an automobile containing six men, in the full regalia of the Klan, drove to Hunter McLemore's house and the occupants marched solemnly up to the front door in pairs. It was nearly eleven o'clock and Hunter was in bed, but he rose quickly and came down to them.

"Hello, boys," he exclaimed in an eager whisper. "What's up?"

"There's work to do," replied one of the shrouded figures in sepulchral tones.

"Fine! You going after that scoundrel at last? Now you're talking! If we'd only done that in the first place we wouldn't have had all this trouble. Wait until I put on my things."

"It ain't necessary, McLemore. You can come right along as you are."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the night rider who had spoken before, "we been studying over all that's happened and we figure maybe we been going after the wrong men. Looks like we might have put the tar and feathers on the wrong parties."

"Ain't I been telling you that? Just what I've told you all along! Who do you aim to take out now?"

"You! Grab him, men!"

Sense and Nonsense

Survival of the Fullest

IN THE early days of the temperance cause its workers were always on the scent of evidence as to the physical advantages of total abstinence. Having heard of an old man who had attained the ripe age of ninety-six and had never touched a drop of liquor, a committee was rushed to his home to get his sworn statement to that effect.

They had just propped him up in bed and were guiding the feeble, trembling old hand along the dotted line when they were startled by a violent disturbance in the next room—scuffling of feet, falling of heavy furniture and breaking of crockery.

"Good heavens, what's that?" gasped a committeeman.

"Oh," whispered the senile saint as he sank back exhausted from his effort, "that's paw. He's drunk again!"

In Blank Verse

A NEW YORK writer who comes from Mississippi went back to his old home this summer for a visit. He was particularly anxious to see a darky named Prince, who had formerly worked for the family. He was informed that Prince was running a barber shop for the colored trade.

The writer called at the barber shop and Prince met him at the door with a big welcome, saying that his business was doing wonderful.

"But, Mr. Al, you bein' a writin' man, I wants to ast you sump'n. I wants you to tell me what's the matter wid 'at sign hangin' on de wall—how come all de white gemmun laughs when dey sees it?"

The writer looked. On the wall hung a sign in a pretty gold frame, lettered by the hand of the proprietor, reading:

Roses is Red, and Violets is Blue,
But don't ask me for no credit,
For I'll have to say No.

A Basic Thought

SEVERAL college boys from the University of Georgia were gathered around the table of their host, a senior, engaged in a profound discussion as to the relative strength of a republic and a monarchy; of the relative power of a president and a king.

George, a darky, waited on them and was getting an earful of all this wisdom. Finally one of the most profound of these students had decided that he would rather be president, especially if he desired power, because he would be intrusted with the veto power, while a king would not.

George was so absorbed that he didn't hear one of them speak to him.

"Well, how about it, George?" asked the host, smiling. "What do you think about it?"

"Mr. Henry," asked George, startled out of his reverie, "how much do a king git?"

This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists the world over have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth, and stays. It forms the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lose luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids Nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 946

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 243, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Shur-on rimless spectacles lend poise to the dress of business or profession. Ask for Style No. 708½

For wear with sports clothes All-Shelltex Shur-on [illegible] are practical and [illegible] Ask for Style No. 2324

Shur-on white gold mounted rimless eyeglasses harmonize with the formality of evening dress. Ask for Style No. 575.

Your glasses should fit the costume you wear

To the apparel of business or profession Shur-on rimless spectacles impart dignity and firm distinction. But at a dinner party or the theatre, they would not be precisely the thing. Then, Shur-on white gold mounted rimless eyeglasses are the last word in quiet elegance, for they harmonize with the formality of black. And for relaxation out-o'-doors wear All-Shelltex Shur-on spectacles, which are safe enough and strong enough to appear on golf links, tennis court or bridle path.

Correctness in glasses adds much to the trim appearance of man's dress. Ask your optical specialist to fit you with Shur-ons. That is the way to be certain of comfort and style correctness in glasses.

SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO., Inc., Rochester, N.Y.
Established 1864

Shur-on Glasses

In every style—to match each costume, suit each face.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

(Continued from Page 7)

quite frank, I soon weakened on the good-old-scout thing. All right, of course, for a snappy epitaph, but lacking punch in a lover's litany, if that's what you call 'em. You see, by this time I was running a temperature of a hundred and four every time he honks in sight, and the kind words my heart craved was them that can best be said with orange blossoms. Funny fish, women, eh? For years a girl can Juliet around with these handsome Romeos she likes to look at and those commanding personalities she has to look up to, and nothing happens. Then some helpless nature that needs looking after leaks into her life, and whango! Thrills and fever! That's the time a pressure cooker begins to really mean something."

The feminine psychologist paused to become an ultimate consumer of frosted chocolate; but with fidgety impatience the other sought to remind her that life is short, and art—even that of the raconteur—is notoriously long; so again the saga commenced:

"Where was I? Oh, yes! Well, one night Dan had a rush of words to the soft palate, and before he'd finished we were engaged. Then a week or so of this Cupid's third degree. You know what I mean. When did you find out you really cared, and if I died would you marry again, and how many fellows have you kissed before, and who was this Mabel party you used to beef about so much? Finally, though, we simmered down and started new ways of saving money. Gosh, Nell, you ought to of seen the bungalow we'd planned! A sun porch and a laundry chute, and roses writhing all over it.

"About this time madam took on a new cashier. It was a girl who called herself Hazel Divine. Never will I forget the morning she blew in; wearing a hat with a stringy green wreath, like a salad escaped from a forty-cent table-d'hôte; the scrawniest, sorriest-looking female you can imagine. Right from the start, though, she put on so many airs trying to live up to the atmosphere, I suppose, that the rest of the girls simply ignored her. For that reason I tried to be extra friendly. Then one day when she complained about her boarding place I got sorrier than ever and suggested she live with me. I was staying then at Mrs. Harben's, on Washington. Had a large front room on the ground floor, dressing cell behind; kitchen privileges. Also a double couch, plenty big enough for two. Well, Hazel took me up and moved in. Lord knows she didn't use up much space, being the world's lightweight champ, and having just enough clothes to signal a passing ship if wrecked on a desert isle.

"Pretty? No! Big, dark, tragic eyes like a kid who's just found out there's no Santa Claus, and sliding down the cellar door has painful drawbacks for a sensitive nature. Outside of that you'd never notice anything about her—except her voice. It was like the sound of a wet finger on a hot iron. Her two front teeth didn't quite make connection, and maybe this had something to do with it. Anyway, instead of talking she hissed; kind of like she started to whistle and then remembered it wasn't a thing a real lady should do. Still, it didn't bother me any, because Hazel was the best little understudy this Sphinx party ever had. An occasional hiss about how late the paper was and it looked like rain was her idea of reckless elocution. And she was a consistent mute too. I mean, lots of women can hang onto their vocabularies in full dress, but get 'em into a kimono and free speech sets in. But not so Hazel! Of course at first this got on my nerves; now and then I'd try to get clubby—try to get a little data on her history, but, gosh, she'd shut up tighter than ever, looking so pained I filled in her background with cruel stepmothers, closet skeletons, and other bad influences on a happy family life.

"No, we weren't what you'd exactly call boon companions; still I tried to make her as comfortable as possible, making her drink all the cream off the milk and doing all the boudoir chores to save her strength for the cash register. The rest of the time I practically forgot her. You see, we were rushed limp at the store, and I'd be out so late with Dan that the little one'd be asleep when I pulled in.

"One night, though, Dan couldn't get around till eight, and when I got home Hazel was already in bed. No, she wasn't sick—just resting; and up she gets and toddles into the dressing room. I took off my glasses and started to make up the couch. Just as I was drawing over the chintz cover I halts, seeing a large damp spot on her pillow. At that moment Dan knocked, but I want you to know, Nell, that before I reached the door the thought of that poor thing lying there, sobbing with loneliness, probably, pulled a coupla tears out of me. Gosh! Wasn't I one selfish crab, so busy being happy myself I hadn't give a darn how the rest of the room rent lived! Course, Little Sad Eyes hadn't sprained any ligaments making a woman's home companion out of me; still it was up to somebody to plug her in on a little pleasure.

"Me and Dan had naturally reached the point where two's company and three's a block party, so when I suggested taking Hazel along he gave a squawk like a Comanche college yell. But after I'd pictured the little one as a cross between Cinderella and Leah the Forsaken, and worked up that teardrop into a minor Dayton flood, he weakened.

"'All right,' he said. 'That's what a guy gets for tying up to one of these good old scouts.' So an invitation was shouted into the dressing room, and in a minute Hazel comes out, a heavy laboratory pallor making her eyes bigger and sadder'n ever. Up she toddled to Dan and hisses something about how s-s-simply s-s-sweet it was of Mr. Tracy—get that, Nell—to s-suggest her coming, and was-s-s he s-sure s-she wouldn't spoil our party? Dan grins 'Not at all! Not at all!' in a manner indicating her absence would simply of made our evening a hollow mockery.

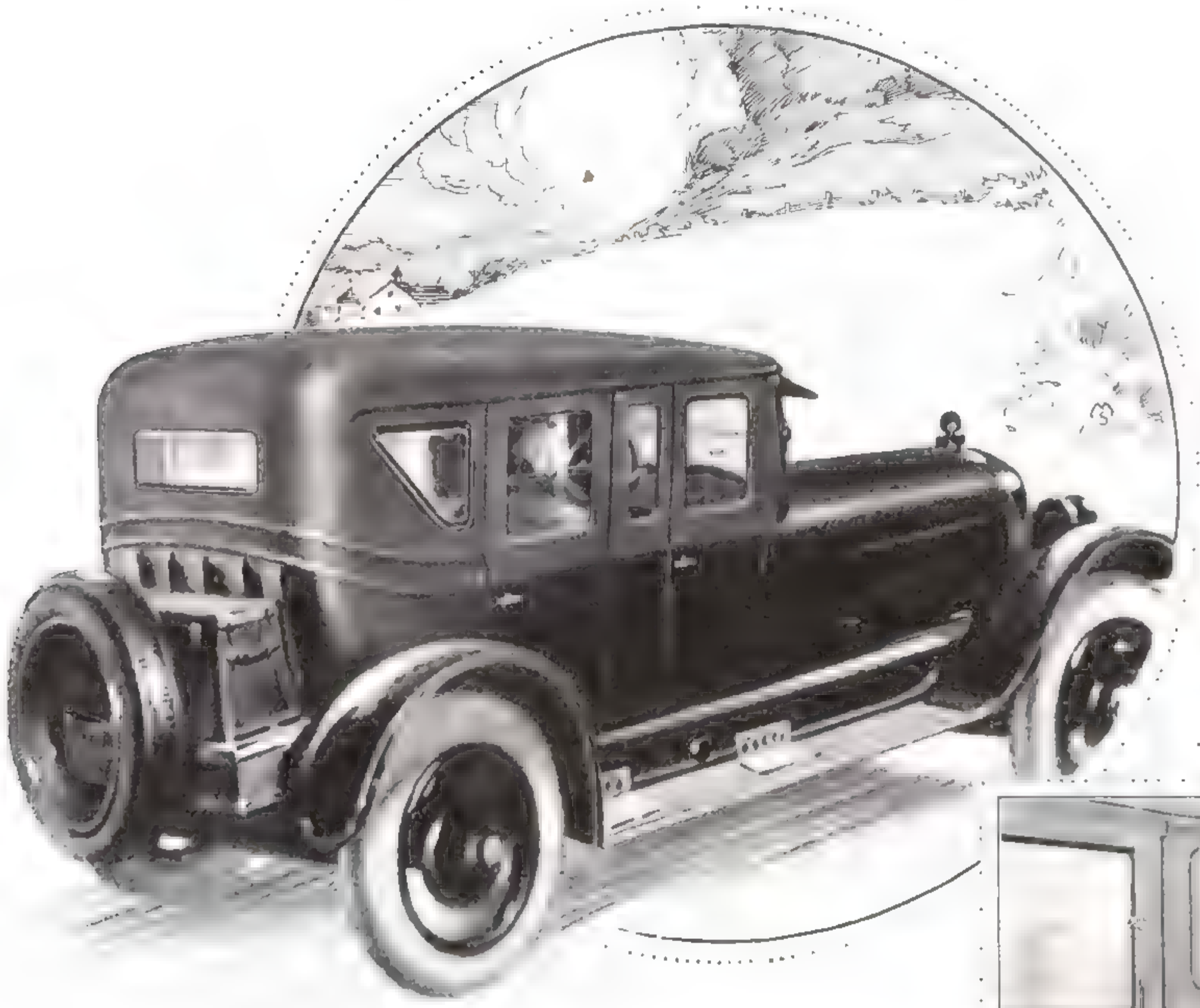
"So we drove around a couple of hours, Little One sitting up in front, spraying out remarks about how s-simply s-sweet the car was-s-s, and what a s-simply s-sublime driver Mr. Tracy was-s-s, and so on. And when he got home and she'd excused herself the sublime driver says he's awful glad we took her along, the poor kid probably never having been in an automobile before. Hum! From that time on, somehow, she managed to horn in on every gathering. And say, all her symptoms of lockjaw disappeared just as soon as a man got in the audience. Yet she could lightly hiss away a whole evening without giving away a single fact about herself, except what a clinging vine she was. And she was some c. v., I'll say that. One of these parties that can't button a glove or open a door without a sad help-wanted expression. Register? Oh, yes! Dan's favorite recitation got to be how lucky it was the poor little thing had gotten in with somebody who could look after her.

"Well, one evening he dropped by, suggesting we all go to the Elite for dinner, Miss Divine (this on the side) probably never having had a square meal in her life. You can understand by this time, Nell, I wasn't so morbid about dropping sunbeams into hissing Hazel's empty life. Besides, having once given five dollars to feed starving Poland, I figured I'd done my bit for the undernourished. The trouble was, though, that Dan had me pictured as one of these Golden Rule specialists, incapable of that dirty work our sex is famed for; and if I got nasty and natural I'd ruin the negative. So I had to say all right; and the dinner came off without Hazel getting anything serious in her coffee. In fact, I managed an almost perfect control till he called up one afternoon and said he'd gotten three tickets for The Doings of Dora.

"'So you got three tickets, eh?' I offered brightly. 'That means we take little roommate, the poor kid probably never having seen a play before!' Raw stuff, of course, but I'd reached the limit. Told him we had other uses for our money besides bringing drama to the lower classes. I heard him gasp; and like a softie, you see, I weakened. I saw all his illusions about my noble nature collapse like a punctured tire, and there seemed nothing to do but cover the dig under a light contralto laugh. I was just joking, I told him, and sure we'd investigate The Doings of Dora."

Here the memoirs of her dead life were interrupted by a repeated chocolate order from the lady in blue. Anxiously Christina twisted around for a view of the Mello booth and, satisfied as to the adequate guardianship of her substitute, she went on.

(Continued on Page 117)



The graceful, flowing lines of the smart "hand-tailored" design, the rich sparkle of deeply beveled plate glass, the appeal of handsome interior trimming, all contribute to that feeling of admiration you experience when you turn to look at a Rex-equipped car.

Your open roadster or touring car of today can be a luxurious coupé or sedan tomorrow, through the installation of a Rex Top.

Designed by Rex engineers to harmonize perfectly with the lines of your particular car, the Rex Top adds no more than the weight of one passenger to the car. A few of the dignified and tasteful appointments are the Rex Sun-and-Rain Visor, Hand Grips and Door Pulls of antique silver finish, Silk Finished Roller Curtain and a pleasing Electric Dome Light.

Rex Tops are manufactured by the world's largest makers of automobile tops, and are immediately available for all the cars listed at the right, at a price made possible only by a very large production. They may be obtained from any authorized dealer for these cars, and installation is made in a few hours.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

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Rex Tops are made for and sold by the authorized dealers of the following cars:

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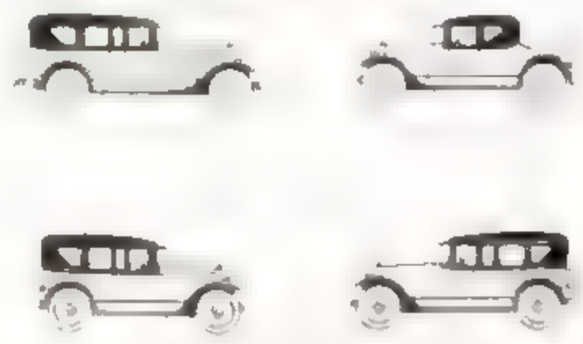

Rex Top

FOWNES

The first Fownes gloves were sold in 1777. For one hundred and forty-five years, one policy has prevailed: to make a fine product; to sell it under the maker's own name and to price it fairly—The name Fownes in the wrist of a glove is our signature to the genuine and your assurance of good value.

The gloves without a single "talking point"!

Fownes gloves are not celebrated just because they are made of fine leather.

They did not become famous on account of the way that leather is tanned. . .

Or the way it is dressed—dyed—stretched—cut—or stitched together.

No single quality or talking-point will produce gloves which meet the Fownes requirements for fit, style and wear.

It takes them all. . . Plus wide experience, the command of leather markets and the skill of artisans.

Most wearers of Fownes do not know whether the material in them comes from America, South Africa or Europe. . . They do not need to know.

They could not tell a Black head Arabian sheep from an Australian lamb. . . Why should they?

What all Fownes wearers do know is that this name in the wrist of a glove assures them smooth fitting, durable hand-wear—of irreproachable finish and authentic style.

A great many people have made this pleasing discovery since 1777. . .

If Fownes had disappointed them, it would be sheerest folly for us to endorse a single pair with our name.

Unsatisfactory gloves are a needless extravagance. Fownes are reasonably priced—you pay nothing extra for their prestige.

Send us the name of your glove dealer if he cannot supply you with the size or kind of Fownes desired.

We will send you a booklet listing 89 styles, for men, women and children. Free, by return mail.

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO. Inc. 119 West 40th Street, New York

(Continued from Page 114)

"Well, the three of us were ready to start that night, when the phone rang. It was madam, saying if I could finish Mrs. Le Page's transformation by ten she'd send it over and there was fifteen in it for me. Fifteen meaning half the price of a pressure cooker. Of course you've got one, Nell? . . . What! Oh, see here, that's something no home should be without. You can take an old hen whose grandchildren figured as chicken à la king the season before, and —— Oh, all right. Naturally, I said I'd do it, expecting my two friends to give up the orchestra circle for the lamplit one. But when I broke the news, though, Little Sad Eyes hisses wasn't it a sh-shame, that being the last night of Dora, which she'd heard was s-simply s-sublime! At this Dan fidgets, eyeballing first her, then me.

"'Oh, mustn't let me interfere with your plans,' I purred. 'Dan can take my ticket back; and anyway, I wasn't in a footlight humor.' Weak objections from them, of course, but in the end they went, and I guess there's no need saying, Nell, by the time I finished that transformation I was in a mood to put a permanent wave in crime. Also, when I turned in at ten, I wasn't humming The End of a Perfect Day loud enough to disturb the parties overhead.

"The next morning I got out before Sad Eyes awoke; fearing, otherwise, a tricky little murder pulled off in our midst. All that week I ignored her like a stepchild in the last stages of leprosy. By leaving early and not answering the phone I managed to dodge Dan too. Finally, though, he sends a note around asking what in the devil's the matter, with a plush box of candy that looked like a child's coffin. I couldn't help softening up a little towards him then; but as for her—well, there wasn't any Maltese methods known to our gentle sex that I didn't use, besides drinking all the cream off the milk and letting her try her muscles on cleaning up the room occasionally.

"Well, one morning as she was making up the couch I happened to look around and spotted a familiar damp spot on her pillow again. Would you believe it, Nell! Another emotional crisis for Chris. I pictured the little wild flower cruelly crushed under my rough treatment, and before I knew it I'd gone over and stamped a let's-make-up kiss on her pale make-up. But that wasn't the only thing that teardrop showed me. As I went to work I saw I'd been acting like a silly kid and the problem I faced called for some ingenious adult thinking. Pretty soon the whole situation got as easy to see through as a hair net. Dan, I saw, hadn't been swept off his rubber heels by the poor dear, as I'd foully suspected. Instead, being used to having a girl look after him, he was now enjoying the novelty of a girl he thinks needs looking after; and I wanted to be darn sure the novelty had worn off before him and me had a license between us. I wasn't craving, Nell, a fireside companion who wondered now and then if he hadn't ought to of married the other party, the poor kid probably never having heard Mr. Mendelssohn's pretty march. Oh, I know, with most men this would be a risky policy; for I've noticed when it's a case of the Poor Dear versus the Good Old Scout, the G. O. S. is never the one that's led to the courthouse. Lord knows why! It's just one of life's unsolved mysteries, like who killed Cock Robin and why Irene Castle always has her picture taken with her mouth open. But you see, I knew Dan's real nature. Forming a protective association for hissing Hazel might flatter him very ingeniously for a while; then he'd gratefully take up the privilege of shifting the white man's burden onto the Good Old Scout. Meanwhile I was going to retire from any active burden bearing till he'd overdrawn on the joys of the protective association.

"So, when I got to the store I called, asking him to drop around and waste an evening on Hazel and me. Even over the phone I could tell he wasn't frenzied about the eternal-triangle stuff just then; but I pulled it off; and from that time on, you bet, I saw that Little Sad Eyes was in on everything. Understand, Nell, I didn't make it pointed; the situation looked as natural as a corpse cut down in its prime. I just sat off like a registered chaperon—friendly but kind of detached, and let the other party show how pathetically helpless a poor dear can be. Which was some helpless, specially when it came to remembering anything about her past. She had one of the prettiest little cases of aphasia—if that's what you call it—I've ever known. Now and then I couldn't help wondering just who she was, but Dan had no time to do anything but pick up things she'd dropped, and fix her umbrella, and help her over puddles, and so on. At first he played the sturdy oak nobly, but gradually he started acting like a party who wonders whether poison ivy couldn't be classified as clinging vines. Then one night at a movie, after crawling around under the seat for her fan and almost shaving off his best ear and being bawled out by a fat lady for accidental osteopathy on her ankle, he handed it over, meaning the fan, with a 'Here it is!' that sounded like Dashing Desmond in the third act, saying: 'Take that and that—and that!'

"Going home he asked me on the side if we couldn't have dinner together—alone—the next evening; and I managed to consent without a knowing snicker. I'd made up my mind, though, he wasn't going to grin me back into the Old Reliable as easy as he thought. So when he tried to narrow down to you-and-me talk I changed the subject absent-mindedly. Also, when he wanted my advice on important matters I told him I'd think 'em over my first free minute, but in the tone of one whose time can't be called her own. Gosh, but he was upset and puzzled! I saw him all ready to resign from the protective association; still I figured a little overtime on the job would do no harm. So when later he suggested driving out to a barbecue the next Sunday I faked up business at the store, but why not take Hazel? No, I didn't pull the familiar line about the poor kid probably never having seen one. The situation now was one that had to be handled with sugar tongs. Instead of which, I saw instantly I'd spilled the frijoles. He looked so queer and sinister, if that's what you call it. 'All right! I'm on!' he muttered, and when he kissed me good night it was one of those kisses when you're not sure anything has happened.

"Oh, yes, he took her to the barbecue all right; and pretty soon he got to taking her other places—alone. Whenever they were kind enough to give me an outing he treated me like a distant relative he owed money to. Nell, you'll never know what I went through!"

Here a sudden glance at the clock above the cigar counter reminded her that thirty minutes had been sacrificed to autobiography—thirty moments to be deducted from her noon hour. To be sure, the look of suffering behind the thick glasses betrayed a heart filled beyond all considerations of an empty stomach; at least immediate considerations. Yet there was the full dinner pail of the future to be thought of; one more or less involved in the sale of fifty cakes of Mello.

Abruptly she rose. Not another second could she take; this to the lady in blue; but if the latter wanted to be in on the finish ——

Did she? Well, rather!

So presently at the soap booth, after five samples had been distributed without affecting the sales book in the least, the story was resumed.

"Where was I? Oh, yes—well, one night I worked late and when I got home Mrs. Harben told me my little playmates were out driving together. A period of gnashing the molars and wringing the hands; then I heard their voices outside. Turning out the lights I sneaked over and periscoped out. There she was in a baby-doll dress with the sleeves cut above the second vaccination point, hissing something about what a s-simply s-sweet evening it had been. At this Dan grinned; then the next thing I knew he had kissed her. Oh-h, Nell, my brain just jellied! I was five foot ten of quivering criminal impulses. A second later I was outside; another minute and the three of us were inside; Dan's face unbuttoned in astonishment; Little Sad Eyes shaking like a nervous aspen, if that's what they're called. Womanlike, I turned on her first and sprung some of Webster's meatiest phrases. I took the text about biting the hand that feeds you and filled in with terms that don't rightly belong in a rectory. I ended up by telling the pasty-faced little cat how I'd taken pity on her and tried to put a little joy into her life and—and —— But that's all the further I got.

"After a burst of merry laughter she began language. I might as well know, since she was leaving the next day, that she was Minora Hazel Duveen, daughter of Lloyd Duveen, president of all the

Never gets on your nerves

Get on the Right side

Get on the side of the quick-stepping, keen-witted Americans who tackle the day's work with brisk, clear-headed vitality and believe in the kind of cigar that helps them do it well.

Get on the side of these forceful citizens who have switched to Girard and who stick to it day after day, year in year out. They have tried and they know its value well.

Girard is a mild, full-flavored, satisfying cigar made of real Havana tobacco, under old-time ideal conditions.

Girard is an aid and comfort through the hustling business day, a solace and delight in the quiet evening hours. A cigar that adds to your pleasure and never subtracts from your health.

Insist on Girards next time you buy cigars.

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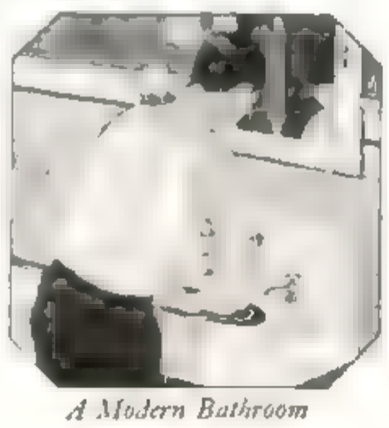

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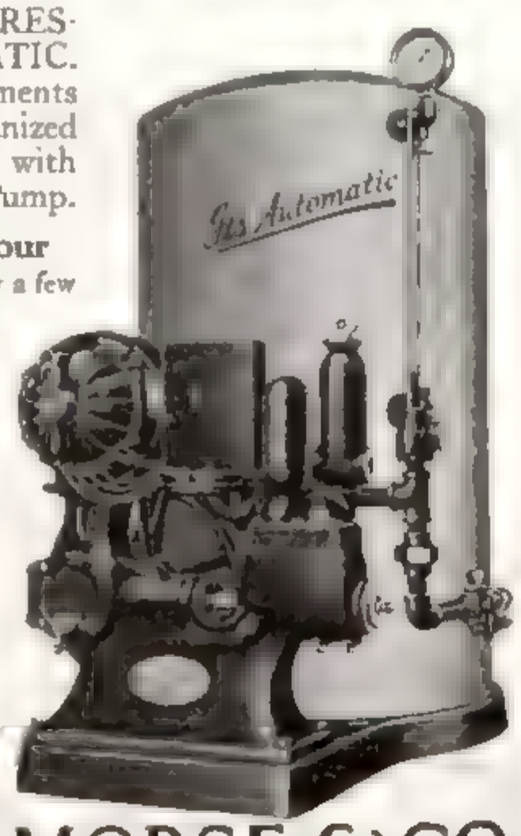

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Canadian steel corporations, traction companies, film producers, bowling associations, and so on. She had run away and taken this s-silly job just to discipline her s-sally old dad into letting her marry S-salvatore, the famous movie star. Not only had she brought papa to time but she'd found mixing with the working classes, incognito, very amusing. As for the s-social opportunities I had let her in on—ha, ha! She who ran her own yacht and had been presented at the court of Saint James! Ha, ha!

"Mad? Oh! oh!. . . I wheeled on her and told her if she didn't beat it quick she'd be presented at the court of Saint Peter in less'n a split second. Still laughing hearty she walked out, Dan after her; but at the door I yanked the gentleman back for his quota. 'So,' I hisses at him, 'you thought you'd give our friend a little thrill—the poor kid probably never having been kissed in her life!' I said; but no need to go into the things a woman can say, Nell, when she feels she's been made a fool of. But I'll tell you this: that what I said to that Canadian curse sounded like a recipe for nesselrode pudding compared to what I handed him. I accused him of being onto her history and trying to cut out the movie party because of papa's currency. I said—well, a plenty; during which he simply stares at me without a word. And when I was all through he smiled a queer underdone smile and walked out.

"Funny how things like that affect you! After he'd gone I felt just—empty—not sorry or sore or worried or anything. It was like my mind had closed for the season. Once or twice I tried to cry, but I couldn't uncork a single tear; so I dumped into bed and counted the knots on the portière fringe till the next morning. At ten the bell rang. It was a special delivery from Dan.

"I wish I had the letter here; but anyway, he went on to say he'd first taken pity on Little Sad Eyes because of my sob story and wanted to show he could be as good a scout as I was supposed to be. The 'supposed' heavily underlined. Then after my week's grouch, when I began sicking her onto him at every opportunity, he'd seen it was a case of tire troubles. I was tired of him and trying to arrange a transfer. He'd been cut to the quick, and the night before he'd seen me at the window and pulled the Hobson just to find out my real feelings. Which he had, all right. Feelings so unjust, so unwarranted that henceforth all women were flat tires as far as he was concerned. At least, there could be nothing more between us except mileage. He'd resigned from his job by letter, and was leaving on the nine o'clock train for parts unknown.

"Oh, I didn't need to call up his room; I knew he was just reckless enough to pu'l a stunt like that; and all the tears I'd missed out on the night before began to faucet forth. Going to the couch I was about to fling myself down, when I halted. A familiar damp spot on alias hissing Hazel's ex-pillow. Remember, Nell, my evening had been a bone-dry one, and I was puzzled. Putting on my glasses I examined the evidence; then a burst of high falsetto laughter, if that's what you call it—laughter that got more and more careless. The next thing I knew, Mrs. Harben had rushed in and I grabbed her.

"'Look!' I yelled. 'Do you see that?' pointing to the damp spot. 'Do you see that? That's what washed a little hissing serpent into my Garden of Eden and made a mess out of it. That's the thing that separated me from the only man I ever loved, and a pressure cooker, and ——'

"Then I did a swoon, and when I came to I heard Mrs. Harben saying to Doc Jennison who lived around the corner: 'It must be brain fever. I came in and found her having hysterics something awful about a dab of cold cream on the pillow slip.' . . .

"Yes, Nell. A dab of cold cream. My life wrecked by nearsightedness and a dab of cold cream. Luckily, I guess, the swoon introduced a case of flu; and when I got strong enough to think I saw I couldn't stay in the old town any longer. It was too full of those 'memories that bless and burn,' principally burn. There was the movie palace where we'd first found other uses for our hands besides applause; the corner where we first met; and—oh, that hardware store that kept a full line of pressure cookers!"

She paused to turn tragically to two possible Mello converts. With a kind of strained conscientiousness the superiorities of the supersoap were presented; but it was a kind of death-bed whisper—with an air so sepulchral that Mello became at once evocative of those final ablutions that precede the *devoirs* of the undertaker. Certainly any subscriber to the belief that this is the best of all possible worlds could be forgiven a hasty retreat from such an atmosphere. And certainly Christina's expression as the two stricken creatures fled held neither censure nor scorn. Under a flood of surging misery, you see, the imperative need—one might say, the imperative mood—of selling soap was entirely submerged; and when a moment later she turned to her friend the alert blue eyes were misted with tears.

Ah, a moving spectacle! Something of a phenomenon too; the tears of the Good Old Scout, that hail-fellow-well-metaphysician to whom tradition allows merely the privilege of mirth. Impulsively the lady in blue caught hold of a large hand clenched on the counter:

"Oh, Chris," she murmured. "I'm sorry. I ——"

"But this is what really gets me." Shamefacedly she wiped away the traces of tears. "I know Dan so well. Once he lost his grip he'd simply go to the dogs. As long as he had somebody to lean on and believe in him there wasn't a better kid in the world; but now!" A sudden emotion garroted her; but only for a moment: "Who knows where he is? Probably sick in the gutter. Like as not starving in some garret."

After this transfer from gutter to garret her eyes wandered dully across the store. Through the doorway swung a jaunty young man with shaggy sandy eyebrows, a prosperous-looking, well-tailored product, obviously, of a regular job and regular meals.

At sight of Christina he started, halted, then unfleshed an eyetooth in an eager quivering smile—a smile that threatened to button around the back of his head. Three strides brought him within focus of the thick glasses.

Christina gasped.

Weakly, incredulously she turned to the lady in blue; but this person proving one of those rarities who recognize a proper exit cue, merely smiled with beneficent understanding and waved herself out.

By this time the young man had gained the counter.

"Ah! Selling soap?" Twitchily he tried to grin an airy matter-of-factness into the query. Then: "Any good?"

"I should say it is, Mr. Tracy!" A slight tremor impaired its competitive casualness. "It makes every other toilet soap on the market look like a skin game. In fact, it's a soap that makes Saturday night a privilege instead of a—a penance."

"Quick, Watson, the needle shower!" was his contribution, and their laughter nervously fused.

Somewhere a really serious thinker has claimed that speech is given us to conceal our thoughts; certainly he classified the foregoing accurately. Under this prattle about soap faith and charity sought to veil themselves warily; but oh, the quivering expectancies exposed in the young man's final "Well, I guess I'll take about a dozen boxes."

Now a dozen boxes of Mello meant seventy-two cakes of soap; in other words, twelve more than was needed for her to become a hired business woman. Accordingly a close-up of Christina should have shown that triumphant complacency worn by those economic venturers who come and see and conquer. Instead of which she featured merely the look of the Good Old Scout, a kind of maternal tenderness desentimentalized by a devilish gleam of understanding; a look which the eyes under the wild sandy eyebrows met hungrily, humbly, hopefully.

"A dozen boxes?" With one hand she unbuttoned the white apron; with the other requisitioned a blue sailor from under the counter. "Nothing doing. You'll need that money to apply to a pressure cooker!"

And a moment later she was arming him masterfully out the door.

Announcement

THIS announces what has been already termed by many able business men "a monumental achievement in the commercial world."

Business has always wanted some reliable method—some sound plan—through which new salesmen could be developed and the production of individual salesmen bettered.

The primary requisites of such a training were that it be not only sound and practical but of such a nature that every man would find in it material of direct bearing on and helpful application to his own individual problems.

I am glad to be able to announce that after twelve years in the building the LaSalle training course in Modern Salesmanship is now on the market.

It is winning the unqualified approval of seasoned sales executives—successful salesmen—and new men who are desirous of entering this field.

These individuals recognize in it the qualities of practicability and ease of understanding and use that have heretofore been largely obscured by theoretical discussion and individual opinions.

Twelve years is a long time to spend in building a business training service—particularly when you consider the wide and unusual resources of LaSalle from standpoints of executive, educational and financial facilities.

An ordinary sales course could have been produced in twelve months. Nationally known sales executives have repeatedly offered to prepare courses for us.

But LaSalle standards demanded something so essentially broad and sound and fundamental that the final product would not only win the unqualified o. k. of every important member of its executive and educational staffs, but would command the immediate respect and approval of sales authorities in every line of industry.

It took years in time and a liberal expenditure of funds to build a training that we *knew* would live up to what we ourselves, the general public, and business executives expect of this institution.

To begin with, the tremendous existing mass of sales material—some of it excellent—much of it theoretical, individualistic and impractical—was carefully analyzed and examined. Then the real work started—the study of and with successful salesmen on the firing lines.

Modern Salesmanship has been built upon the basis of fundamental principles—and the practical application of these principles by seasoned and successful salesmen in every field. The work of thousands of producing salesmen has been analyzed, studied and applied in this course.

Failure, as well as success, has been considered. What not to do, as well as what to do, has been clearly outlined—made part of the training plan.

Every principle—every method of application—has been tested—tested in the hands of successful men in the field—in relation to every form of distribution of products and service.

For instance, the basics of the actual processes of selling were tested by actual use in the hands of hundreds of salesmen over a period of years.

The results of the use of these principles by salesmen—many already considered exceptional successes—were unusual and interesting.

Large increases in sales were made by men already highly productive—and new men made good. Sales formerly considered difficult were made relatively easy, by the use of the methods being tested.

This, not in one line, but in the hands of hundreds of salesmen—selling lines ranging from cornplasters to shoes and stoves as well as various forms of service.

In Modern Salesmanship, as the result of twelve years of original research and conscientious work in actual field tests, we offer a proved training of a character which fully measures up to the most rigid requirements from an actual result-producing standpoint.

The *right method* of transmitting information is as important as the correctness of the basic principles themselves.

So, Modern Salesmanship puts the student in the position of working right along with a seasoned sales trainer or coach of wide experience. Through the LaSalle Problem Method, it is made easy to apply—to put into actual sales practice—the methods being acquired. It is practical training every step of the way—involving work which is practically equivalent to spending several months on the road, selling widely variant products and service.

Together with this announcement of the advent of the course, I want to take the opportunity of acknowledging the broad-minded and generous co-operation extended LaSalle, in its research with the executives of the large number of concerns nationally known for their aggressiveness in sales matters.

The attitude of business in general toward the spread of sales knowledge is indicative of the change in commercial affairs in the last decade.

Where "selling ideas" used to be considered as secret sources of private gain, the general feeling in business today is that the organization and dissemination of these "secrets" through authoritative business training channels can result only in the common good.

As this announcement goes to press, reports are coming in from successful salesmen who are increasing their yield through this training—from new men who are entering this attractive field—and from seasoned sales executives who see in this work a sound method of bettering the production of their individual men.

The twelve years spent in building Modern Salesmanship is justified. *It is doing what it was built to do.*

J. H. Chapman
President
LaSalle Extension University

The Catalog of Modern Salesmanship is now ready and will be forwarded to any one writing for it.

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TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 26)

stranger surveyed each new arrival, peering from beneath the brim of his hat while apparently absorbed in his game. Each time the man behind the bar shook his head. When the last of these patrons had departed Carver came in alone.

"A pint bottle of your best beer for me, Jimmy," he greeted, "and another one for you."

As Carver crossed to the bar the proprietor noted that he was not wearing his gun. He had discarded the weapon the day of his return from Oval Springs the preceding fall and had never worn it since. The bartender gazed fixedly at the man at the table, then slowly shook his head again, a signal which Carver could not fail to observe.

Carver accorded the stranger one casual glance. He could see the rump of the horse that stood outside the open rear door. Jimmy spoke to the stranger.

"That fellow Carver you was wanting to see just rode up the street," he said. "He'll likely be in any time now."

The man at the table nodded, frowning slightly at this reference before a third party. Carver turned, apparently noting his presence for the first time.

"Step up," he invited. "I've only time for one; have to be dangling along toward home; but you can linger over yours. Name it."

The stranger was anxious to be rid of him before the man he expected came in, so he moved to the bar in order to hasten proceedings. Jimmy set his drink before him. The man nodded his thanks and remained silent, not desiring to open a conversation lest it should cause his host to alter his decision to depart at once. Jimmy was slouching against the rear of the bar directly across from him, one hand resting on the shelf beneath it as if to support his weight. Carver picked up the pint of beer as if to drink from the bottle; then, as the stranger reached for his drink, Carver swung the heavy bottle by the neck. The man went down as the weapon struck him behind the ear.

"After your opening remarks it looked like the wise thing was to lay him out first and make inquiries later," Carver said as he retrieved the fallen man's gun.

"He was out for you," Jimmy informed. "I don't know why, but maybe you do."

"Not an idea; never laid an eye on him before," Carver asserted.

"He's been waiting two days," Jimmy said. He removed his hand from beneath the bar and exhibited the long-barreled gun. "I had this shoved against the front side of the bar within a foot of his vitals so I could touch it off through the wood in case of a slip. Them's only half-inch boards there in front. You and me has been friends a long time and I was half minded to down him before you showed up; only you can't put a man across just because he's inquiring about a friend, no matter what you suspect about his intentions – not without getting thirty years or else take to the hills. But I was here to see that things came out all right."

"I wonder now," Carver said, looking down at the man on the floor. "I wonder who sent him."

"You knew, didn't you, that Freel has been round collecting evidence against Bart in that Wharton affair?" Jimmy asked. "I've been hearing that for quite a piece back. Folks get to talking over their drinks. Most always they do." He recited a few comments which had come to his ears. "Just thought I'd tell you. If you look under that party's vest you'll find a deputy's badge. That's a hard layout up at the county seat, and you've had words with different heads of the ring, so I gather."

"That clears up the reason for his being here," Carver said. "They sent him. He'd make a clean get-away if he could—flash that deputy's badge if he couldn't, and they'd back him up."

"He don't know that you're Carver," Jimmy said. "I'll bring him round after you leave and explain that you was a friend of Carver's and decided that things wasn't right when I made that incautious remark. That will put me in the clear. I'll announce how he's unsafe in these parts; that you brought in twenty-odd friends to view him laying there, face up, on the floor; that they marked well his features and declared open season on him anywheres in this part of the state. If he believes me he'll high-tail for parts unknown—and if he don't, why, I'll send him there."

Carver rode out to the Half Diamond H and entered the house. When he reappeared he was wearing his gun, and he rode on across the ridge to the Lassiters'. He found Bart seated on the corral bars, his chin propped in his hand as he gazed moodily across a field of ripening grain.

"How long since you indulged in some thoughtless comments about Freel's being mixed up in that Wharton hold-up?" Carver asked.

"Two weeks—maybe three," Bart returned. "He was so satisfied with himself that I just thought I'd tell him."

"And right after that he started connecting you and me up with it," Carver said. "He's been exerting himself to inquire among folks about your horse being found up near where you departed with that old crow-bait you was on when I met you; about that Kansas outfit jumping a wounded outlaw and picking me up instead, and how you turned up on my horse, you being shot in the shoulder."

"Sho!" Bart deprecated. "He couldn't make that stick. You don't imagine, now do you, that Freel's fool enough to have us jailed? Not when I could spill what I know. He wouldn't even consider it."

"That's what he wouldn't!" Carver agreed. "He's just creating a background. We're not slated to languish in jail, you and me. We're marked out for the slaughter."

Bart brightened.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Surely you can't mean that something is going to happen! It will provide me with a fresh interest in life if there's a prospect that I might possibly lose it. And how will all this come to pass?"

"Killed while resisting arrest," Carver stated.

"Sounds reasonable," Bart admitted. "I'll positively guarantee to resist."

"Before you're ever arrested you'll be much too dead to make any protest," Carver predicted. "Freel has planted the idea in folks' minds that before long he'll have to book you and me for that deal. It's been whispered about and they're sort of expecting it. Then some day he'll drag in our corpses and announce that we'd been shot while resisting his efforts to take us."

"Interesting, but only part way convincing," said Bart. "You've neglected to explain how he's to gain possession of our corpses so he can start dragging 'em in. I'll remonstrate with him considerable before I'll let him have mine."

"He won't collect it in person," Carver said.

"Maybe I'm supposed to send it to him," Bart suggested. "But he don't deserve any such favors from me. I consider his scheme a flat failure myself."

"That county-seat aggregation is a hard bunch to go up against, the way they're sitting right now," Carver said. "They've got influence and power behind 'em. This way of eliminating a troublesome party is time-tried and tested. It's found favor with many a sheriff and chief of police before now, and it's an old favorite with Freel."

"Then it appears that the clever thing to do is for us to organize too," Bart volunteered. "You act as the chief and send me out to get Freel. I'll dry-gulch him so far from nowhere that even the coyotes won't find him."

"Some other time," said Carver. "Not now. We could hardly ride into town and murder the mayor and the sheriff all in one day without some sort of excuse. It would create unfavorable comment. This deal down at Alvin bears the brand of Freel's deep-seated planning. It's likely they'll come after us themselves the next time they try it, just so as to give it the earmarks of a lawful attempt to arrest. Meantime we'll have to work up a background of our own. The county seat needs cleaning up wholesale. If a man's going to live anywhere he might as well have decent conditions. Once folks get that in their minds we can defend ourselves and still render a patriotic service to the county as a whole."

"All right," Bart agreed. "After you've unfurled the flag I'll lead the last desperate charge, with the whole county cheering.

But it still appears to me that it would be simpler for me to lay out behind the hedge somewheres and do a little bushwhacking myself."

"Meantime, just in case Freel sends out another hired killer, I wouldn't lay myself open to any chance stranger that comes dropping along," Carver advised.

"The first stranger that shows up anywhere within three hundred yards goes down in the smoke," Bart assured.

Molly Lassiter came from the house as Carver turned to leave. He did not come often of late, and she walked with him a short distance up the trail.

"We'll start cutting next week," Carver stated. Their talks were largely impersonal these days. "Harvest is crowding close to us now."

"Bart expects to start cutting Monday," she said. "How many bushels do you think your wheat will thresh out?"

"It'll run close to twenty," he estimated. "Maybe more. We ought to get fifteen thousand bushels or better."

"And more next year," she said. "You'll put out more wheat this fall, won't you?"

"Likely," he answered. "I hadn't quite made all my plans for next season."

He had mentioned the fifteen thousand bushels of wheat casually and without elation. It would pay for the new farm machinery with which the Half Diamond H was now stocked, but for which he still owed, leaving him a big margin for future operations. This first year's crop would put him on a solid basis and well on his way toward the maturity of his original plan to buy all the best land in the valley. By the time other homesteaders could prove up on their filings he would be in a position to buy out all who would sell. He had no present need even to avail himself of the assistance which both old Joe Hinman and Nate Younger were anxious to extend. Younger's outfit had been the largest in the unowned lands in the old days, and now Carver was building it up into the largest of the new day that had dawned. He had been top hand for both the Box T and the Half Diamond H under the old régime, a moving spirit among the riders of the Cherokee Strip, and now he had become a leader among the settlers. Both of his old employers, having taken a part in raising him, were duly proud of the fact; theirs still the loyalty that had always prevailed between an owner and the men who rode for his brand. The easy road to success now opened invitingly to Carver, but he found no joy in the prospect. He had worked steadily toward his original aim, but his initial enthusiasm was lacking.

The girl had observed this change and it troubled her. Of late Carver had exhibited a restlessness that was akin to Bart's, and she wondered. He had gone so far. Would he turn back now?

She accompanied him but a short distance and the conversation was confined to impersonal topics. She observed that for the first time in six months he was wearing his gun. As they parted he noted her troubled gaze resting upon it.

"Sho! This?" he said, tapping the weapon. "I someway don't feel dressed up without it. I wear it as an ornament, kind of, the way a girl wears a ribbon," and he moved on up the trail.

A few days later Molly mounted the ridge and watched the start of the harvesting. There was nothing to attract swarms of harvest hands such as crowded into the country farther north where the whole landscape seemed a solid body of wheat. Another year, when the acreage seeded to wheat would be increased fourfold, then they would come. But Carver had found no scarcity of hands to help him harvest his crop. From her point of vantage the girl could see tall-hatted, chaps-clad men toiling in the fields. Later in the season, after the wheat had been stacked, she would see them plowing. They rode their horses out to their work, as they had always done, and left them standing about.

She would see no other harvest such as this. Another season and the wheat fields of the Strip would be invaded by the riffraff that always came south for the harvest and followed it north. Then the tumbleweeds would be gone. Now they had rallied to lend a helping hand to one of their own kind, one man who had understood. And as she watched them toiling at these unfamiliar tasks she experienced a thrill of sympathy for the men who had helped to make homes possible for others and now found no place in the new scheme of things for themselves, for the riders of the waste places had ever been the vanguards of civilization. Fur traders had skimmed the riches of their calling from a vast territory and departed, leaving it no more habitable than before; gold seekers had prospected the hills and passed on, but the cow hands had stayed to make the West habitable for those who should follow. And now that the followers had come there was no further use for the ones who had led the way.

As the summer advanced the girl observed how swiftly the ranks of the grub-liners were depleted as they were forced to realize the fact that spring work would never open up for their sort again. Families of Cherokees still prowled the countryside at will, pitching their tepees along the streams, the squaws begging incessantly from one homestead cabin to the next. The settlers, expecting nothing better from the Indians, were prone to tolerate this sort of nuisance, but looked with increasing disfavor upon the nomadic white riders who drifted about in much the same aimless fashion. Yet they were not parasites, these men, even though the newcomers so viewed them. Rather they came from a proud fraternity. In grub-lining they had been merely following an ancient and respected custom of their kind, and when they now found that this no longer prevailed they desisted.

It was only through Carver's insistence that grub-liners still continued to drop in at the Half Diamond H. Their presence created the one break in the monotony that seemed closing in upon him. He made that clear to each comer and urged each one to return. But another old custom was dying, and the number of grub-line riders who turned up for meals at the Half Diamond H was depleted by half before the summer was ended, as these jobless ones drifted into other lines.

One by one, the girl watched them go, and she wondered how they would fare in these new pursuits which they adopted, not from choice but from necessity. The majority would sink to oblivion, drudging at tasks which they had always despised. But there were some whose names were slated for fame in the annals of this new Southwest.

Carl Mattison was destined to become one of the most-famed marshals of all time. Even now the fame of his reputation as a man hunter was mounting. The name of Crowfoot was slated to become synonymous with prestige and power, linked with perhaps the most impressive fortune in the whole Southwest. There would be many others who would attain high places. Milt Lassiter would create a place in history as one who would defy the law for a dozen years with a price on his head and with every officer in five states desirous of collecting it. And this last-named career was even now exerting its influence on Molly's understanding of the conditions which prevailed in this new land.

In the main the old conventions were respected, old traditions upheld, but modified to fit conditions as they were, not as other communities decreed that they should be. Here actualities were everything, appearances nothing; and there was not yet any rigid adherence to minor banalities that were accepted as eternal verities in older communities where such details were considered the bulwark of smug respectability. Here a man was judged by what he stood for in his present environment, his daily relations with his neighbors, not by what his family had accomplished in generations past, for the past had no part in this new land that lived in the present with an eye to the future. Ex-convicts were making a new start with their families; former wildlings were making good and the rising above past transgressions was considered a cause for congratulation, not one for reproach. Milt Lassiter's ill fame did not react to the detriment of either Bart or the girl, their neighbors valuing the two for themselves alone.

This knowledge brought a new doubt to Molly—a doubt which fostered a certain content. After all, in a land of new standards, was it right that her adherence to a moth-eaten tradition should keep Carver and herself apart? This thought, gradually crystallizing into a conviction, brought with it a measure of comfort; but Carver, not knowing, experienced a daily increase of restlessness and discontent.

Few times when the bunk house held more than three grub-liners, and all too frequently it was unoccupied. Carver found time dragging slowly, and days and

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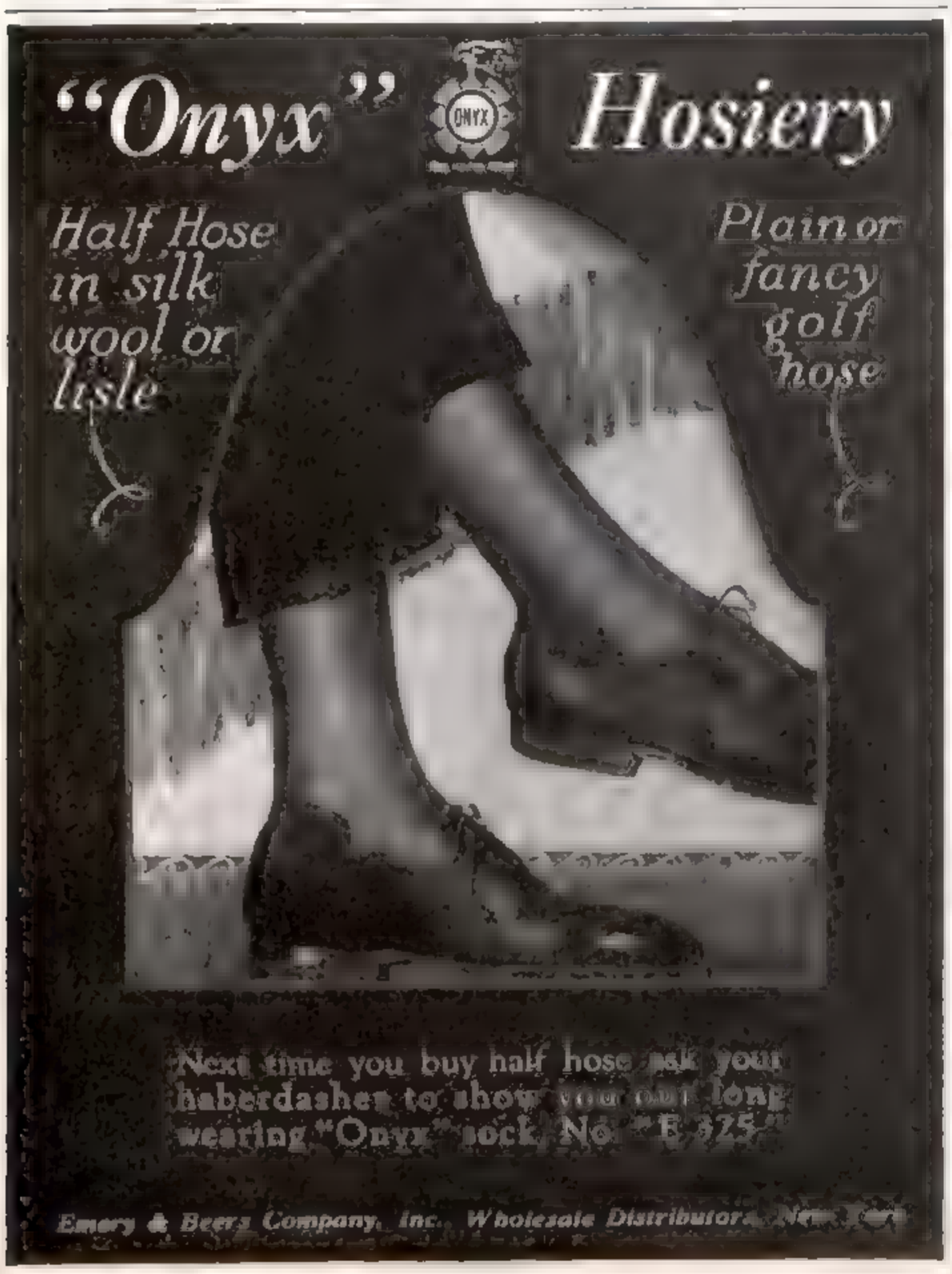
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nights were equally monotonous. He knew that he could sell his holdings for a considerable sum. Should he sell out and migrate to some point where there was still some open range available and buy out a small cow outfit? He debated this problem, but lacked his usual gift of quick decision.

There came a night when several old friends rode up to the bunk house. Joe Hinman and Nate Younger dropped in for one of their frequent overnight visits, and Bart Lassiter came across the ridge. A stud game was in order and Carver rose and went to the house, brought forth a silver dollar and addressed it:

"Little lonely dollar, you was to mount up to a million. You haven't mounted that high yet, but if I'd follow through it's likely you'd attain it. But is that what we're wanting, after all? I'll put you to the test—fair god or false—and let you decide it for me."

He returned to the bunk house and took out a fifty-dollar stack of chips, tossing one red chip back and replacing it with the silver dollar.

Old Joe Hinman regarded the coin that crowned the stack of chips.

"Seems like I've seen that selfsame coin before," he commented. "Surely now, you wouldn't go and risk it! It's led you quite a piece, that dollar has."

"But maybe not in just the right direction," Carver said. His thoughts reverted to the day he had acquired it.

"What depends upon the outcome?" old Joe inquired. "Which way will you leap?"

"Just this one stack," said Carver. "If I double it I stay. If I lose I go. It means the difference between here and somewhere else; pumpkins or tumbleweeds, cows or crops—for one more year."

An hour later he cashed in a double stack and the cards had decreed that he stay for another year. Bart Lassiter leaned back in his chair and grinned sympathetically.

"My year has another six months to run," he said. "I'll be free before you regain your liberty. You'll find me waiting for you somewhere out yonder when your sentence has expired."

XIV

TWO settlers stood in the saloon in Alvin. The proprietor lowered his voice and leaned across the bar.

"Look you, now! There's going to be a killing," he predicted. He jerked a thumb toward the rear door. "Right out there is where he left his horse, and for two days he set there at that table waiting for Carver to come in."

Jimmy had just recited the incident of the stranger's attempt to take Carver unawares, and was now merely adding a few conclusions of his own to lend an air of spice and mystery to the tale.

"He knows too much about folks that are running things in the county seat, Carver does, him and Bart Lassiter," Jimmy stated. "A bartender hears things. Folks get to talking over their drinks. Most always they do. I've heard it said for a positive fact that Bart saw Wellman blow up the bridge out of Oval Springs the night the up passenger was ditched and two men killed. Wellman was sheriff at the time."

It seemed that the two homesteaders had also been hearing things.

"United States mail went up in smoke that night when the mail car burned," said one. "I've heard that Mattison's still making inquiries about that. He never quits, Mattison don't."

"Well, then! And who's the two men that could convict Wellman and get him hung a mile high?" The saloon man pointed out triumphantly. "Who, now? Why, Bart Lassiter and Carver! I'd never want it said that it come from me; it's only between us three. But who is it that knows Freel led the shooting when some of Mattison's men was killed at the same time Wellman was wrecking the bridge? Whoever knew that would be dangerous to Freel, wouldn't he? See how it all works out?"

The two nodded agreement.

"There's a dozen of Carver's close neighbors that swear he was home the whole day of that Wharton business that Freel was trying to connect him up with," one volunteered. "I guess Freel seen it wouldn't do any good to have him put under arrest."

"Arrest! Listen!" and Jimmy leaned farther over the bar. "That was months back. It's no arrest that he wants. Didn't I say there was due to be a killing? He was just paving the way for it. Mark me, now! Some day we all will hear that Carver and Bart has been arrested dead!" He lowered his voice still farther. "The fellow that left his horse out there while he waited for Carver was wearing a deputy's badge under his vest. But he didn't appear anxious to arrest Carver alive."

Jimmy sighed and passed the two men a drink on the house. Later he would charge that bit of hospitality against the sum Carver had left with him for the purpose.

"Of course I wouldn't want to be quoted," he concluded. "But a bartender hears things. Folks get to talking over their drinks. Most always they do."

It was perhaps the hundredth time he had detailed his conclusions to different customers in the past two months. In various parts of the county others of Carver's friends had been similarly occupied in breathing their suspicions into willing ears. It was being asked why no arrests were made in the county except for minor offenses. The settlers, now sure of their first crop was harvested and they had more leisure time to devote to affairs outside their own personal labors, were giving thought as to the manner in which the county seat was managed; and their opinions were being furnished ready-made.

A quiet individual turned up in Oval Springs and made a few discreet inquiries, interviewing perhaps a dozen residents of the town, his queries in each case the same. He merely asked if they could state positively that Freel and the Ralstons had been in town on a certain date some months back; and if they were willing to testify that Milt and Noll Lassiter had been held in durance throughout that same day. The date was that of the Wharton hold-up. No man could swear positively to these facts. Whenever some party volunteered the information that he was equally unable to swear to the contrary, the inquirer merely nodded and replied that it would be quite unnecessary. Then, after three days in the county seat, he left town in the night and was seen no more. None had witnessed his departure; he had told no man his business and there was widespread conjecture as to whether or not he was in the employ of the Wharton bank.

He rode up to the Half Diamond H at daylight on the morning after the cards had decreed that Carver should remain for another year. He declined the money which Carver would have given him to cover expenses.

"Just for old time's sake," he said, and rode south to catch a train out of Enid for his home ranch in Texas.

And just across the ridge Bart Lassiter was recounting the outcome of the previous night's poker session to his sister. The girl experienced a queer little pang when she heard that Carver had risked the silver dollar which he had treasured for so long a time. She knew its associations, also that it rested within her power, and hers alone, to reinstate them, vested with all their former meaning. A small thing, perhaps; but relatively unimportant events are frequently more significant than the large and obvious, and this incident in some way served to fix the conviction that had been growing upon her for weeks past. After all, what did anything matter but her own viewpoint and Carver's? But Hinman and Nate Younger were waiting to ride with her to Oval Springs for the first county fair, from which point she would accompany them to Caldwell for a few days before the opening of her school for the fall term. The two old cowmen had planned this trip for weeks and she could not disappoint them now. She would be more sure of herself before the day of her return; would have time in which to determine whether or not the new-found conviction was permanent. And suddenly she knew that she was sure of herself now—very sure; but her two old friends were waiting. She drew Bart aside.

"Tell Don not to risk it again," she said. "I want him to keep it always. Tell him that for me."

And Bart, deciding that his sister's whims had already imposed far too many restrictions upon both his own activities and Carver's, carefully refrained from delivering the message. Instead, he registered a protest when he crossed the ridge to see Carver.

"I'm becoming downright weary of listening to warnings," he fretfully declared.

(Continued on Page 124

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Never a day goes by but what some friendly soul drops past to inform me that Wellman and Freel are scheming to play it low down on me. Every man in the county must know it by now."

"The most of them," Carver agreed. "If anything was to happen to us now there'd be five hundred men rise up and point out to their friends that they'd been predicting that very thing; that they'd been telling 'em all along how Wellman and Freel was planning to murder us some night."

"It's nice to know that we'll be vindicated after we're dead," said Bart. "But I was wondering if there maybe wasn't some method by which we could go right on living even if we don't get quite so much credit for our part in the affair. Personally I don't approve of trifling round trying to set the whole county on their trail when one man could terminate their wickedness in two brief seconds."

"But it's paved the way for the clean-up of the county seat," said Carver.

"Let's you and me ride over and clean it up in the old wild way," Bart urged.

"Only we'll let them ride out here," Carver substituted. "That background I was speaking about a while back is all arranged."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with the background," Bart returned. "I still maintain that I ought to secrete myself behind a sprig of scrub oak and wait until Freel comes riding into the foreground. That way we'd take 'em front and rear. But any way suits me if only it happens soon."

"Real soon now," Carver promised. He turned to a grub-liner who was saddling his horse in the corral.

"You'll find Mattison waiting in the hotel at Casa," he informed. "He'll be expecting the message. Tell him just this: That my time has come to deputize him. He'll know what to do. Then you forget it." He turned back to Bart. "Real soon now," he repeated. "That's the chief reason why Hinman and old Nate insisted on taking Molly over to the fair."

The girl was, in all truth, enjoying herself at the fair. It was as old Joe Hinman remarked to a group of friends in the lobby of Wellman's hotel.

"Nate and me are giving the little girl a vacation," he said. "First time she's been away from that homestead overnight since Bart filed on it. She thinks a lot of that little place, Molly does. Even now she won't be persuaded to stay away but one night. We'll take her up to Caldwell this evening to buy a few women's fixings and show her the best time we can, but she'll come traipsing back home tomorrow. Can't keep her away. Carver had to promise to go over and stay all night with Bart so no one could steal that homestead while she's gone."

Nate Younger remarked similarly in Freel's saloon, within earshot of the two Ralstons, who were refreshing themselves at the bar. In fact the two old cowmen mentioned the matter to a number of acquaintances whom they chanced across in a variety of places throughout town, and it was within an hour of noon before they took Molly out to the fair.

The girl found the fair a mixture of the old way and the new. The exhibits were those of the settlers, but the sports and amusements were those of an earlier day, a condition which would prevail for many a year. Every such annual event would witness an increase of agricultural exhibits, fine stock and blooded horses as the country aged; but at fair time, too, the old-time riders of the unowned lands would come into their own again for a single day. Then would bartenders lay aside their white aprons, laborers drop their tools and officers discard their stars, donning instead the regalia of the cowboys. Gaudy shirts and Angora chaps would be resurrected from the depths of ancient war bags. Once more they would jangle boots and spurs and twirl old riatas that had seen long service. The spirit of the old days would prevail for a day and a night, and fair goers would quit the exhibits to watch the bronc fighters ride 'em to a standstill, bulldog Texas longhorns and rope, bust and hog-tie rangy steers; to cheer the relay and the wild-horse races and all the rest of it; then a wild night in town, ponies charging up and down the streets to the accompaniment of shrill cowboy yelps and the occasional crash of a gun fired into the air; then back to the white aprons and the laborers' tools for another year.

The girl and her two old companions spent the day at the fair and in the early evening took a train for Caldwell some two hours before Freel and Wellman rode out of town. The evening's festivities were in full swing and none observed their departure. Freel was nervous and excited.

"We'd better have sent someone else," he said.

Wellman turned on him angrily.

"And have the thing bungled again!" he said. "Damn your roundabout planning and never doing anything yourself! If you hadn't sent that fool over to Alvin without letting me know we'd have had it all over by now. Crowfoot told you we'd have to do it ourselves; so did I. And if you'd only waited we'd have found an opening months back, but that Alvin fluke made Carver take cover and he's never give us a chance at him since. We wouldn't even know there was one tonight if those two old fossils hadn't let it out accidental."

"But maybe that talk of theirs was——" Freel began, but his companion interrupted and cut short his complaint.

"We've give Carver time to do just what we was to head him from doing—getting our names linked with every deal we wanted kept quiet."

"He couldn't prove a sentence of it in the next fifteen years," Freel asserted.

"He's started folks thinking—and talking," said Wellman. "They'll talk more every day. It's right now or never with me!"

"But it's too late to make out that it's an arrest," Freel protested, "after all that's been said."

"That's what I know," said Wellman. "So we'll hurry it up and slip back into town. With all that fair crowd milling around, there won't be one man that could testify we'd ever left town; and I can produce several that'll swear positive that we've been there all along."

They rode on in silence, and they had not covered a distance of three miles from town when Mattison rode into the county seat at the head of half a dozen men; men who, incidentally, knew nothing whatever of his mission except that they had been deputized to follow wherever he led. As the marshal entered the outskirts of town a figure detached itself from the shadows. Mattison joined the man, who reported in tones that did not carry to the rest of the posse.

"They've gone," he informed. "I followed Freel every living minute till he and Wellman slipped out of town together a half hour ago."

"Sure they didn't change their plans and come back?" Mattison asked.

"Dead sure!" the man stated positively. "Not a chance!"

Mattison led his men direct to the county jail and left them just outside the office while he entered alone. The two Ralstons occupied the place at the time.

"Where's Freel?" the marshal demanded.

"Couldn't say," one of the deputies answered. "Out around town somewheres, likely." His eyes rested apprehensively on the group of men standing just outside the door. "You wanting to see him?"

"Yes, I was—somewhat," Mattison admitted. "I surmise you all know what about."

The Ralstons denied this.

"We'll go out and look him up," Mattison decided. "You two stay here. I might be wanting to question you later."

But the Ralstons failed to tarry. Within five minutes after the marshal's departure they set forth from town and the county was minus the services of two deputies who neglected even to hand in their resignations before quitting their posts.

A similar scene was enacted at Wellman's hotel. The crowd in the lobby turned suddenly quiet as Mattison led his men in and inquired at the desk for Wellman. The proprietor was not to be found. The county attorney reclined in a chair at one side of the lobby and Mattison crossed over and addressed him.

"Any idea where I could locate Wellman and Freel?" he inquired.

The county attorney moistened his lips and disclaimed all knowledge of their whereabouts. A voice rose from the far end of the lobby, a voice which Mattison recognized as that of the man who had accosted him in the outskirts as he rode into town.

"They got out ahead of you, colonel," the man stated. "Your birds has flown."

"What's that?" Mattison asked, turning to face the informer. "How do you know?"

"Just by sheer accident," the man reported. "I see one party holding two horses just outside of town. Another man joined him afoot. One of 'em touched off a smoke, and in the flare of the match I made out that they was Wellman and Freel. They rode west."

"That's downright unfortunate," Mattison said. "But it don't matter much I was only wanting to see them to gather a little information they might be able to give. Another time will do just as well."

He turned and stared absently at the county attorney, and that gentleman's florid countenance turned a shade lighter.

"Don't matter," the marshal repeated, rousing from his seeming abstraction. "Nothing of any importance."

He led his men from the lobby and rode west out of town. And out in the country toward which he was heading were Carver and Bart Lassiter, both prone in the grass a few yards apart and as many from Bart's homestead cabin.

"This is growing real tedious," Bart stated. "Whatever leads you to suspect that they're due to pay their call on just this particular night?"

"They won't if you keep on talking," Carver returned. "If you keep quiet they might."

Bart lapsed into silence. He had already spent a long hour in his present location and would have preferred to be up and stirring about. Another twenty minutes dragged by, and he was on the point of addressing Carver again, when his intended utterance was cut short by a slight sound close at hand. Five more interminable minutes passed and he heard a single soft footfall a few feet away.

Two dim figures approached the house and slipped silently to the door. The night was so black that they seemed but two wavering patches that merged with the surrounding obscurity. One tested the latch and the door opened on noiseless hinges. For a space both men stood there and listened. Then one entered, while the other remained at the door.

Carver spoke.

"What was you expecting to locate in there?" he asked softly.

The man in the door whirled and fired at the sound of his voice, the flash of his gun a crimson streak in the velvet black of the night. Carver shot back at the flash and Bart's gun chimed with the report of his own. There was a second flash from the doorway; but this time the crimson spurt leaped skyward, for the shot was fired as the man sagged and fell backward. There was a splintering crash of breaking glass as the man inside cleared a window on the far side of the house. Bart shot twice at the dim figure that moved through the night, then rose to his feet intent upon following, but Carver restrained him.

"Let him go!" he ordered. "One's enough!"

"But just why should I let Freel get away?" he demanded, pulling back from the detaining hand which Carver had clamped on his shoulder.

"It's Wellman. Freel's there by the door," Carver said.

"How can you tell? It's too black to see," Bart insisted.

"Wellman would be the one to go in. Freel would be the one to hang back," Carver said. "That's why I planned for you and me to stay outside in the grass instead of waiting inside. Wellman and me used to be friends—likely would be still if it wasn't for Freel. It makes a difference, someway. Wellman's harmless to us from now on, outlawed for this night's business. He'll be riding the hills with the wild bunch till someone comes bringing him in."

He stopped speaking to listen to the thud of many hoofs pounding down the trail from the ridge.

"Now I wonder who that will be," he speculated.

"You know now," Bart accused. "You always know. Whoever it is didn't come without you had it planned in advance. But I'll never tell what I think."

"No, I wouldn't," Carver advised.

Mattison reached the foot of the trail with his men.

"What's up?" he inquired. "We'd just stopped at the Half Diamond H to ask you to put us up for the night. Nobody home. I thought I might find you here, so we'd just started over when all that shooting set in and we hustled along. You two out hunting for owls?"

"Yes," Carver said. "There's one by the door. The other one flew out the window. Bart and I was reclining out here in the grass, talking things over, when the pair of them eased up to the door and one slipped on in. I asked how about it, and the man on the door started to shoot. Then we did some shooting ourselves. The party there by the door is our amiable sheriff."

"Then the one that got off is Wellman," one of the posse spoke up. "Right from the first shot I guessed it. I've heard it whispered round that they was planning to get you, and when the ruckus broke I was looking to find you two dead when we got here. I'm glad they got it instead. That whole county-seat bunch needs cleaning out."

There was a chorus of assent from the posse, and under its cover Carver murmured to Bart.

"So much for background," he said.

"It's a right queer bit of business for them two to be at," Mattison stated. "I'll have to put off gathering that information from Freel. You'd better saddle up and ride on into town with me, Carver, and we'll report this affair to the county attorney. You boys bring Freel in with you. He's likely got a horse tied round somewheres close. Scout around till you find him. Yes, we've been needing a change of officials at the county seat for some time and it does look like the alteration has been effected tonight."

Carver rode off with the marshal.

"Thanks for going to all that bother," Carver said. "I'm indebted a lot."

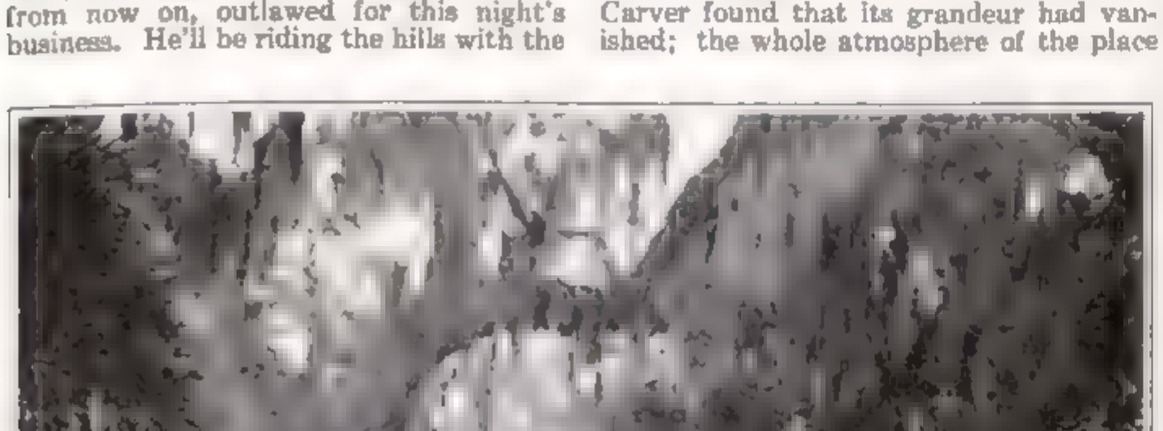
"It just evens that score," said the marshal. "And the whole thing worked out nice. It'll make a clean sweep in Oval Springs. Wellman won't show up any more. I'll venture to predict that the two Ralstons will have vanished from these parts before morning, and the county attorney is scared into a state of palpitation right now. He'll attend to all the necessary formalities to see that you're given honorable mention instead of a trial."

"Then after we've finished with him I'll take the night train for Caldwell and loaf around a few days," Carver announced. "I haven't traveled to any extent for some time."

It was nearly morning when the train pulled into Caldwell.

"No use to go to bed now," Carver decided. "I'll find some of the boys and set up."

The Silver Dollar, now conducted in the rear of a cigar store which had been fashioned across the front of the building since the old wide-open days had become a thing of the past in Caldwell, was still operated as an all-night place of amusement. But Carver found that its grandeur had vanished; the whole atmosphere of the place



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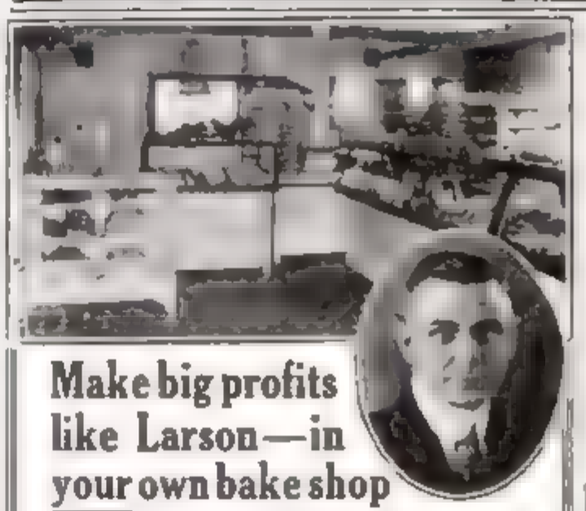

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was different. There were a dozen men in the place, but of them all Carver saw not one of the riders that had been wont to forgather here. He drew a tarnished silver coin from his pocket.

"Here's where I got you and right here is where I leave you," he said. "You've sewed me up for one year now and I'm about to get shut of you before you cinch me for another. We'll spend you for a drink to the boys that used to gather here. Back to your namesake, little silver dollar!"

As he crossed to the bar he glanced at the swinging side door that led into the adjoining restaurant. It opened and the girl stood there, motioning him to join her. He followed her outside. Two horses stood at a hitch rail down the street.

"Come on, Don; we're going home," she said. Then, as he seemed not quite to understand: "Didn't Bart tell you?"

"No," he said. "Whatever it was, Bart didn't tell me."

"Then I'll tell you myself on the way home," she promised.

She linked an arm through his and moved toward the two horses at the hitch rail.

"Tell me now," he insisted, halting and swinging her round to face him. "You can't mean—but I must be reading my signs wrong, someway."

"You're reading them right," she corrected. "All those outside things don't matter. I know that now. We're going home, Don, just you and me. That's all that counts."

He had a swift, uneasy vision of the occurrences of the night just past.

"But you haven't heard ——"

"Oh, yes, I've heard," she interrupted. "The news was telephoned up here and was spread all over Caldwell before you even took the train from Oval Springs. That doesn't matter, either. Hinman phoned to Mattison at the hotel and found that you were coming. That's how I knew and why I was waiting up. I've rented those two horses so we could ride instead of taking a train to Oval Springs. I'd rather. Wouldn't you?"

"We'll start in just one minute, honey," he said. "But first ——"

She looked the length of the street and nodded, for there was no one abroad.

Some miles out of Caldwell the girl pulled up her horse where the road crossed the point of a hill.

"You remember?" she asked.

"I won't forget," he said.

For it was from this same point that they had watched the last of the herds of the big cow outfits held in the quarantine belt awaiting shipment, the riders guarding them; the trail herds moving up from the south, while over across had been that solid line of camps where the settlers were waiting to come in.

"We saw the sun set on the old days here," she said. "Let's watch it rise on the new."

For as far as they could see the lights were flashing from the windows of early-rising settlers. A boy was calling his cows. A rooster crowed triumphant greeting to the red-gray streaks that were showing in the east. There came a flapping of wings as a flock of turkeys descended from their perch on the ridgepole of a barn, then their querulous yelping as the big birds prospected for food in the barn lot.

"It's different," he said.

Then, from the road below them, came the clatter of hoofs and riotous voices raised in song; a few wild whoops and a gun fired in the air.

"The last few of the tumbleweeds, rattling their dry bones to impress the pumpkin," Carver said.

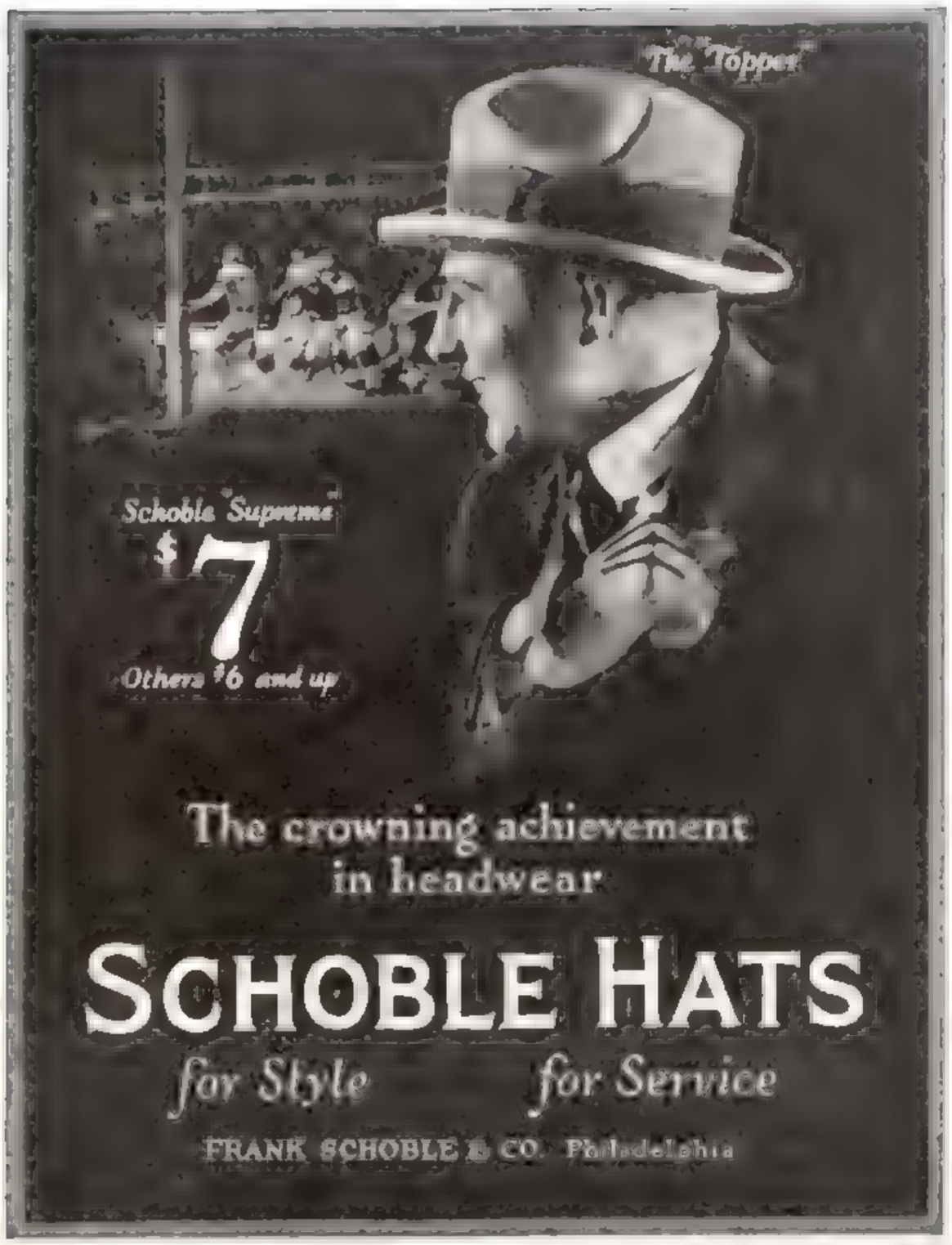
The words of the song drifted to them:

I'm a wild, wild rider
And an awful mean fighter;
I'm a rough, tough, callous son of a gun.
I murder some folks quick
And I kill off others slow;
It's the only way I ever take my fun.

The girl's thoughts drifted back to the big Texan who had led the stampede and then presented his claim to another. She leaned over and rested a hand on Carver's arm.

"I'm so happy right now, Don," she said. "But so terribly sorry for the tumbleweeds that have been crowded out."

(THE END)



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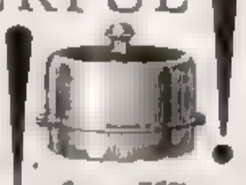
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Dramatized Facts out of The Day's Work

No. 16

All of the incidents depicted in this advertisement are facts—facts gleaned from the daily work of Grinnell engineers, salesmen and artisans. If you are really curious to know how we solved this special problem write to Mr. Cannon of the Cannon Mfg. Co., Kannapolis, N. C., or drop us a line. We shall be glad to answer your request.

Suddenly the new engineer grabbed his employer's hand.
"There's our best bet," he cried.
His eye had caught these words:

"If it's Industrial Piping—"

"THE whole success of our new dyeing process hinges on those pipe joints," rasped the President. "Your job is to find a way to make the dye plant pipe line stand the gaff. I've fired two men on account of it. Tim Sheehan said brass pipe, but a trial showed that it did not suit our peculiar requirements. Then Robertson recommended steel pipe, lead lined——"

"That stood up," broke in the new engineer.

"Bah! The pipe did, but the fittings were pitted in no time and I wasted a few more thousands on repairs and repeated shut-downs. I'm sick of it. I buy the rights to a great process and you plant engineers can't harness it. I'm through spending my money on a lot of half-baked ideas——"

"Lead line the fittings," interrupted the new engineer.

"That's what that piping contractor proposed and it cost me good money to find out how quick it took acid to eat the threads out. They couldn't be leaded." The President gazed hopelessly at the ceiling as he nervously thumbed the pages of a magazine on the table.

Suddenly the new engineer grabbed his employer's hand. His eye had caught these words at the bottom of one of the carelessly turned pages:

If it's Industrial Piping, take it up with us

"There's our best bet," he cried eagerly. "If it's Industrial Piping—call in Grinnell Company. Ours is Industrial Piping——"

"Why, they're sprinkler people," objected the President.

"They did all the heating, power, process piping and humidifying work at the mill I just left," countered the engineer, "and a new sizing system besides. I never saw such piping work. I'll bet they can do this, too."

"Do anything you please," said the President, "but remember, we want the right answer, want it quick, and no more guesswork."

* * * *

"Let us do the worrying from now on," said the Grinnell representative a month later when, with laboratory tests completed, he handed across the table his contract with its guarantee clause and full specifications.

"This guarantee lifts a load from my mind," smiled the President, as he signed on the dotted line.

* * * *

IF you are really curious to know how we solved this special problem write to Mr. Cannon of the Cannon Mfg. Co., Kannapolis, N. C., or drop us a line. When you write, also ask to have the Grinnell Industrial Piping Bulletin sent to you regularly. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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